IL TROVATORE

VERDI

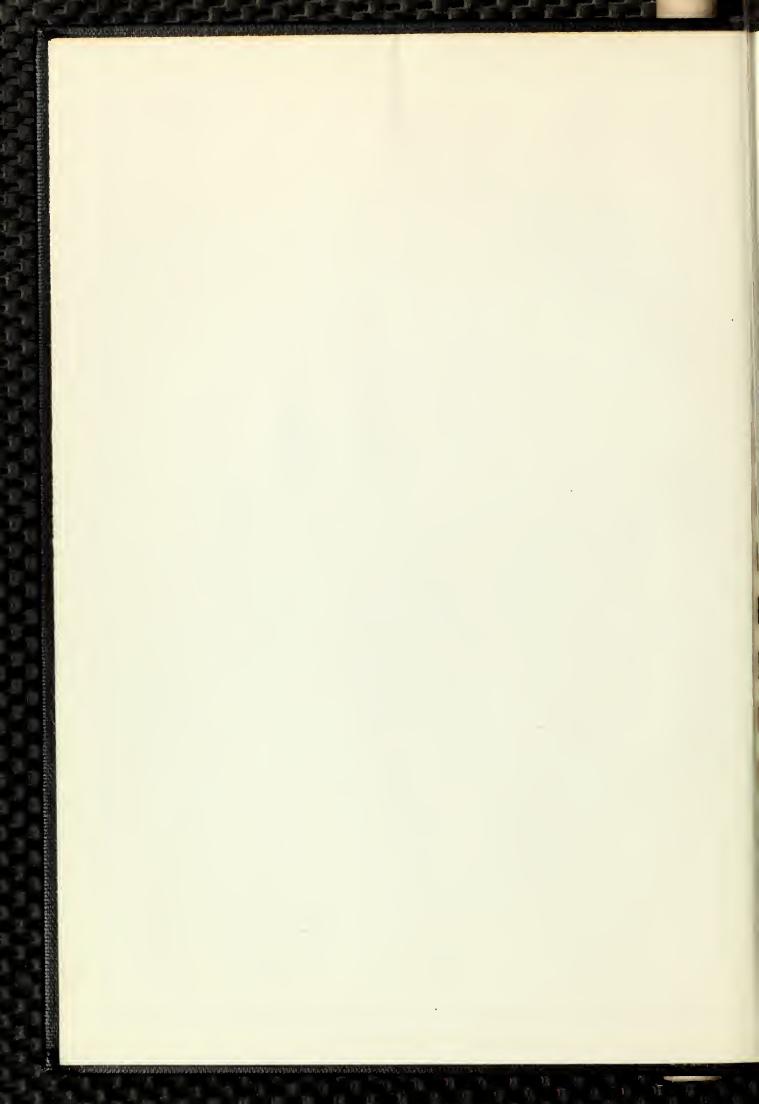


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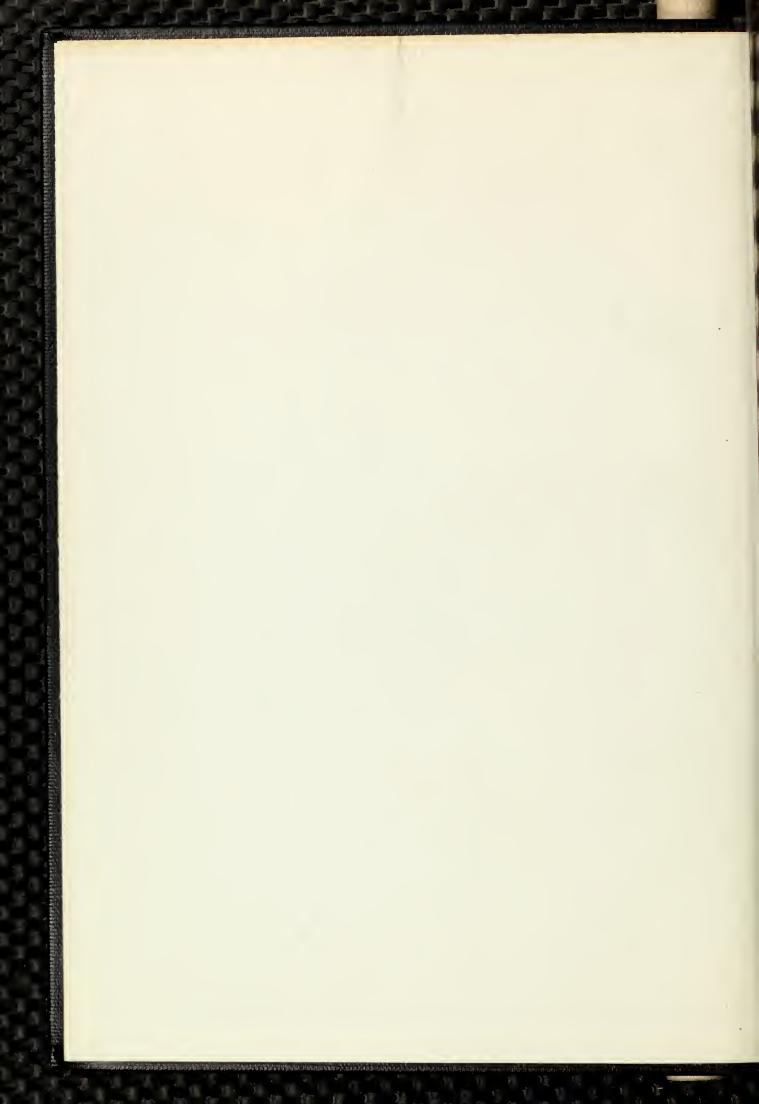
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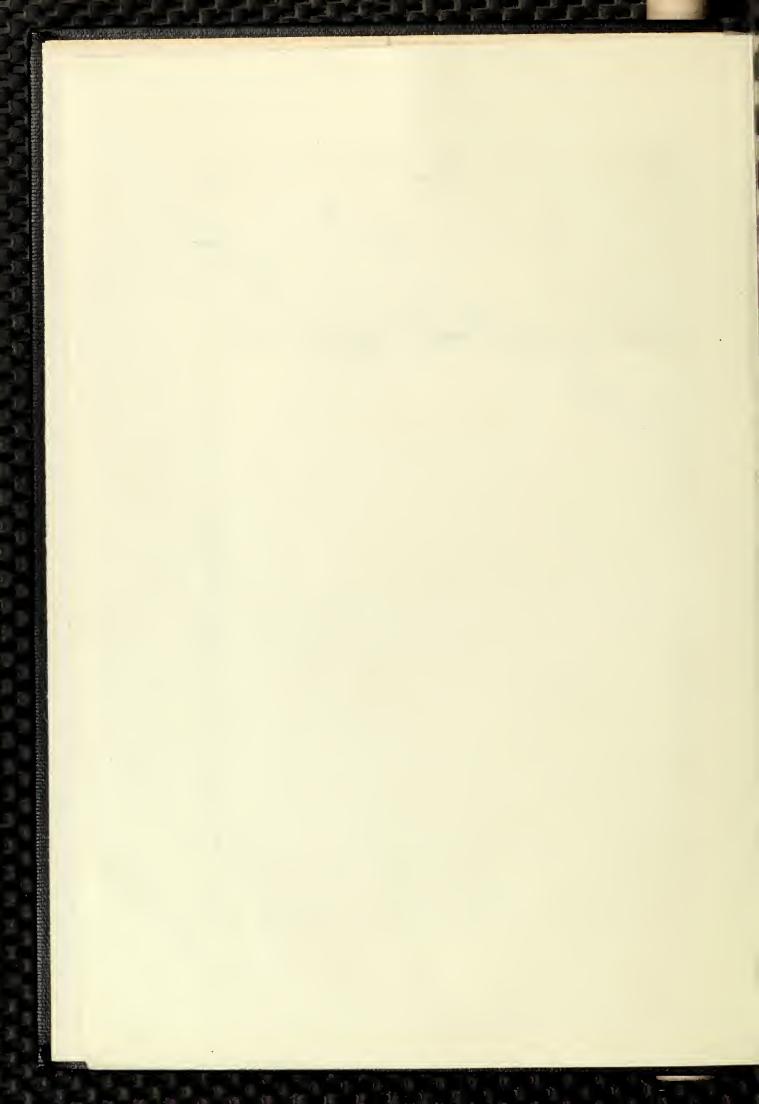








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G. SCHIRMER'S COLLECTION OF OPERAS.

IL TROVATORE

(The Troubadour)

Opera in Four Acts

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GIUSEPPE VERDI

LIBRETTO BY S. CAMMARANO

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY

NATALIA MACFARREN

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE HISTORY OF THE OPERA BY

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON

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G. SCHIRMER - NEW YORK.



IL TROVATORE.

An Opera in Four Acts.

First Performance, Jan. 19, 1853, Rome, Teatro Apollo. Successive Productions Later, including Paris, Dec. 23, 1854, Théâtre des Italiens, in Italian, and Jan. 12, 1857, in French, at the Opéra; May 17, 1855, London, Covent Garden; and April 30, 1855, New York, at the (First) "Academy of Music."

Characters of the Opera,

With the Original Cast as Presented at the First Performance.

LEONORA, a noble lady of the Court of a Princess of	
Arragon	Soprano PENCO
AZUCENA, a wandering Biscayan Gypsy	Mezzo-Soprano GOGGI
INEZ, attendant of Leonora	Soprano . OIIADRI
MANRICO, a young chieftain under the Prince of	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Biscay, of mysterious birth, and in reality a brother	
of Count di Luna	Tenor BOUCARDÉ
THE COUNT DI LUNA, a powerful young noble of	
the Prince of Arragon	Baritone GUICCIARDI
FERRANDO, a captain of the guard and under di Luna	Deep Bass RAIDEDI
RUIZ, a soldier in Manrico's service.	2d Tenor BAZZOTI
AN OLD GYPSY	2d Baritone
	Daritone

Also, a Messenger, a Jailer, Soldiers, Nuns, Gypsies, Attendants, etc.

The scenes are alternately in the provinces of Arragon and Biscay, in Northern Spain, during a border-war. The time is the Fifteenth Century.

The story and text are arranged by Salvatore Cammarano from "El Trovador," a Spanish drama by Antonio Garcia Gutierrez de la Vega.

Il Trovatore.

Nearly half a century has sped since Verdi's twelfth opera was first sung of a certain winter evening in Rome; starting out with an explosive local success and entering directly after it on a career of such universal and obstinate popular favor, that even to-day (with many excellent reasons for surprise among persons not too friendly to the old opera) it is hard to name another distinctively Italian work holding the stage as long and firmly. New currents of music swirl up; but "Il Trovatore" never lies bound in shallows. Purer theories of opera take shape, and they are demonstrated by vastly finer works; but the Troubadour of Aliaferia still sings his serenade and last *addio*. The lustrous star of Wagnerism rises, and composers see a great light and a revolution in opera is partially confirmed. Along with it, especially, do high critics, and special policemen of opera, lay down such deep laws

and intolerant arguments against "the 'Trovatore' kind" of Italianism in lyric drama, and do so rebuke Bellini, Donizetti and Verdi, that to relish these is to behave as if one had not outgrown his suckling in a creed outworn; while to defend their pages meets usually with the gentle smile of superciliousness. Italian opera is sifted like wheat, and a great deal of it proves more or less chaff, good for nothing but the winds of oblivion. A new school of it does notable things. Verdi himself, growing old with an amazing advance in his genius, leaves the "Trovatore" so far behind him in the eloquence and art of his "Aida," "Otello," and the consummate "Falstaff," that it seems as if we should compliment him by forgetting the less perfect conceptions of opera embodied in his "second period" of creativeness. But what of it all? In spite of the Nibelungen Tetralogy and "Tristan," in spite of a new Verdi and a Neo-Italian intellectuality in opera-making, in spite of critics and schoolmasters, this forty-six-years-old opera goes on and on in perennial favor. It is not too much to say, now, that "Il Trovatore" yet represents the sum and substance of "Italian opera" to a countless public that have not heard "Don Giovanni" or "Le Nozze di Figaro," or "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and never will hear them; people to whom the names of newer lights, from Ponchielli to Puccini, are of no meaning. I suspect that it will survive in activity until the whole structure of Italian opera shall have become a crumbled ruin for owls and ivy, and for the triumphant picnics of certain specially solemn Wagnerites.

There is a current belief among opera-goers, and even among opera-critics, that no study can make the plot of "Il Trovatore" into a coherent, intelligible drama! Let us see about this; always confessing that the original Spanish play (extremely popular once on a time) is indeed an involved and hysterical composition, and that Cammarano, in making it into a libretto, added several shades to its obscurities. Furthermore, Cammarano wrote his libretto, not in choice Italian, but in a pompous, flowery diction, real "libretto-Italian," such as was the mode. To make matters worse, "Il Trovatore" has invariably been translated into English with queer blunders and infelicities.

The curtain rises on the first act, entitled "The Duel." We see the porch of "the palace of Aliaferia, in Arragon," at midnight. Ferrando, a talkative captain of the princely guard, and in the service of the young Count di Luna, is gossiping with the other soldiery. He tells them not only that the Count di Luna is in love with the Lady Leonora and devoured with jealousy of a mysterious Troubadour, whom the gentlewoman prefers, but that the Count di Luna and himself, Ferrando, are always looking out for a certain Gypsy-woman who, some twenty-five years ago, committed a cruel crime against the di Luna family. The woman's mother having been burned as a witch by order of the old Count di Luna, this daughter either burned or else kidnapped Garzia di Luna, the younger son of the house. Some are sure that she threw the boy into the flames. Others do not accept this worst cruelty, and believe that the child was spared, and has become a Gypsy rover. But, in any case, nothing has ever been seen of the heroine of the tragedy, or of her victim. Ferrando well recalls her—will recognize her savage countenance anywhere. Midnight strikes; Ferrando ends his dark tale; and shivering with their superstitious dread of Gypsies and family misfortunes, the troop march into the palace for nightduty. Meantime (Scene Second), the lovely *Leonora*, attended by *Inez*, has stolen out of the palace to a secluded corner of its gardens, hoping to meet her lover, *Manrico of Urgel*. He endangers his liberty and life by visiting the palace of the Arragonese prince; but he dares so to do, disguised and at night. *Leonora* describes (likely for the hundredth time) to *Inez* the romantic circumstances of her meeting *Manrico*; and *Inez*, while suitably sympathetic, declares plainly that she fears no good will come of the affair. The two ladies retire to the palace—*Leonora* disappointed. Scarcely have they gone, than the *Count di Luna* and *Manrico of Urgel*, by different avenues, reach the spot almost simultaneously. *Leonora's* return, and her embracing in the darkness the wrong rival—the Troubadour's unlucky suspicions of the lady—the swooning of *Leonora* in her surprise and alarm at the situation—the two men leaving her, to cross their swords in mortal combat in the gloomy garden—these events all are hurried, and close the opera's first act stormily.

A Biscayan Gypsy settlement, several months later than the duel above mentioned, is the scene of the second act, entitled "The Gypsy." Manrico overcame the Count di Luna in the duel, and spared his rival's life. But since then there has been new warfare between Arragon and Biscay, and the valiant Troubadour has been severely wounded in a battle at Pelila. A frequent retreat for him seems to be this particular haunt of a tribe of Gypsies, chiefly because here lives the woman that he has always supposed to be his mother. The beldame is named Azucena, a wild and hideous creature, early aged (like most women of her race), and now shattered in her wits. Nevertheless, Azuceua is all tenderness, sacrifice and care where Manrico is concerned. Sitting together this evening by the fire, Azucena presently sings a fierce ballad describing a dreadful act—a woman's execution by fire, with a surging crowd looking at her torment. She is living over again her mother's fate, at the hands of the old Count di Luna. Manrico catches the savage words she adds -"Avenge me! Avenge me!"—her mother's last charge; and presently, when Azucena and he are left alone, the Gypsy utters such excitable and ominous phrases that Manrico suspects all at once that he is not this wild creature's son, but a member of the di Luna line! This, of course, is the fact. But Azucena hastily puts away this idea; the Troubadour must not know the truth yet. But Azucena also urges the young man never again to lose his chance of stabbing the Count di Luna to the heart, when any new contest brings them together. Before Manrico can command his troubled and anxious ideas, and just as Azucena sinks down again into a stupor, gibbering vague words, the faithful Ruiz enters this retreat. Ruiz informs his master that he must at once fly to save Leouora from abduction by the Count di Luna. The Count has heard that Leonora is hidden in a lonely convent, and she has decided to take the veil, believing her Troubadour dead in the battle of Pelila: and di Luna has arranged an ambush to carry off the lady from the very threshold of the church. In vain does Azucena urge on Manrico the need of caution and remind him of his weakness and wounds. The Troubadour departs with Ruiz, breaking away from his anxious protectress and her tears and protests. Is Azucena all at once so unwilling to have Manrico meet his rival because of affection for him? or is it in fear that only half her vengeance may take shape? Clearly she is torn by contending wishes; and this frenetic Gypsy's inconsistencies throughout the opera are thoroughly true

to nature. She has brought up this young man as a mere tool of vengeance. But she loves him as if he were her own son, and his doom means this wretched creature's own anguish and surcease. The scene changes to a mountain-convent, where *Leonora* is carried off from the protecting sisterhood by *Count di Luna*, before she can assume her vows; but only to be rescued by *Manrico* and his followers. The young couple depart, leaving *di Luna* in a frenzy of defeated passion

and disgrace.

The third act, "The Gypsy's Son," finds Maurico and Leonora anything but safe or free from anxiety. They are in Castellor, a solitary fortress in Biscay, which the Troubadour holds for his Prince; and they are about to be married. But the Count di Luna has invested the place, under the commands of the Prince of Arragon, and intends to storm it. So will the Count have at his mercy both his successful rival and the woman who has scorned a di Luna. Suddenly an aged Gypsy-woman is brought to him, captured while crossing his camp, apparently as a spy. Ferrando recognizes her as the criminal, so long desired. "It is that wretched woman who committed the horrid deed!" he assures di Luna. Uselessly does Azucena protest her innocence and ignorance of all such wickedness. In furious joy at discovering that she claims to be the humble mother of the very man whom he hates and is now striving to capture, the Count orders faggets to be piled up in sight of the besieged enemy in Castellor. "With your death, at least, I shall strike at his heart, and avenge my brother's death!" While this new turn of the tragedy is going on, the lovers in Castellor are on the point of entering the chapel to be united; and, like Mrs. Browning's endangered pair in "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," they can almost forget peril in love. But Maurico learns of the scene in the besieging camp. He discovers, in a spasm of horror, the situation of Azucena, dragged in chains toward the pyre. He summons a troop and arranges a sortie to save Azucena; exclaiming, "I was a son before I became a lover!"

In the fourth act, "The Torture," we find, to our regret, that this filial effort was much worse than useless. The Troubadour did not rescue the miserable Azucena. Instead, he was defeated, captured by di Luna, and Castellor was taken as well. Leonora has escaped, nevertheless, and she has contrived to hide herself somewhere in the mountains with Ruiz. But Count di Luna has brought Azucena and Maurico to Arragon, and having matters quite in his own discretion under the orders of the Prince, he has sentenced *Manrico* to be executed privately by the axe, and Azucena to be burned—the usual punishment given Gypsies suspected of mischief in Spain, at the date. The mother and her son are chained in a lonely tower of Aliaferia, to die at morning. But Leonora has come to Aliaferia to try to save her lover, or else to bid him farewell—perhaps to do both. She hears him singing his last adieu to her-still a Troubadour-in his tower, and though she cannot be nearer him than the iron doors, she joins her sorrow to his. The Count di Luna comes. Leonora summons all her courage, and starts forward, throws herself at his feet, and begs for Maurico's life, and for an interview with him, one last meeting—offering to be mistress, wife or anything else to di Luna in exchange. Di Luna is overjoyed, and consents. "He shall live!" "Thou shalt possess me, di Luna, but cold and lifeless!" exclaims Leonora to herself, in triumph, as she turns away and swallows a slow poison, which will spare her only long enough to part with her lover. The final scene comes. In the prison, *Manrico* is soothing to sleep the terrified and distraught *Azucena*, whose strength is so nearly past that the woman will perhaps not live to be the victim of the morning's fires. Perhaps her secret, and her life-long design, will die with her. *Leonora* enters. *Manrico* is amazed; but when *Leonora* tells him that he is free to escape, he mistakes her faithfulness. *Leonora* has not told him its price—her death. But with the beautiful lady's falling dead at the feet of the Troubadour, with the *Count di Lnna* coming in to break his pledge, with *Manrico* ordered to death in the courtyard below, the Gypsy's revenge is won! She rouses from her death-stupor and drags *di Lnna* to the window where the torches light the block and the corpse. "He was your brother!" she shrieks—"O mother, thou art avenged!" and she falls lifeless, leaving the fratricide in awful anguish staring at the headless body of the man who was indeed Garzia di Luna. Surely

we have supped full with horror, in such a drama!

Now, crude and stagy as is this opera-book, it is by no means unsuited to its object. It has the merits of sharp characterizations, of unstaying movement, of climax on climax that appeal to the average emotions, and of a fourfold tragedy. It gives what Mrs. Malaprop would call "a nice derangement" of love, rivalry, the struggle between a daughter's life-long resolve for a vendetta and a life-long affection for the very being whose death is most essentially part of her plan. There is also a deal of color in the pictures. These things are not always so effectively balanced in a mere libretto, and they are better matter than heavy Scandinavian mythology and wordy psychology. Let us notice that Leonora is not the heroine of the "Trovatore," though she has lavish music, and the "center of the stage," as befits her importance, again and again. No-Azucena, the swarthy and ominous Azucena, is the character in most relief, capable of thrilling a house quite as strongly as does Fides, Amneris or Ortrud. Azucena and Meg Merrilies are the great Gypsies of romance; and it is not generally known that young Gutierrez de la Vega had Scott's towering Meg in mind when he worked out the type into truculent savagery. In the English stage-version of "Il Trovatore" its title was made "The Gypsy's Vengeance." That is really the right title. Certain famous mezzo-sopranos and contraltos have been unforgettable in the part of Azucena, especially Mme. Viardot-Garcia. As to the historic casts of the other roles, they are a complete record of Italian singing since 1853; its finest art and its poorest.

Is the "Trovatore" a bad opera or a good one?—a very bad or a very good one?—especially if we judge it by to-day's searching standards. The matter is most interesting in its *pros* and *cons*. "Il Trovatore" is both very bad and very good. It is overrunning with melody, including many tunes of eminent beauty. No Italian opera can put it to the blush for mere melodiousness. But, on the other hand, the "Trovatore" often utters melodies that are commonplace and occasionally vulgar; and its tunes are built too much on the same rhythmic figures, too nearly dance-tunes, and in their spirit are often not in keeping with the words and situations that the characters are singing or encountering. The recitatives throughout are weak, and jotted down as if Verdi cared nothing—as at the time he did not much care—for making a due effect of this noble element in an opera's pages. There is

strong dramatic truth in certain passages, in the fine last act especially, where lyric beauty and the emotions of pathos, despair, passion and vengeance all succeed with superb contrast. But, *per contra*, over and over again the ordinarily dramatic and the extraordinarily alike are slighted. The actual vocal and instrumental writing in the opera is continually bad, or at least feeble, what with distorted words, a jerky, ejaculative style, and thin and noisy choruses.

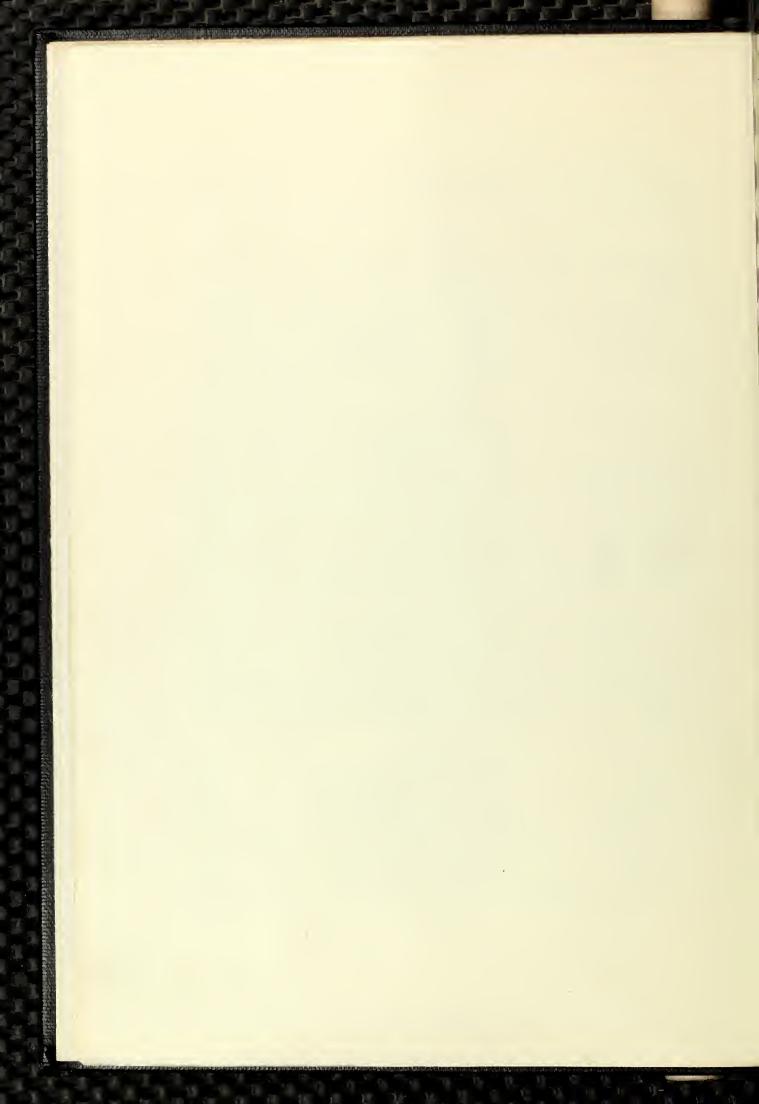
In fact, what "Il Trovatore" needs and deserves is Verdi's careful, restrained rewriting of it; not by his trying to make this opera into an "Aida;" but merely with his giving it more musicianly refinement in technic and with strengthening its

infirmities. Probably, it will never be honored by this gracious attention.

Nor, after all is said, is such a thing indispensable. Every defect admitted, "Il Trovatore" remains an Italian opera of such natural, vivid beauty and spontaneous power that only a warped judgment can ever wish to be in at the death of the old score; and that calamity is remote. Its old-mine gems are still bright. Artists make out of operas what their voices and intelligences prompt. Leonora's lovely, suave air "Tacea la notte placida," the ringing Anvil Chorus, Azucena's wild ballad "Stride la vampa" (which Verdi uses as a sort of characteristic motive in the opera, as he also uses a phrase from Leonora's aria, named above), the free, rich air for di Luna, "Il balen del suo sorriso," and every note of the Tower Scene and of the final Prison Scene—these things have passed into all the world's musical mind, just as familiar sentences from literature become catch-phrases and proverbs. We all have heard of the man who objected to Shakespeare as an original author, because his "Hamlet" was "so full of quotations." The "Trovatore" has become one long chain of quotations, as every orchestrion and music-machine and drawing-room attests. Let us notice, too, that "Il Trovatore" is an essentially Verdian opera, no matter what finer art has, in his "third period," added lustre and dignity, and confirmed the gifts and individuality of its great writer. Long years after Verdi had dashed down this score of the "Trovatore," with more haste than elegance, he had occasion to move us by the tremendous outcry of the Princess Anneris despairing against the doom of the Egyptian soldier whom she loved. Verdi went back to the Tower Scene of the "Trovatore," and transplanted into "Aida" the very phrase of Leonora's anguish, as what seemed to him again the voice of such an emotional situation. It was a wise reference. It was significant, too, if we look below the surface of art, and try to appreciate without prejudice how true dramatic utterance may be hid under by no means perfect examples of style and inspiration.

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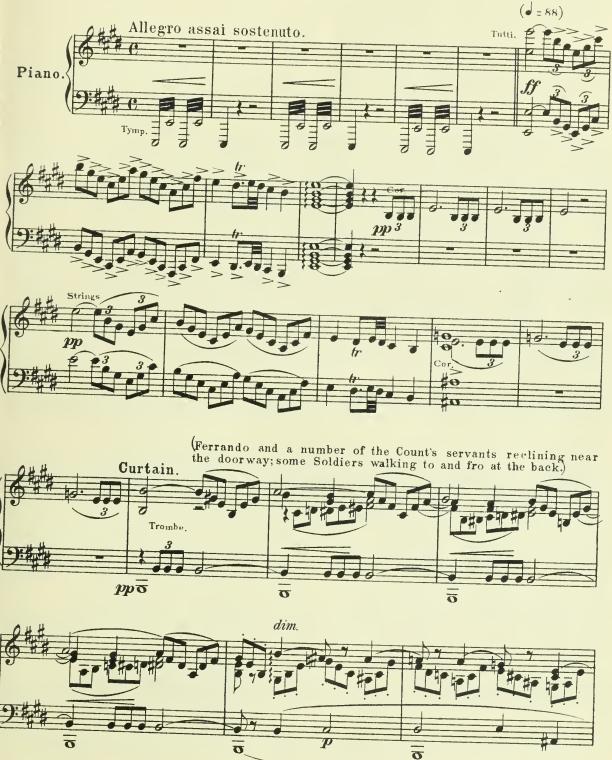


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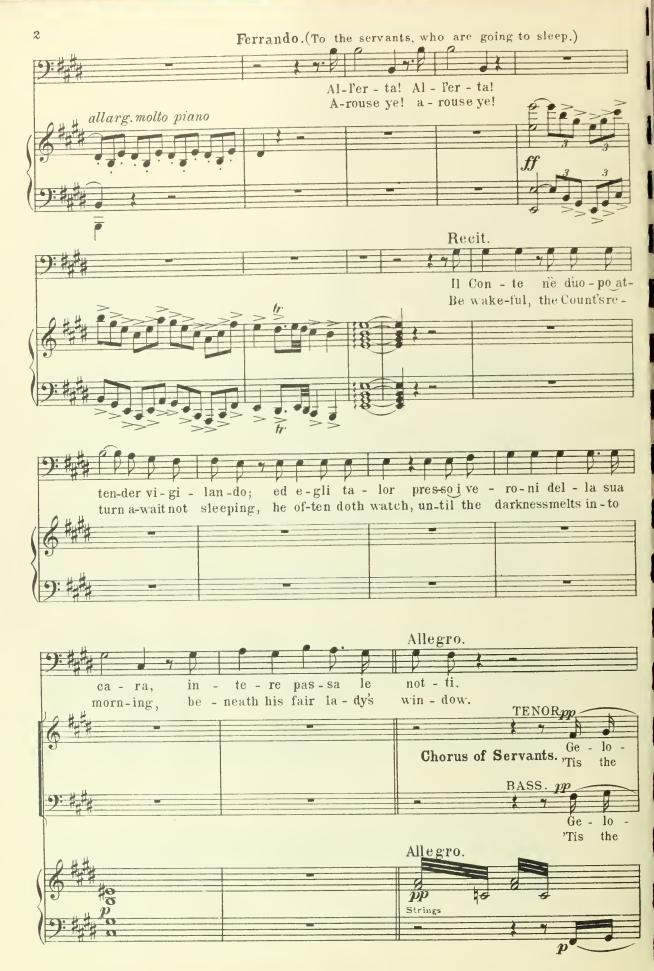
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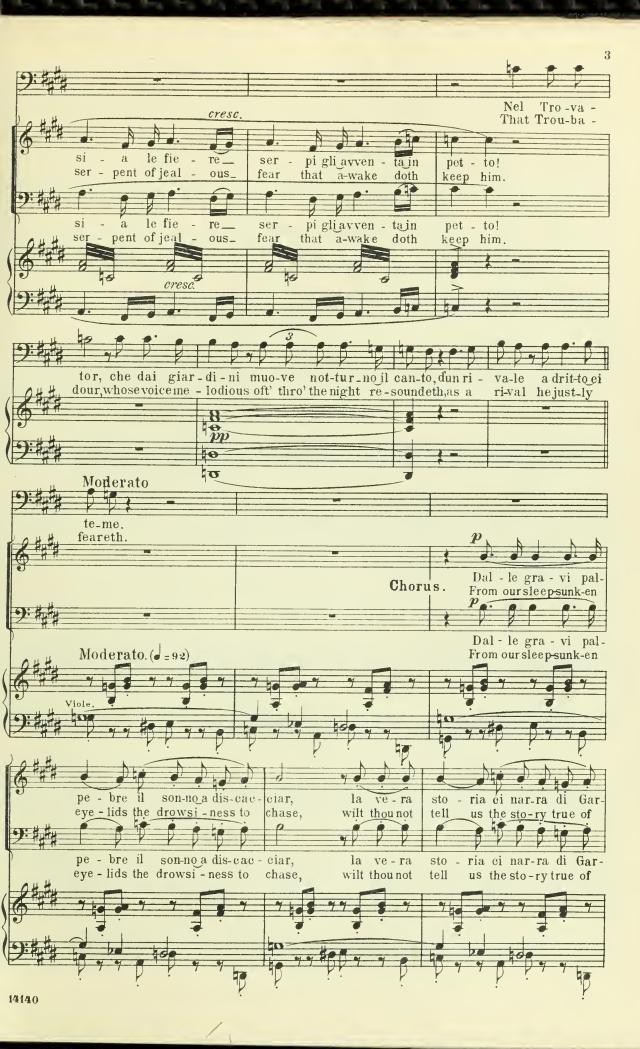
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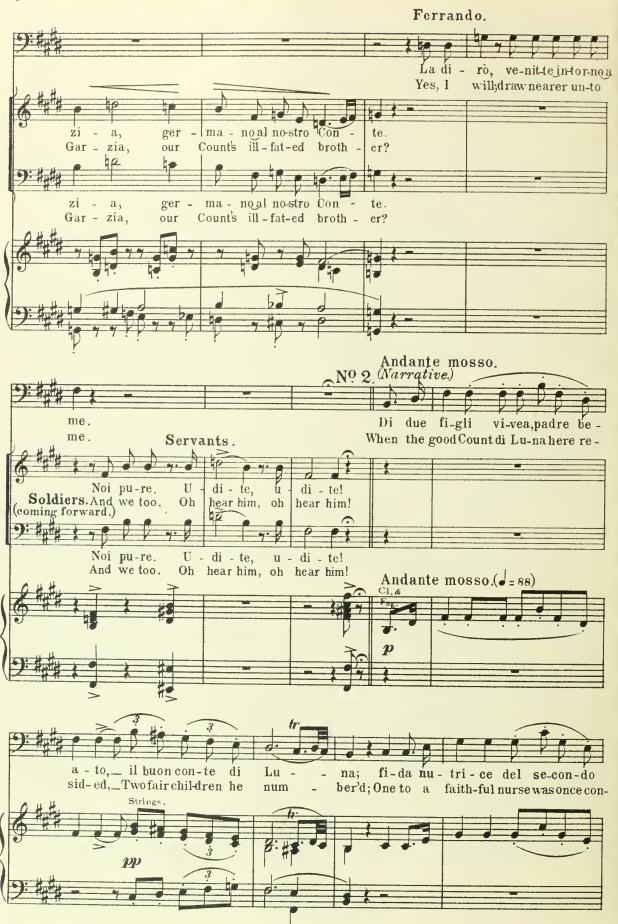
Scene. A vestibule in the Palace of Aliaferia; on one side a door, leading to the apartments of the Count di Luna.

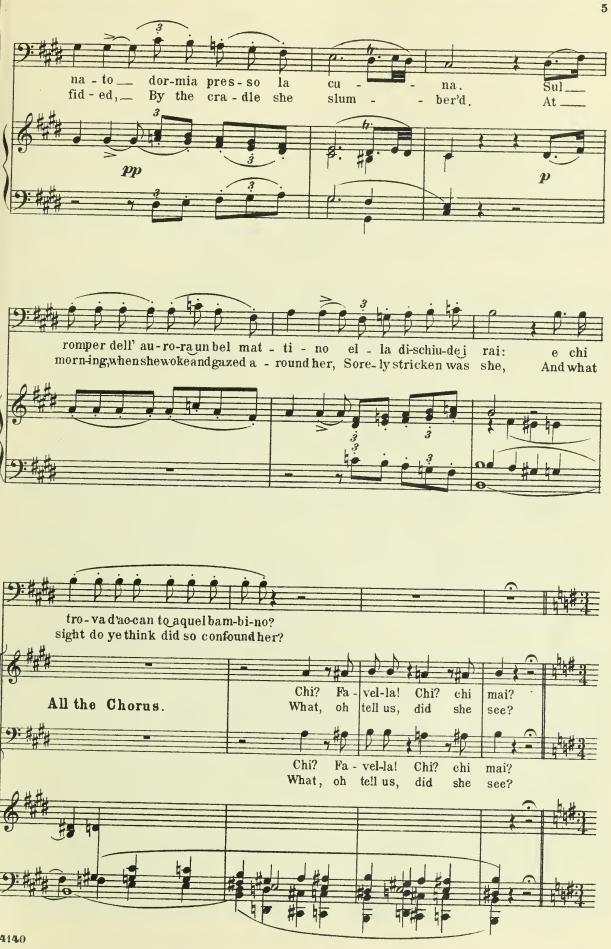


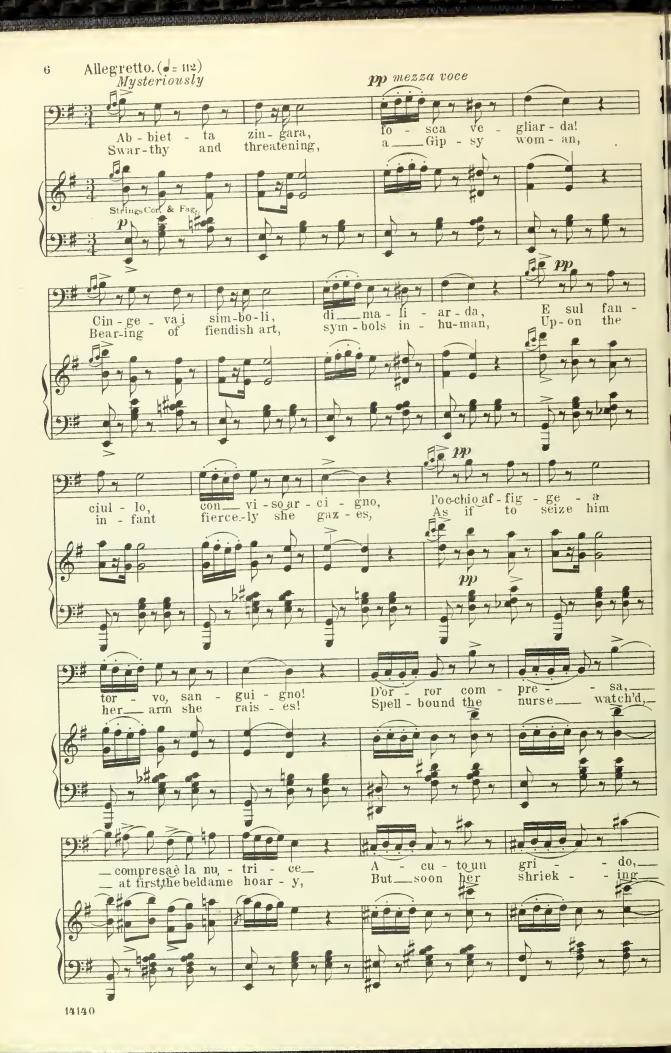
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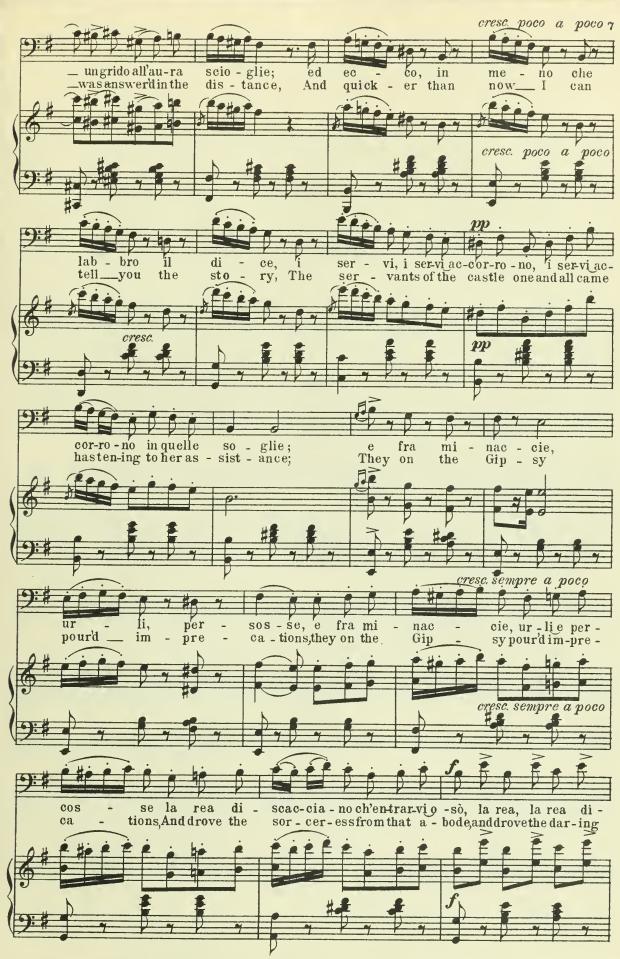


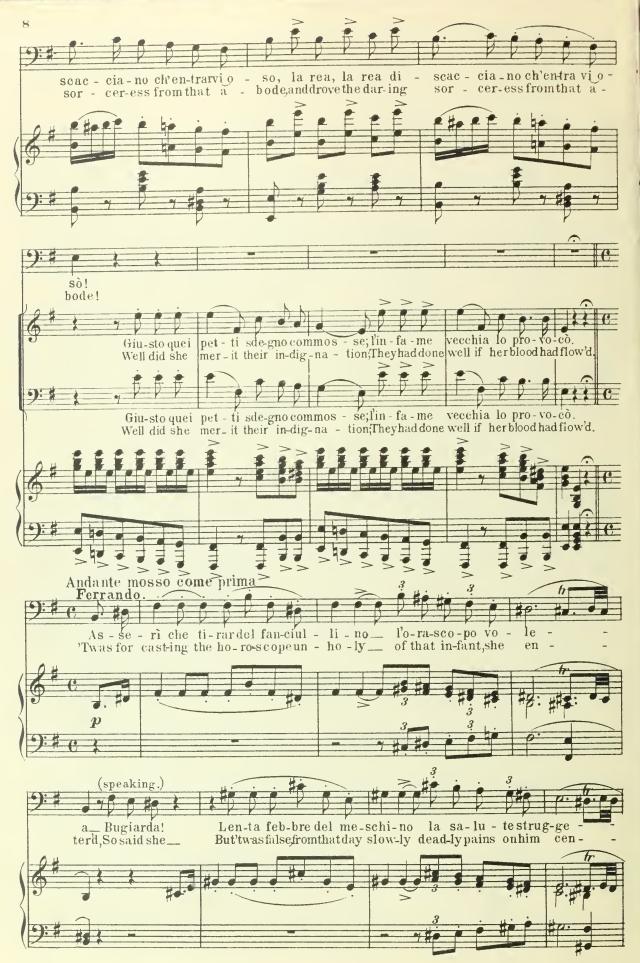




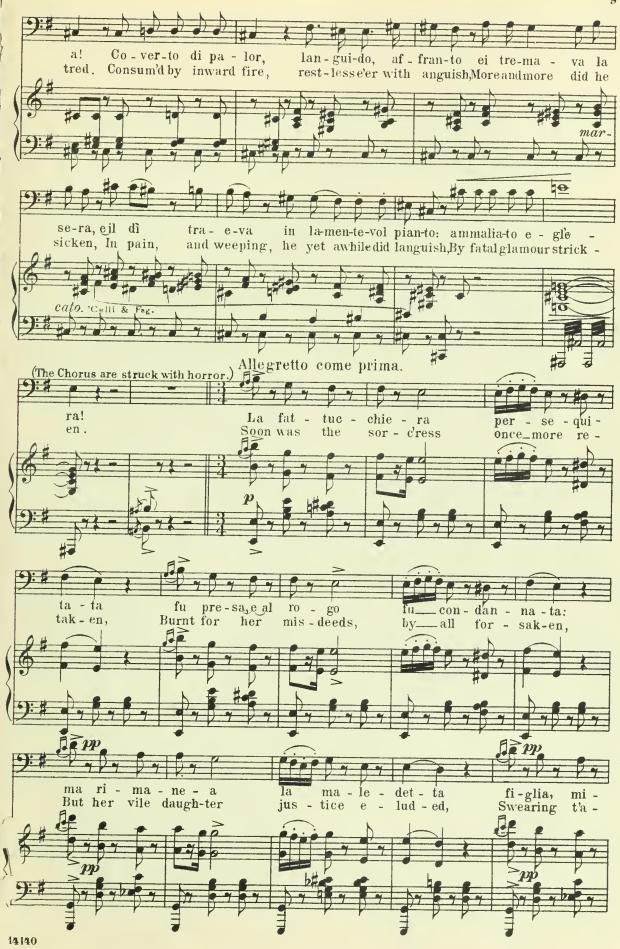


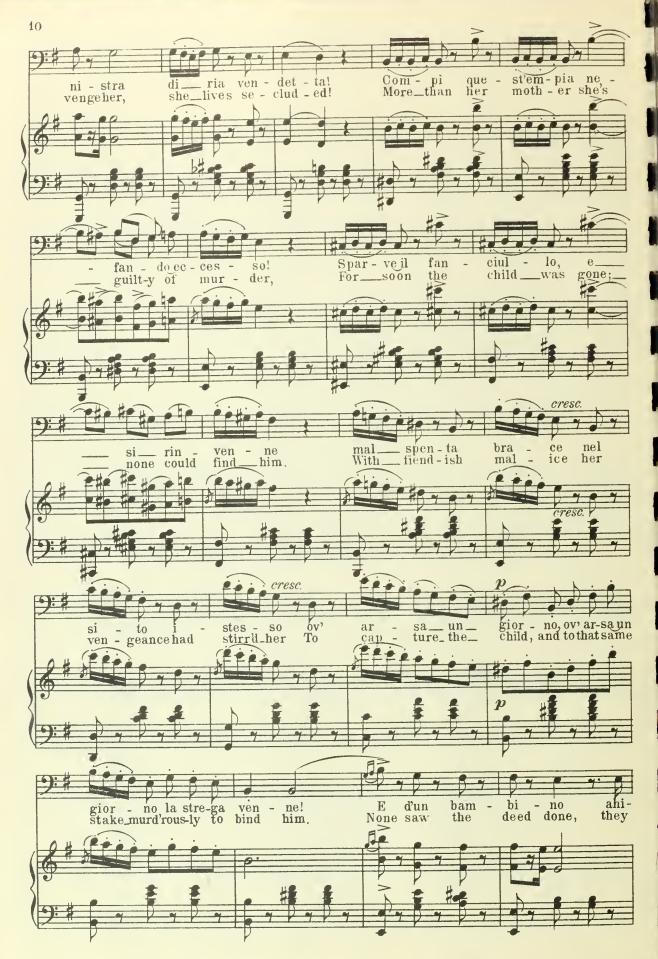


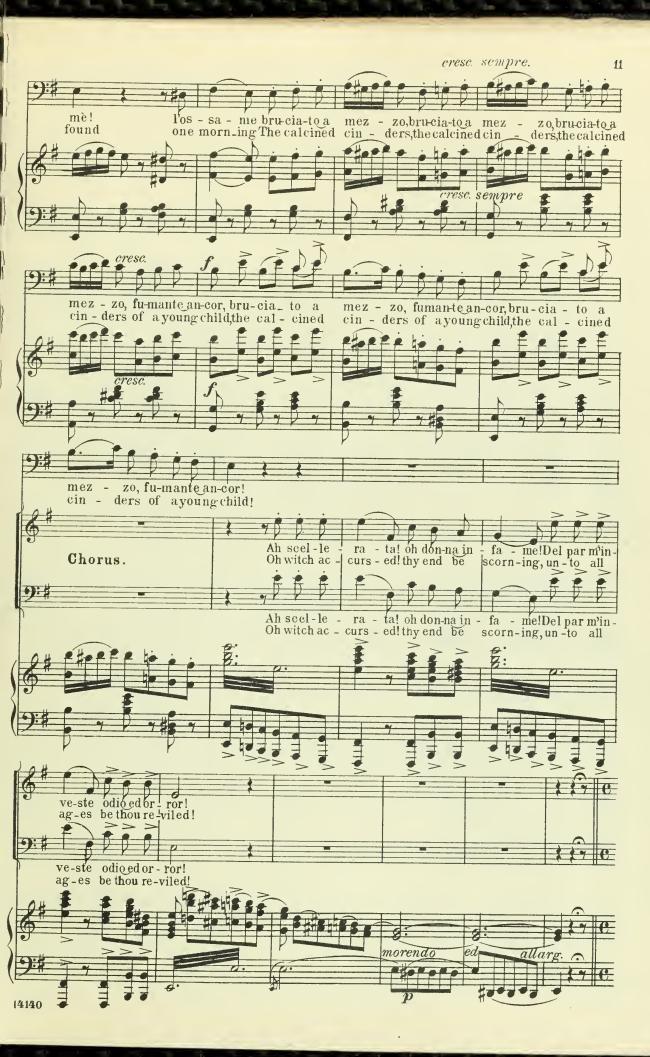


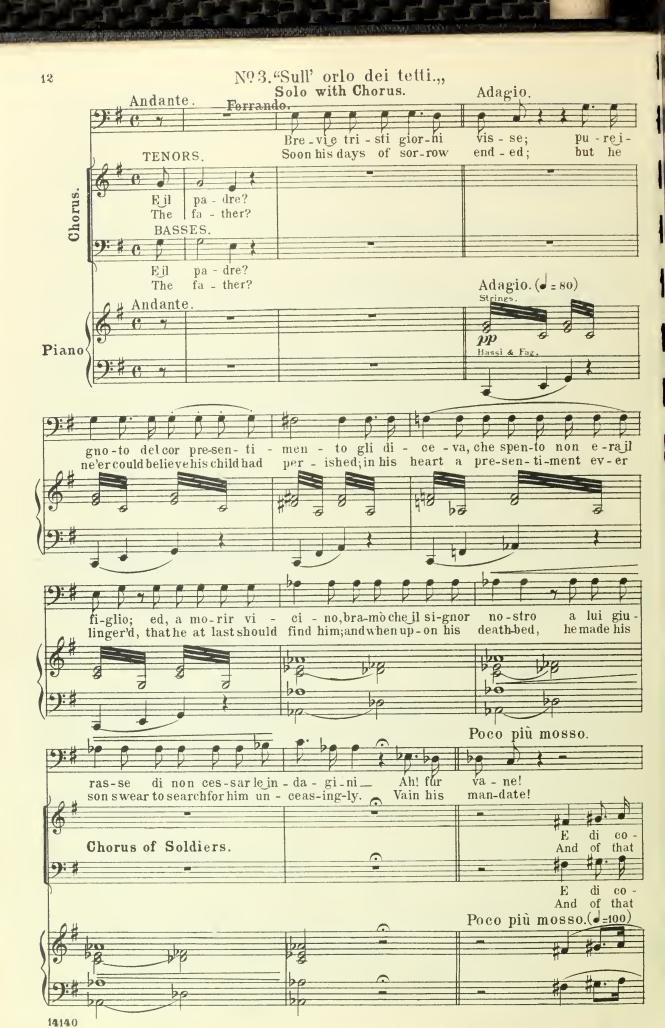




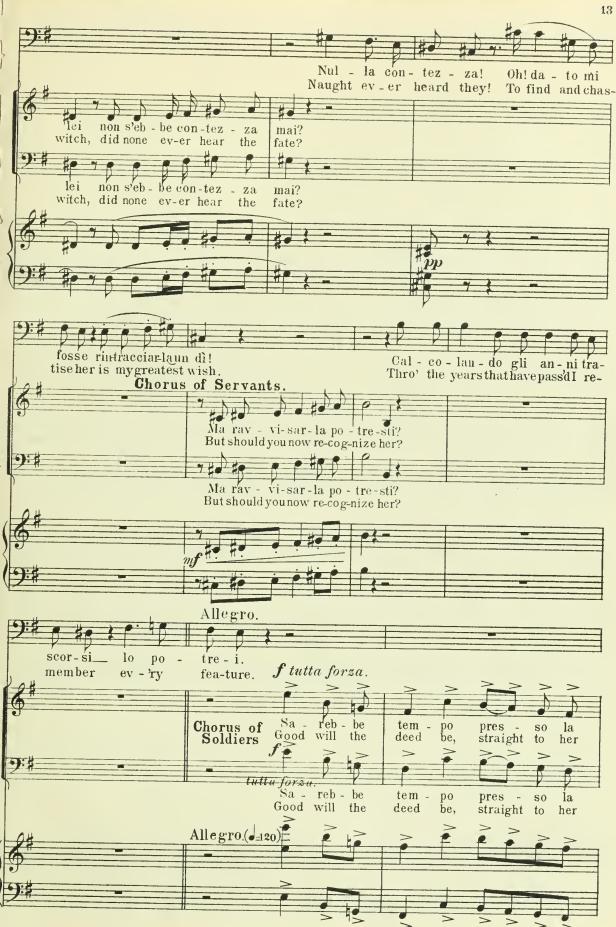


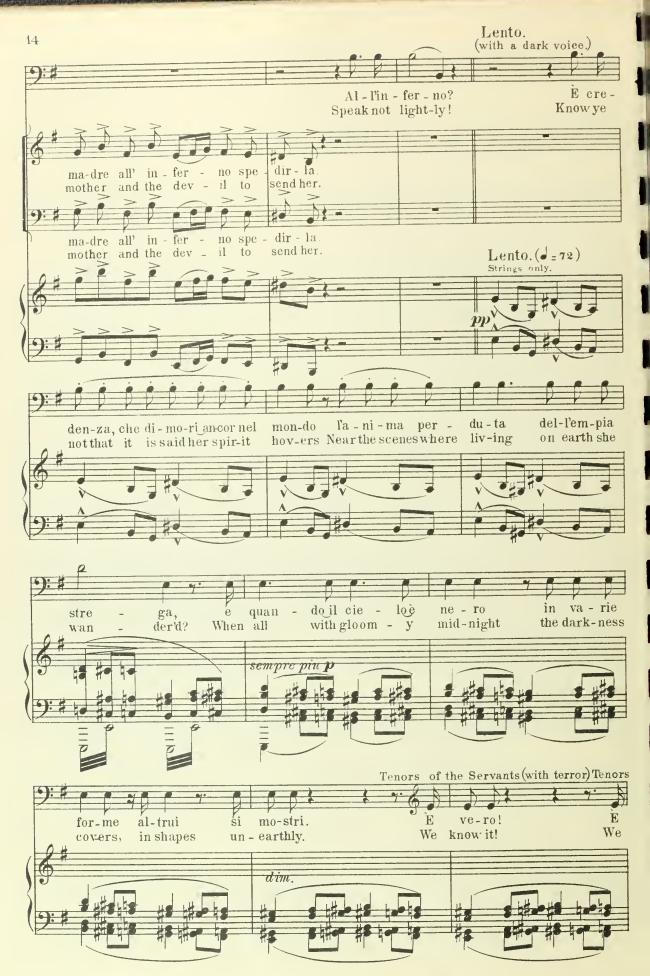


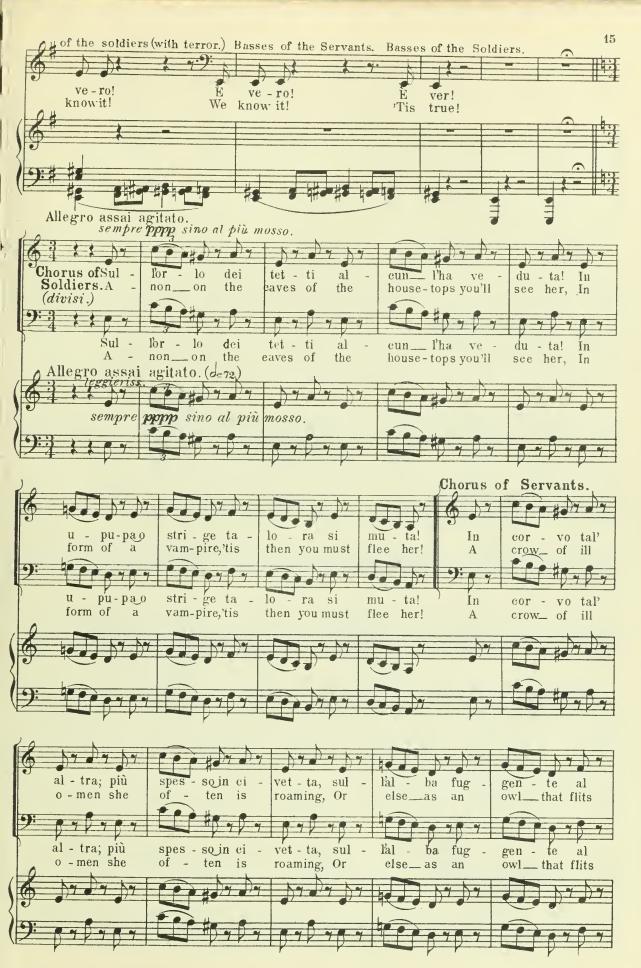


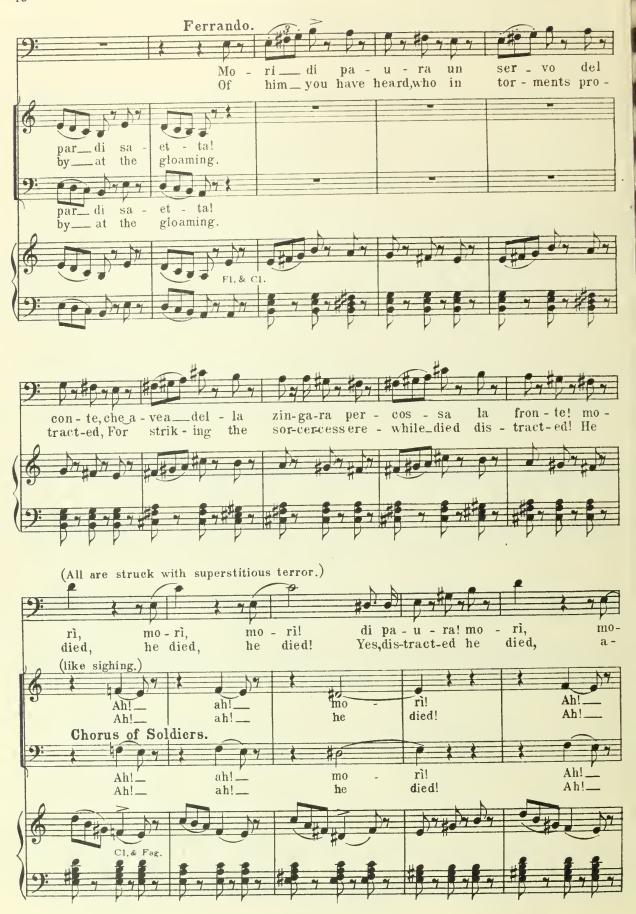




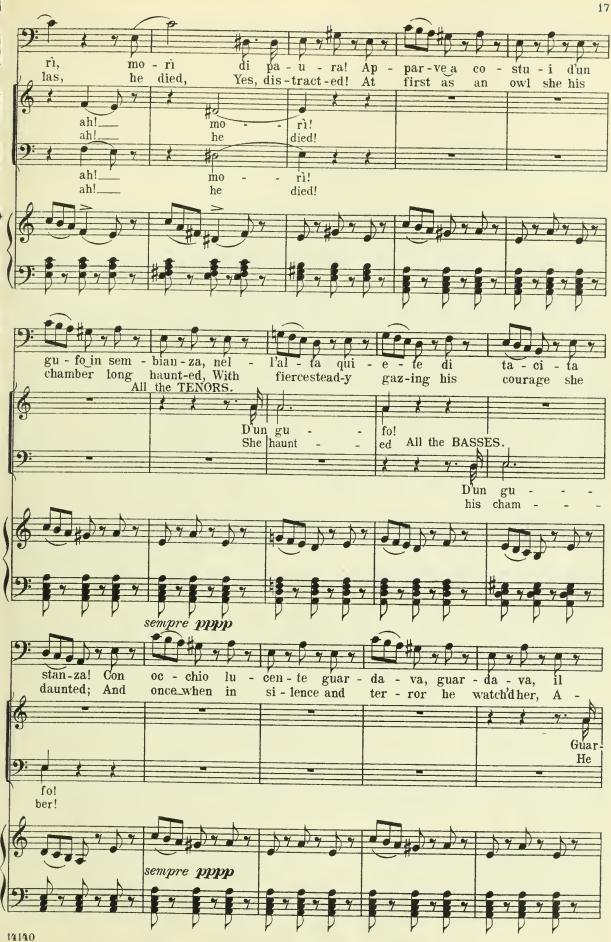


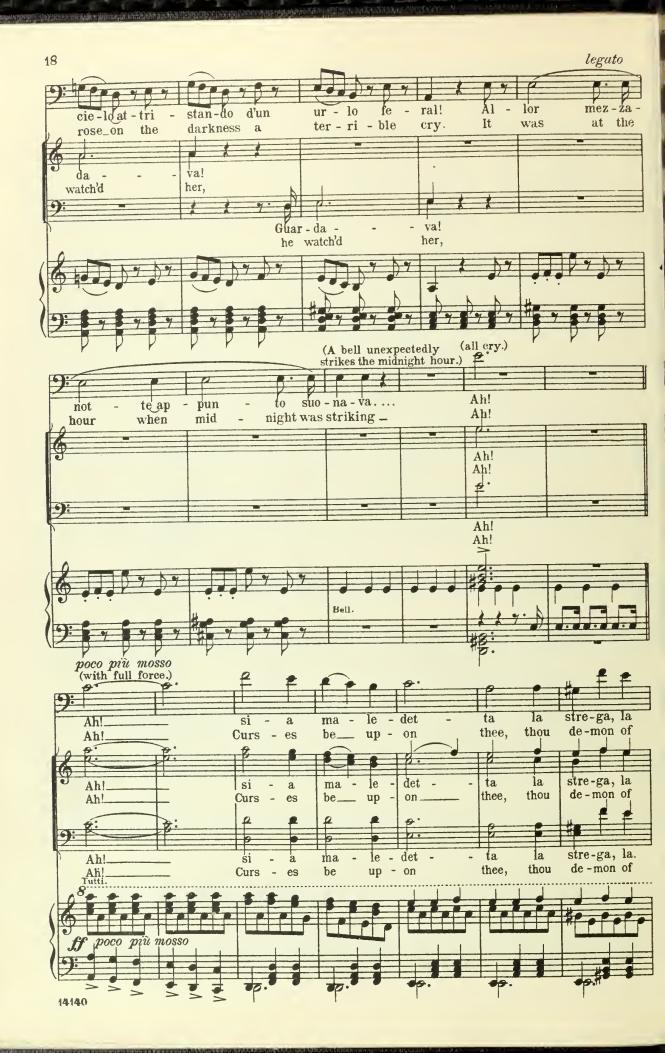


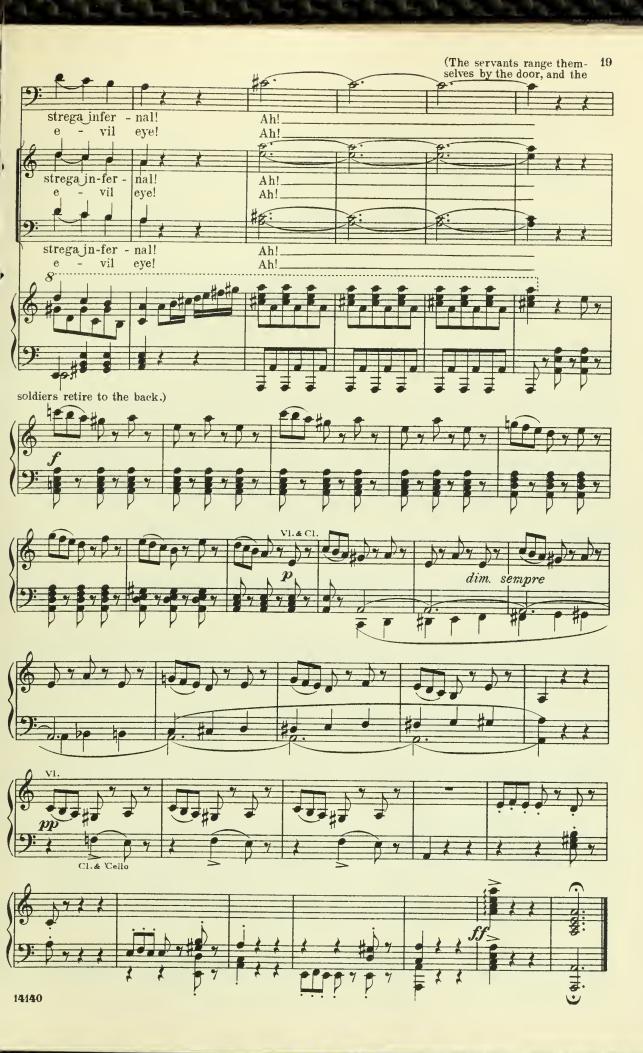










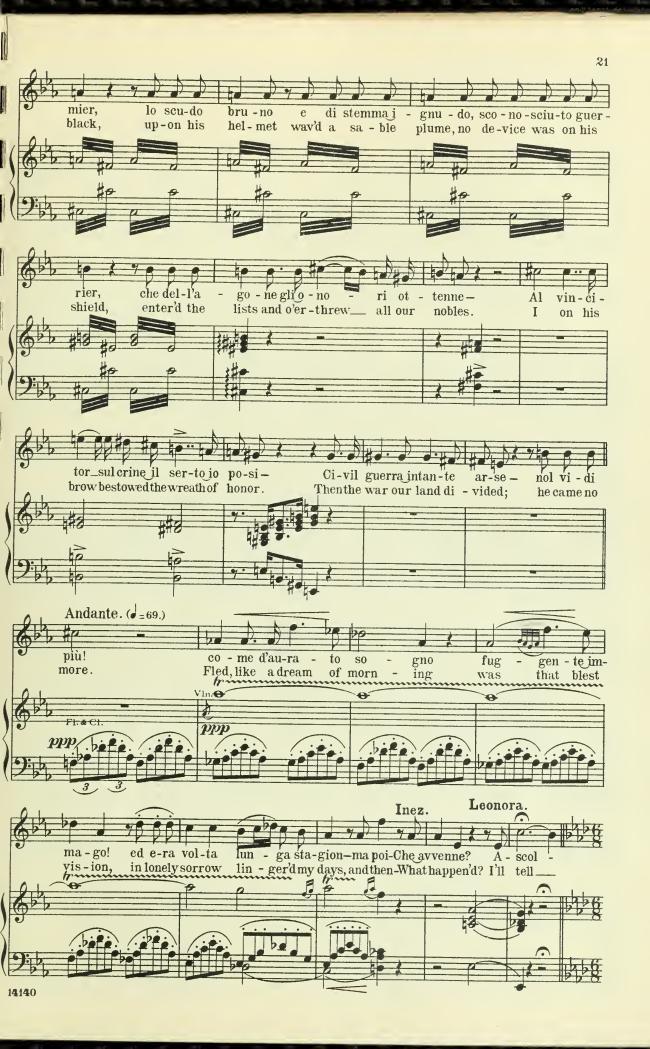


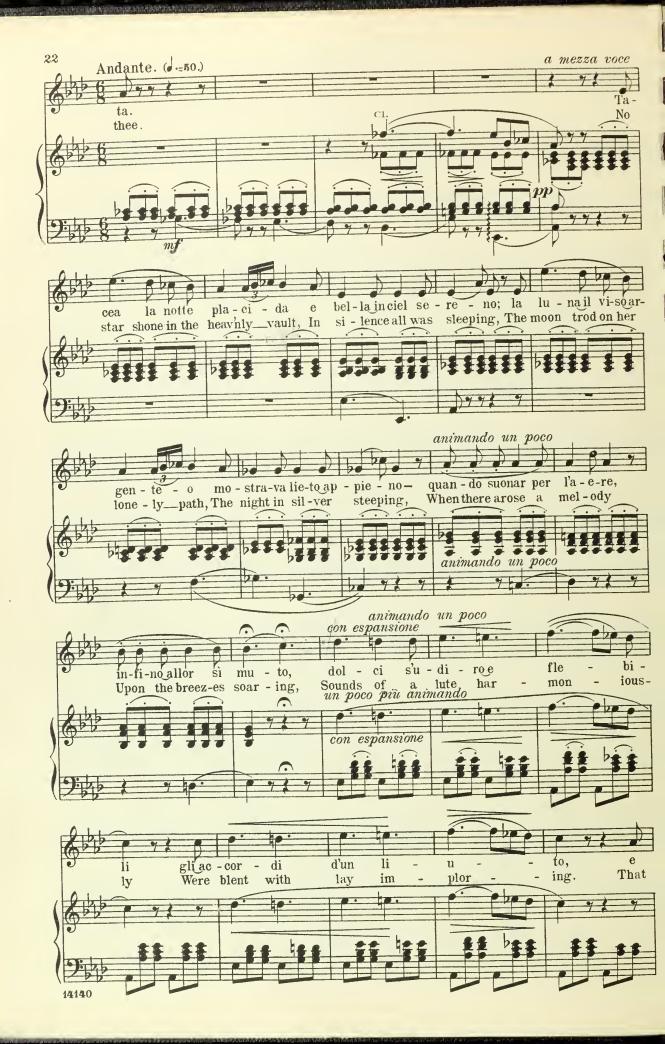
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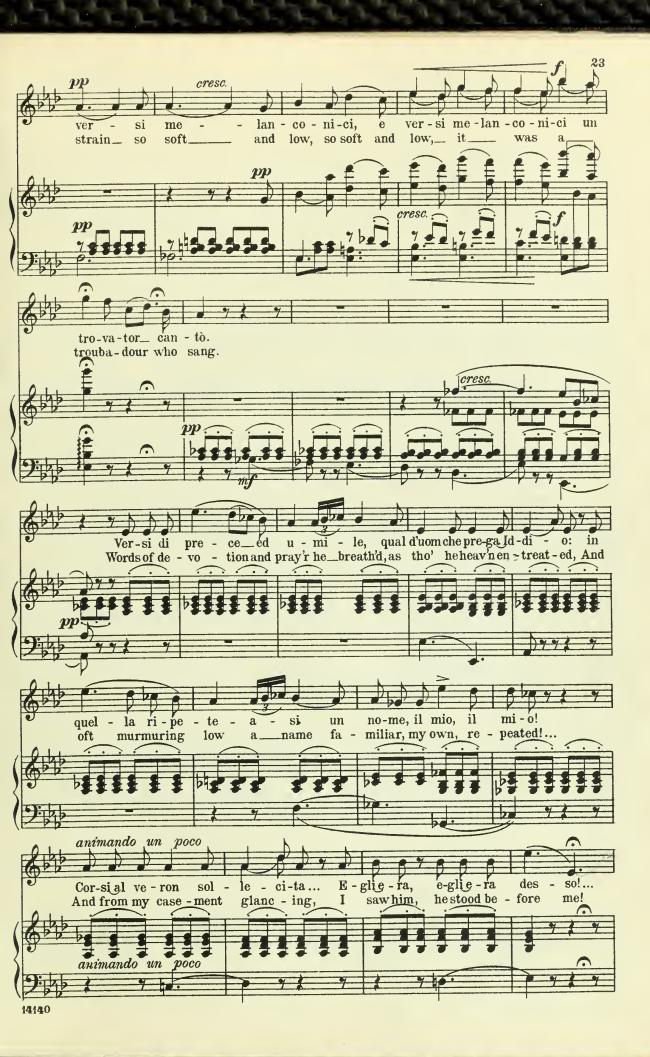
Nº 4. "Tacea la notte placida.,, Recitative and Aria.

Scene. Gardens of the Palace; on the right, a marble staircase leading to the apartments. Night. Dense clouds pass over the moon.



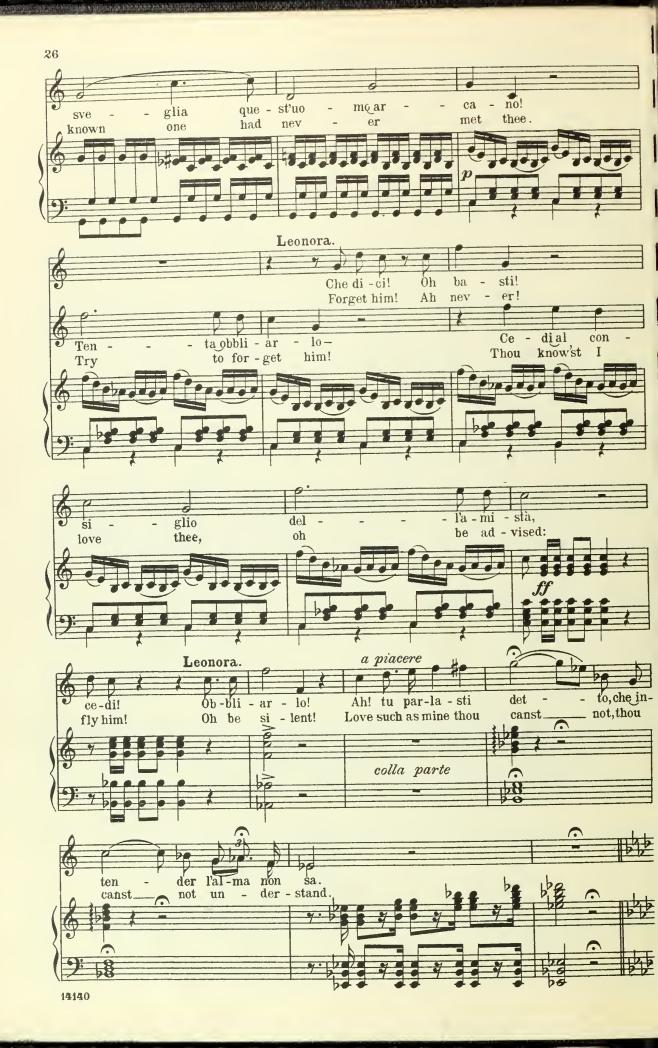




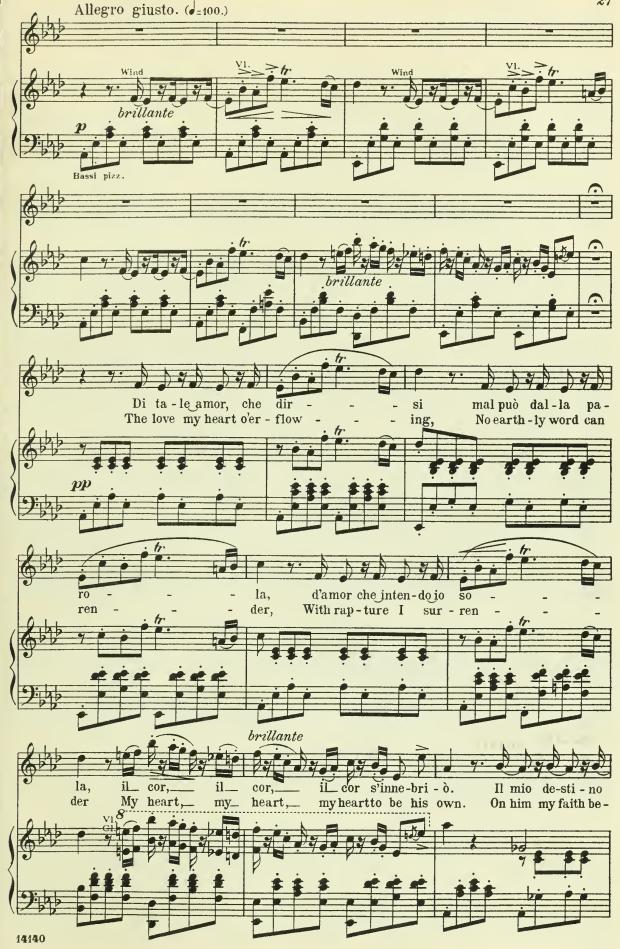


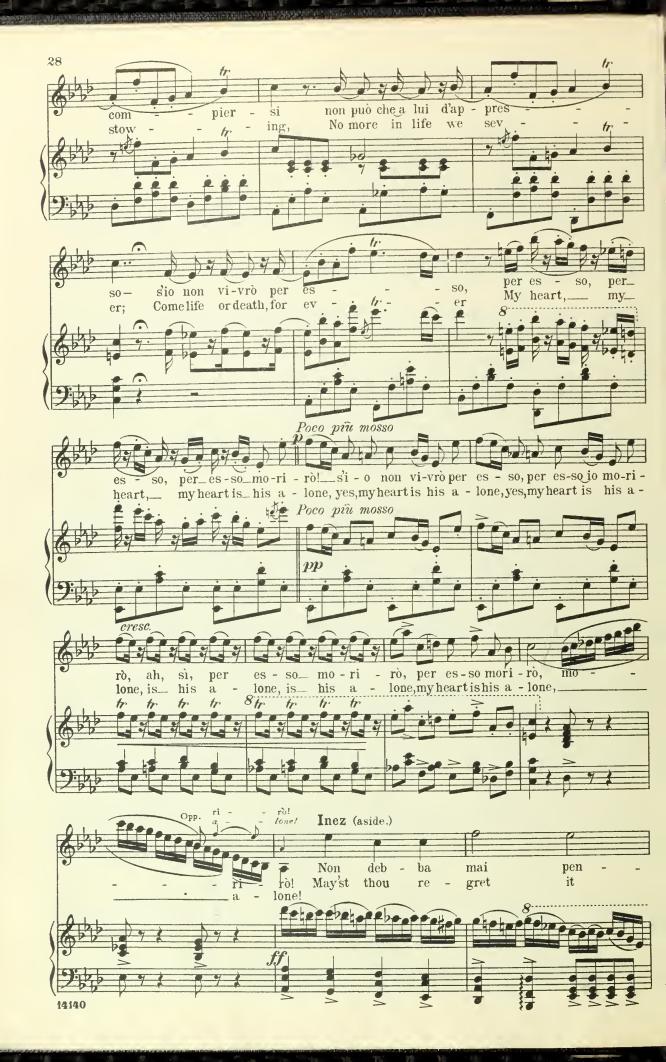


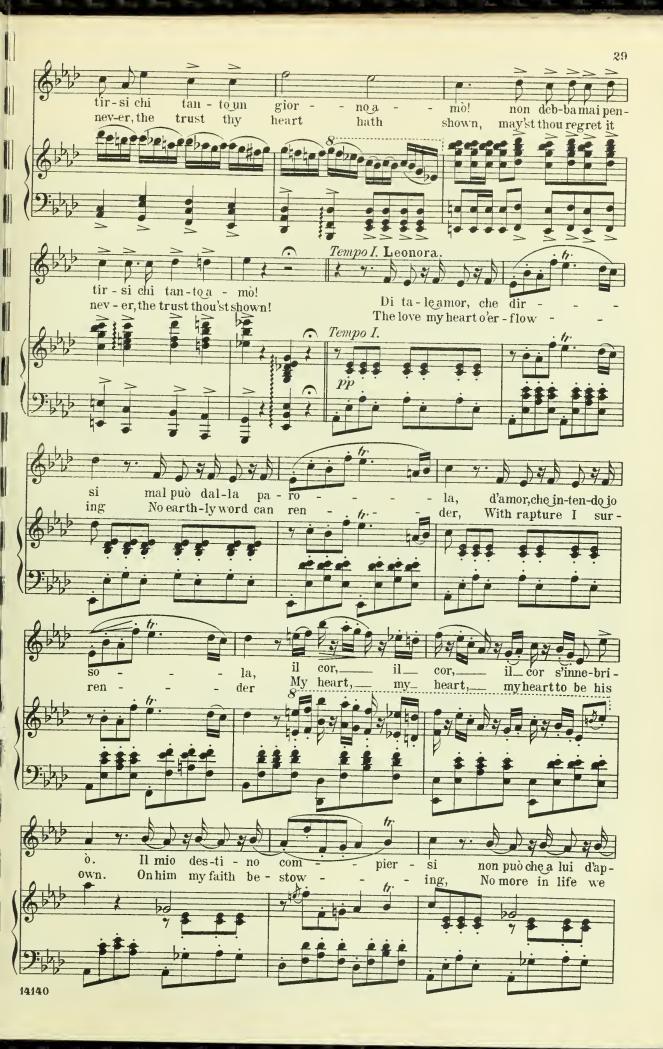


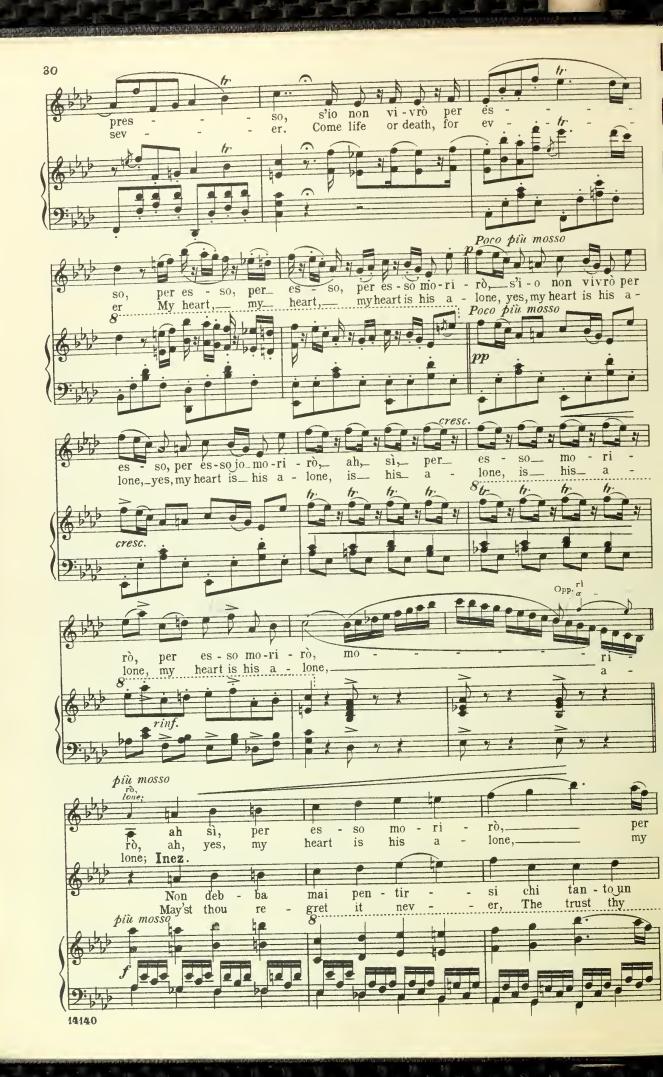






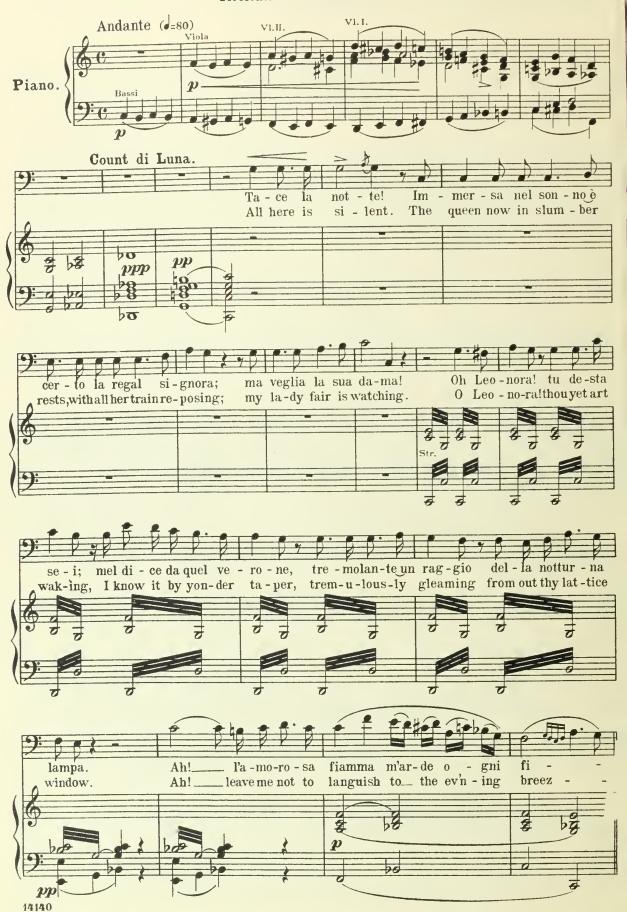




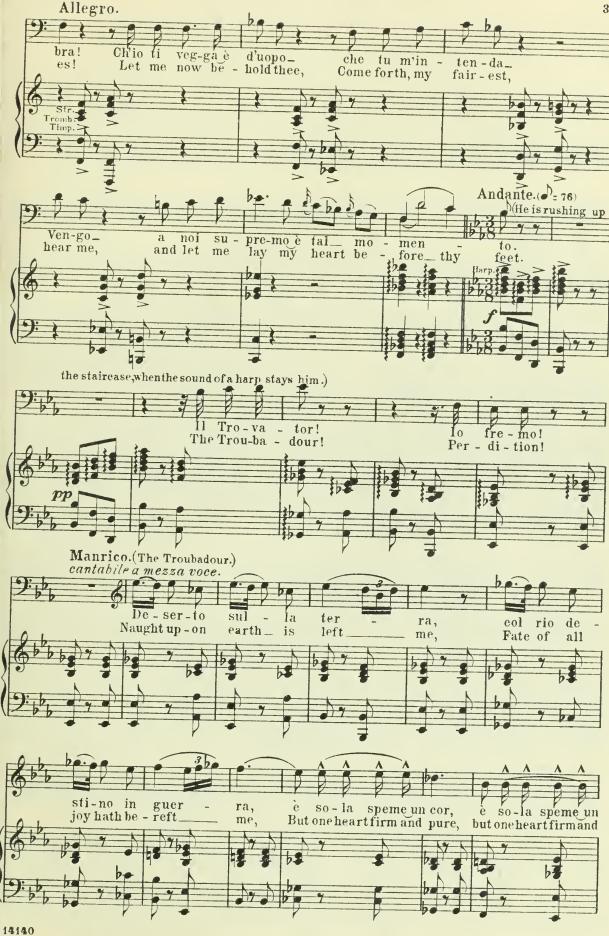


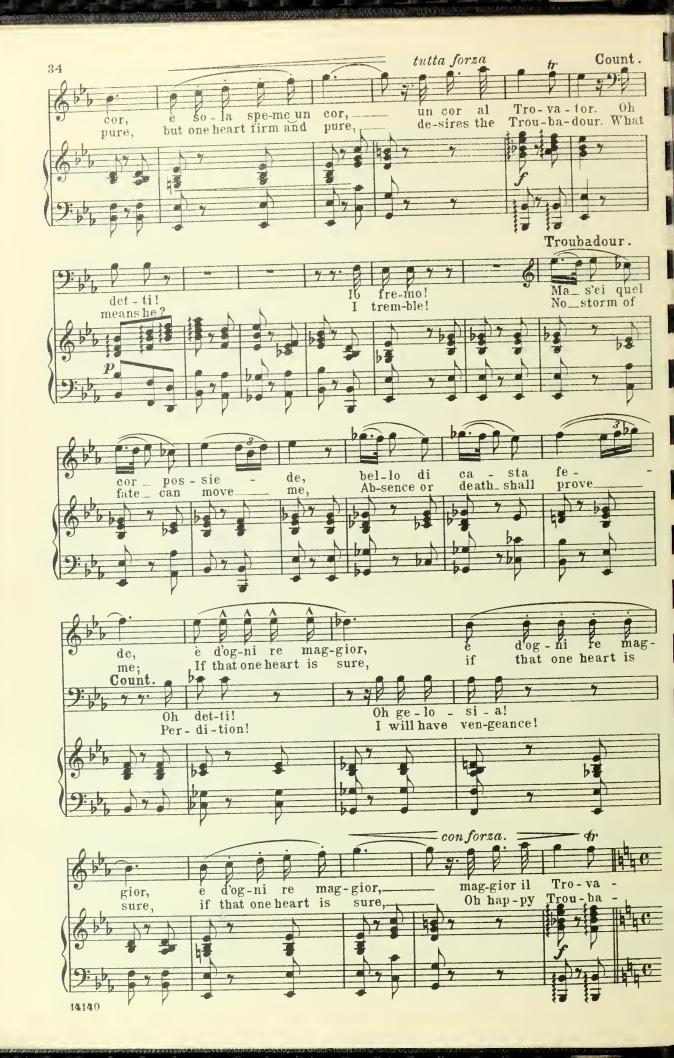


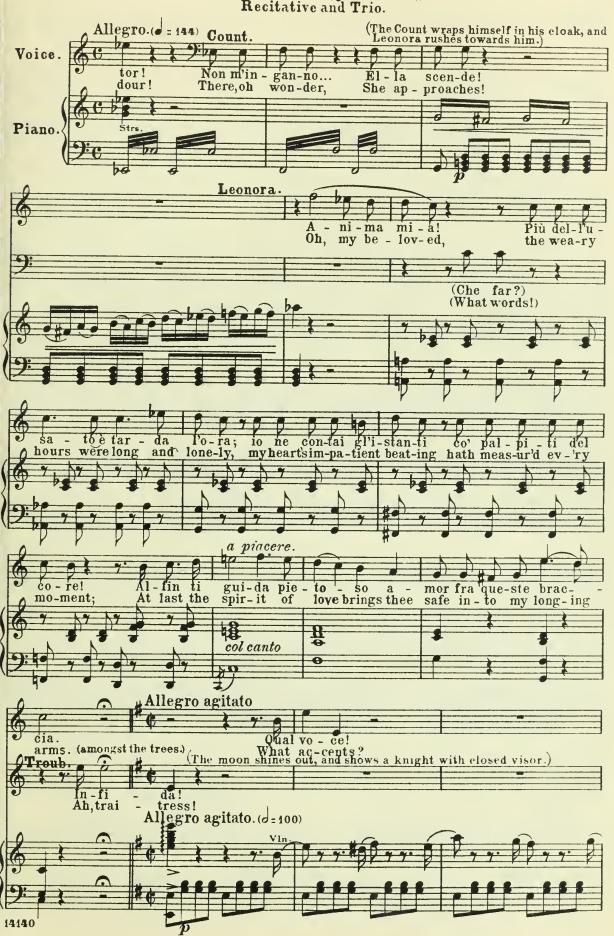
Nº 5. "Deserto sulla terra.,, Recitative and Romance.



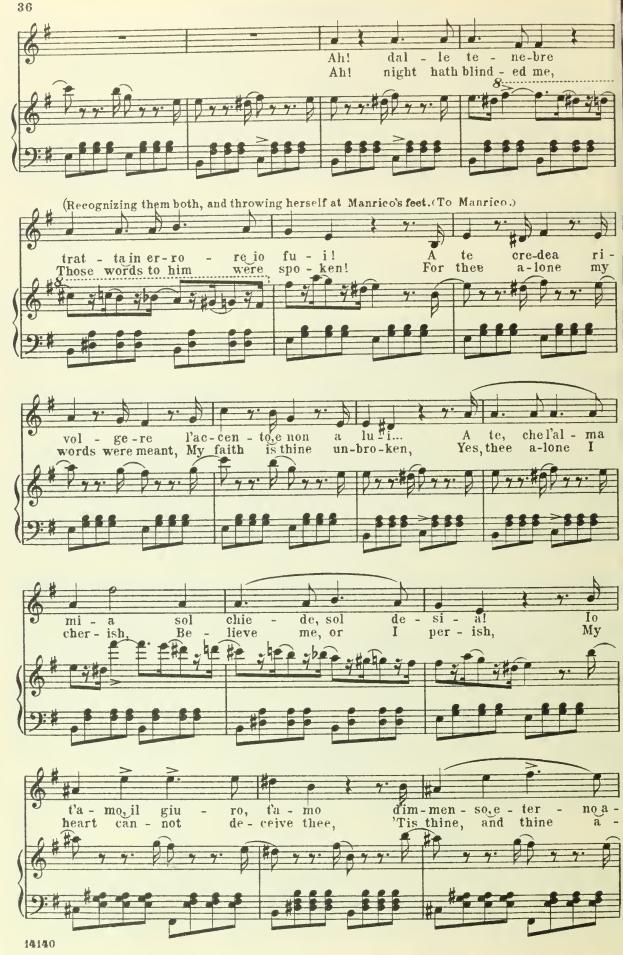


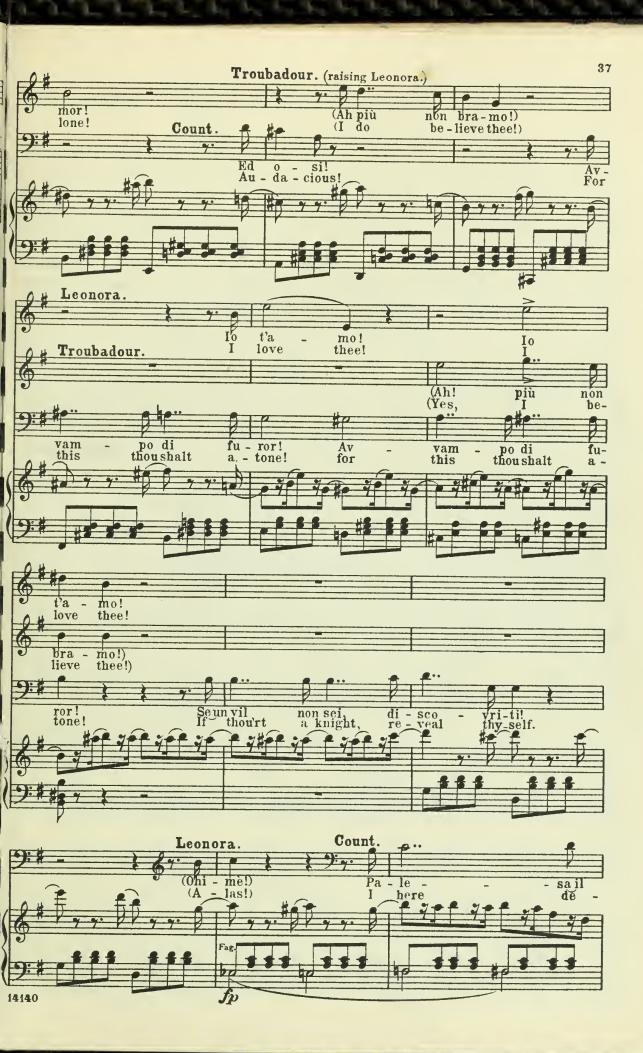


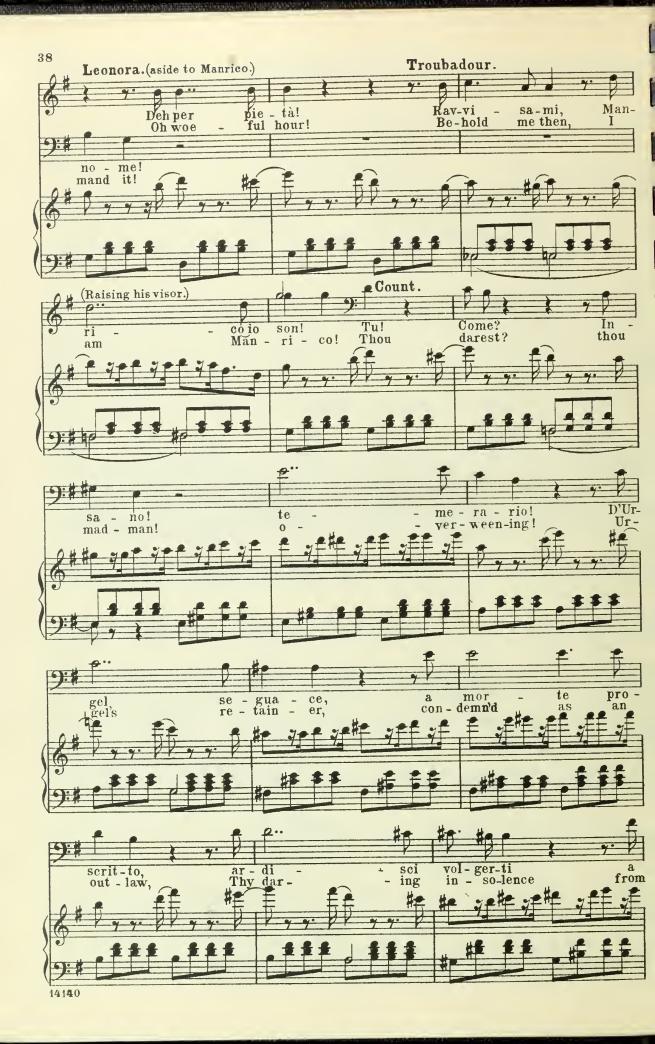


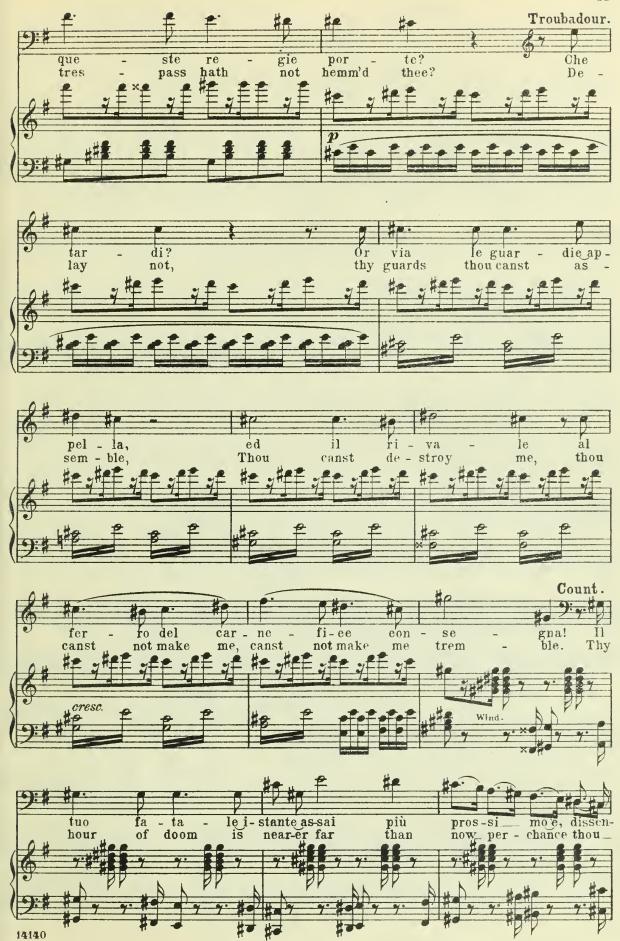


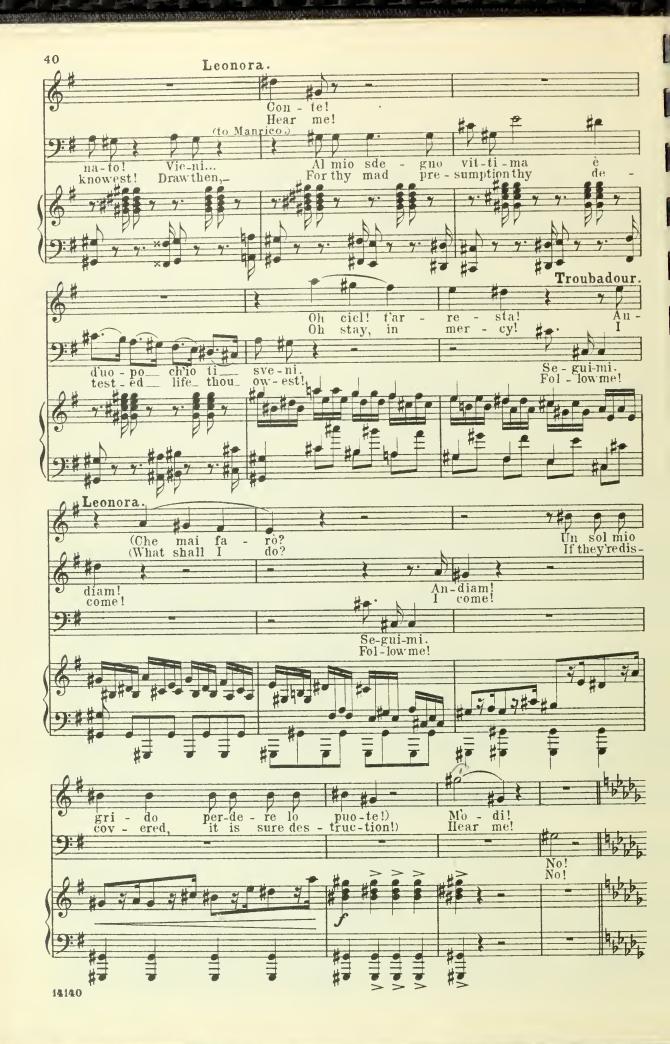


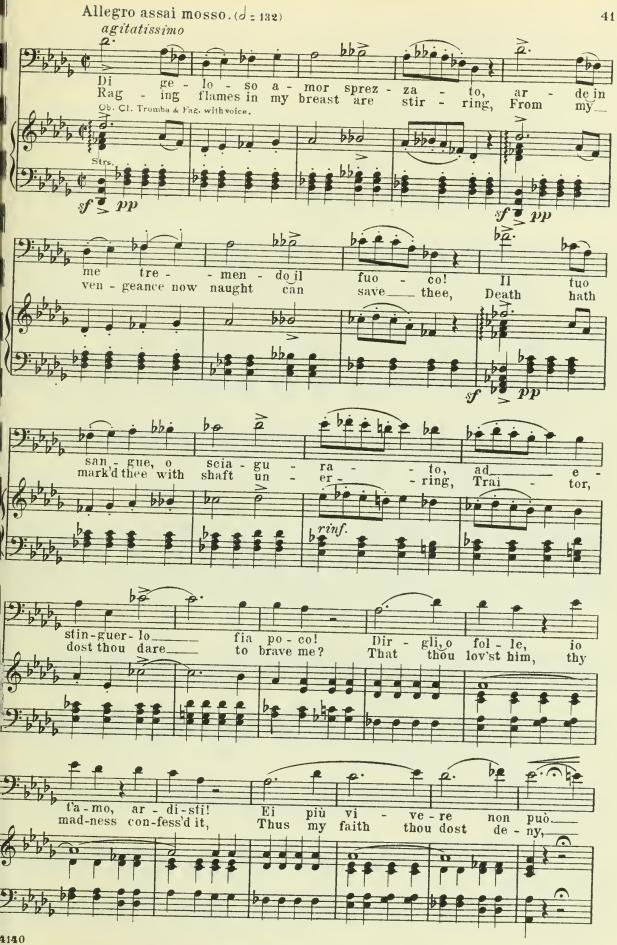


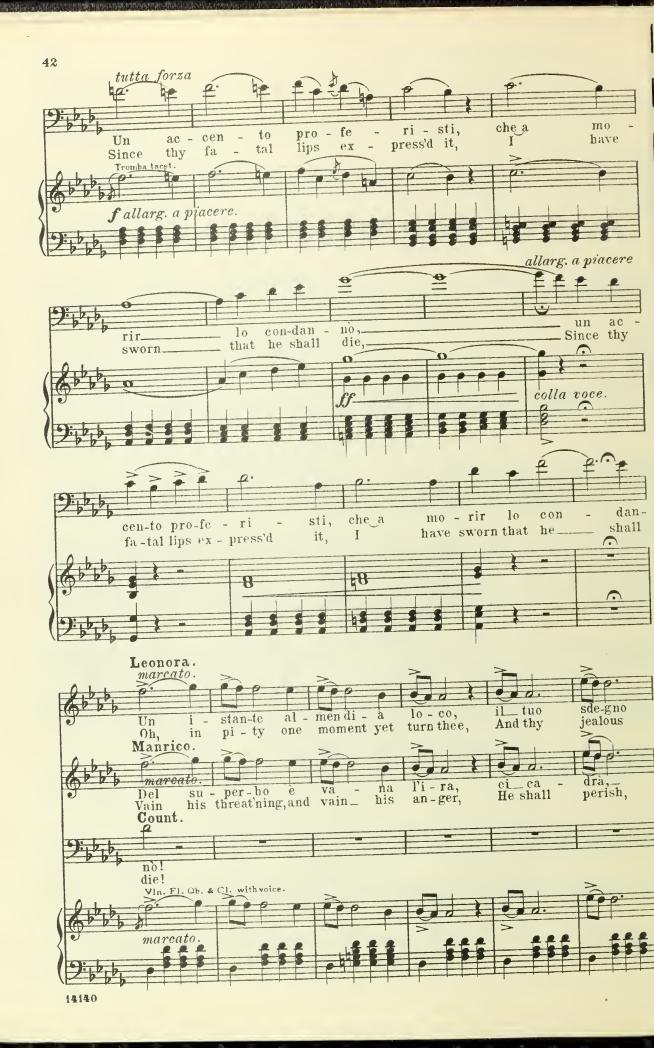




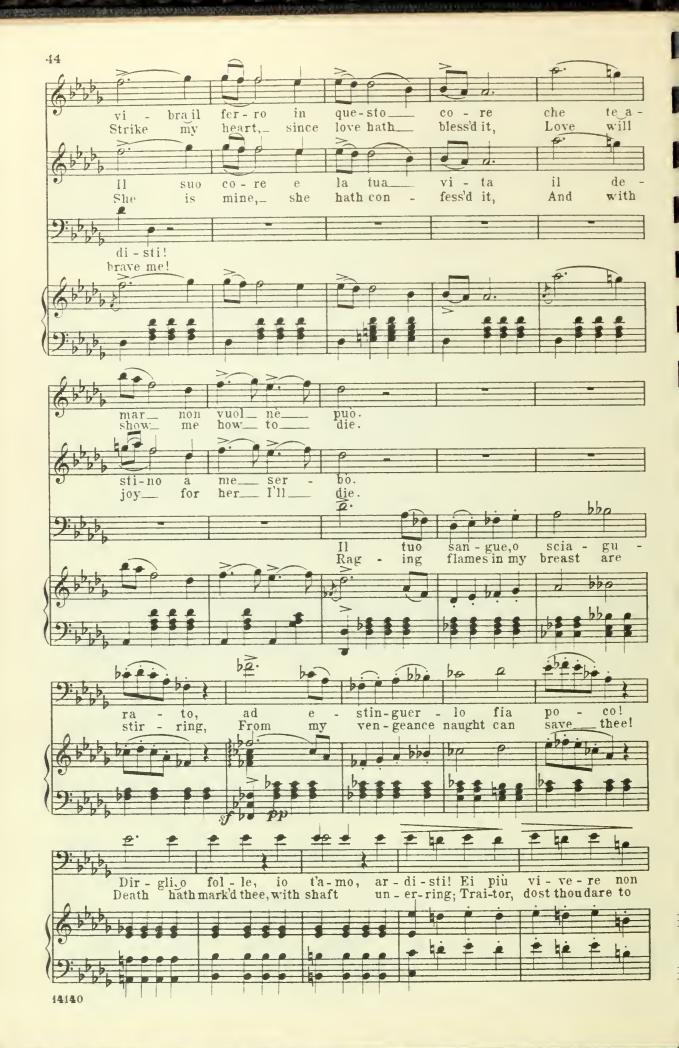








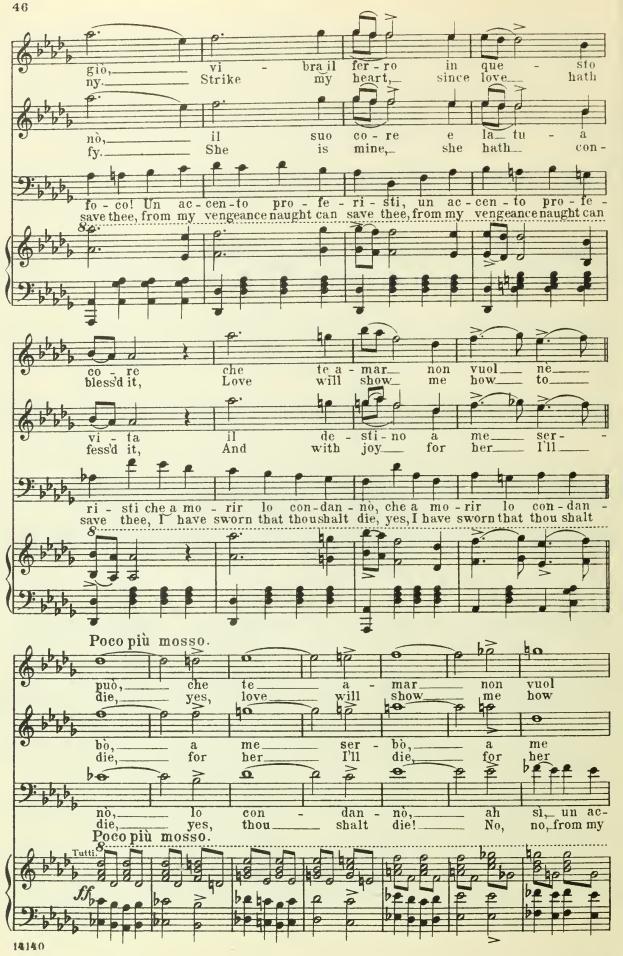










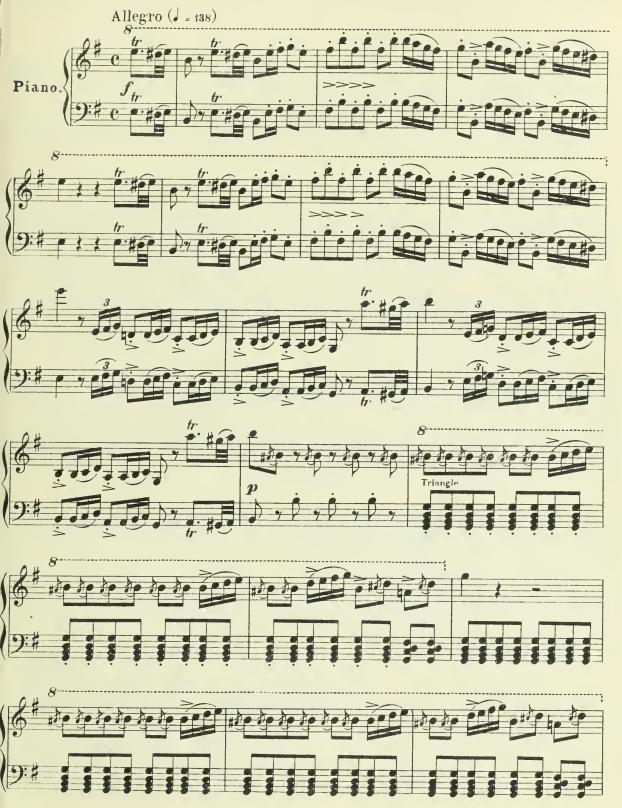




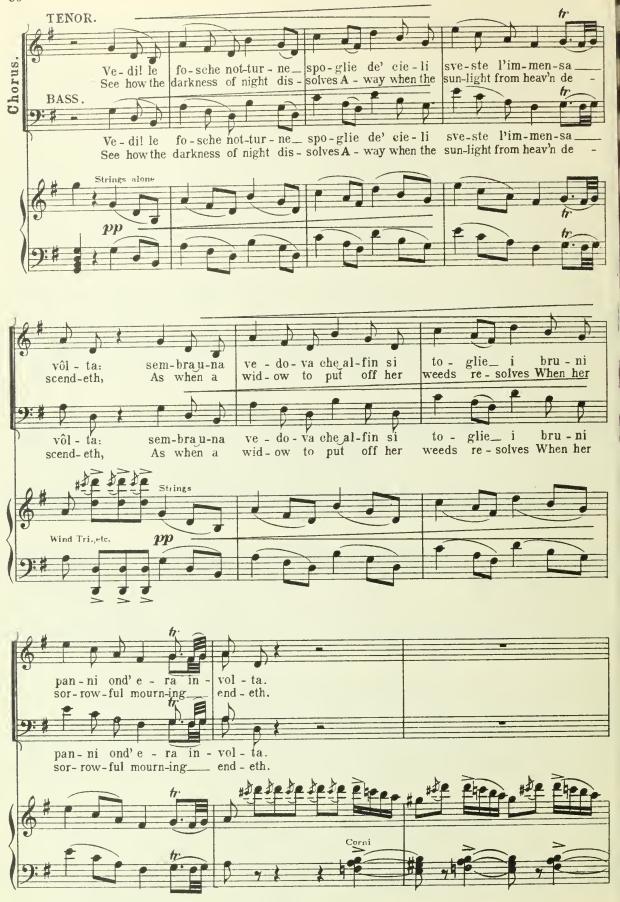


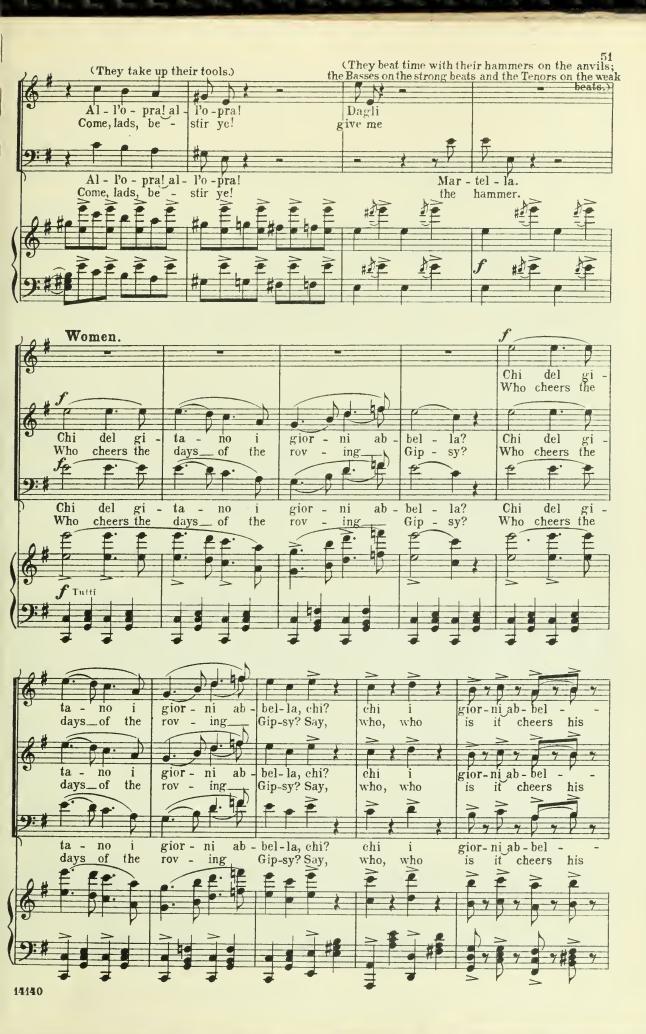
Act II. (The Gipsy.) No. 7. "Vedi! le fosche notturne spoglie.,, Chorus of Gipsies.

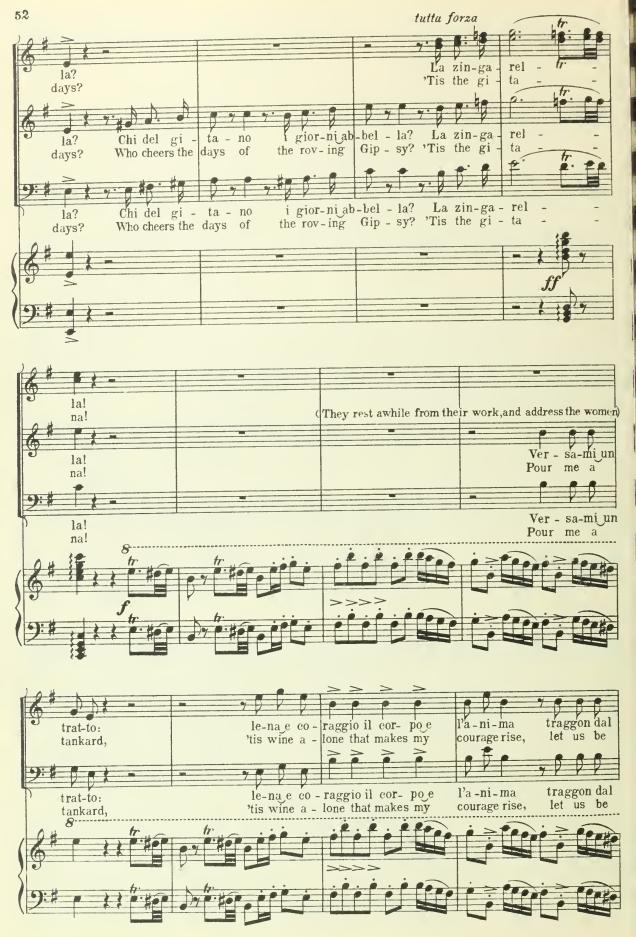
Scene. A ruined habitation at the foot of a mountain in Biseay; within, thro' a wide opening, a fire is seen; day is dawning. Azucena is seated by the fire, Manrico is lying on a low couch at her side, wrapped in his mantle, his helmet at his feet, a sword in his hand, on which he is gazing intently. The Gipsy band is scattered about the stage.

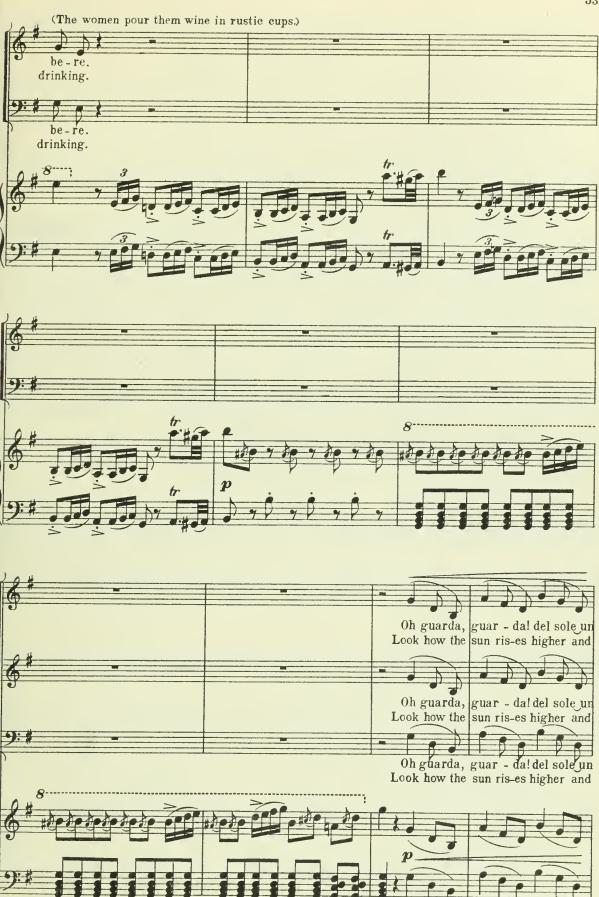




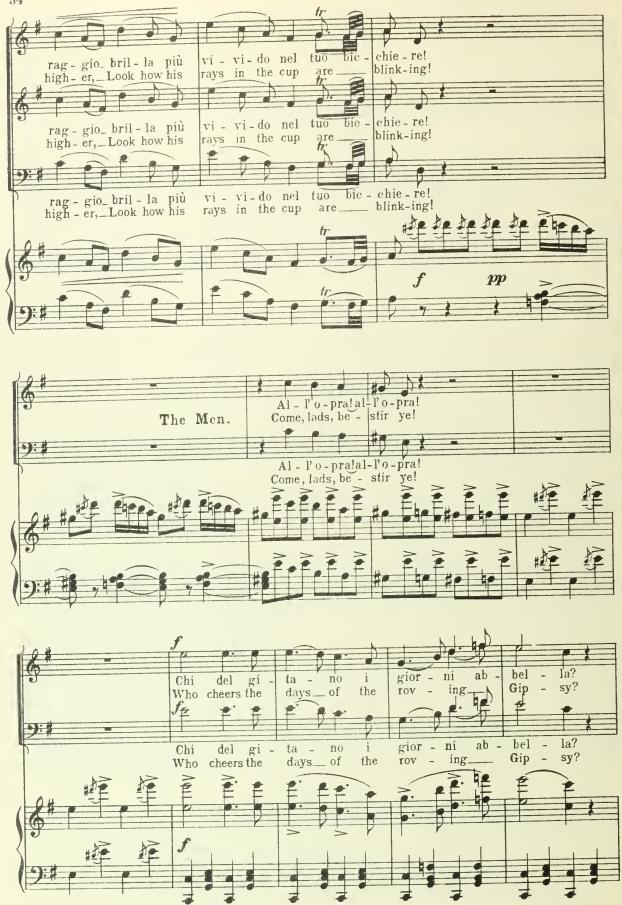


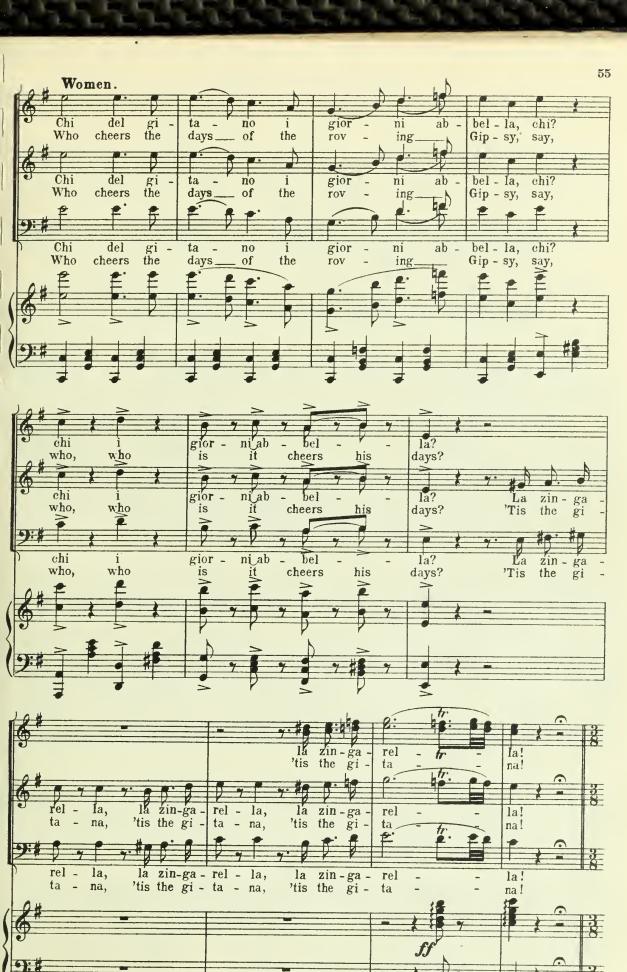






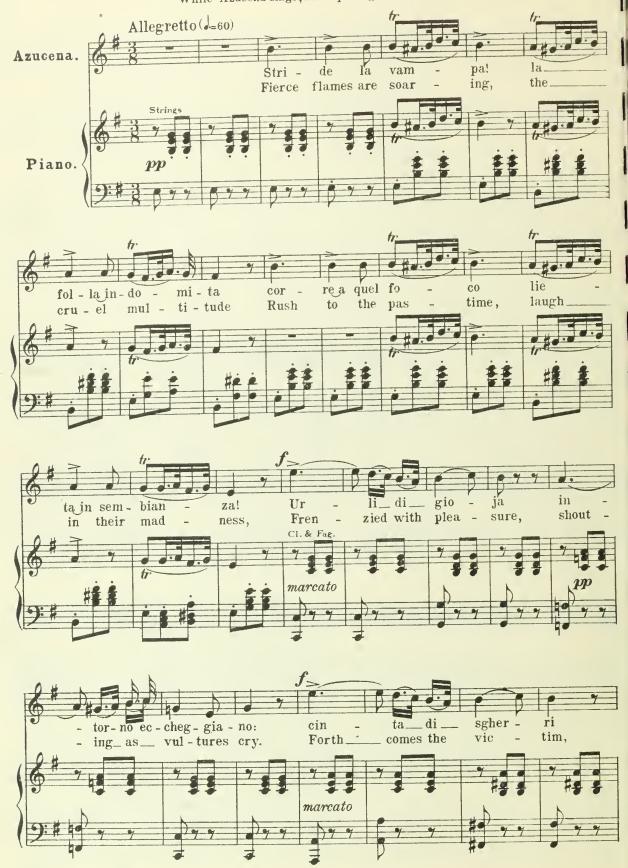


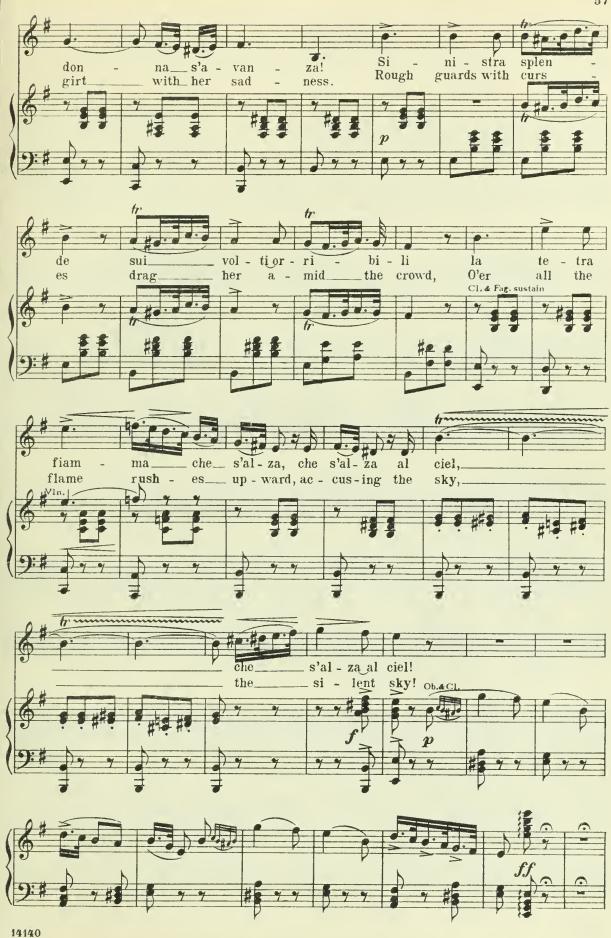


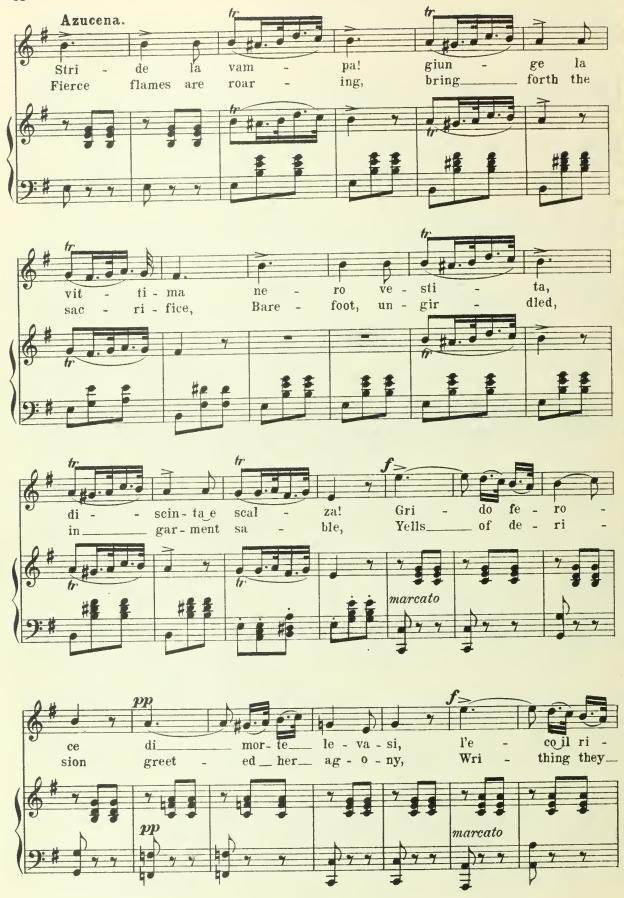


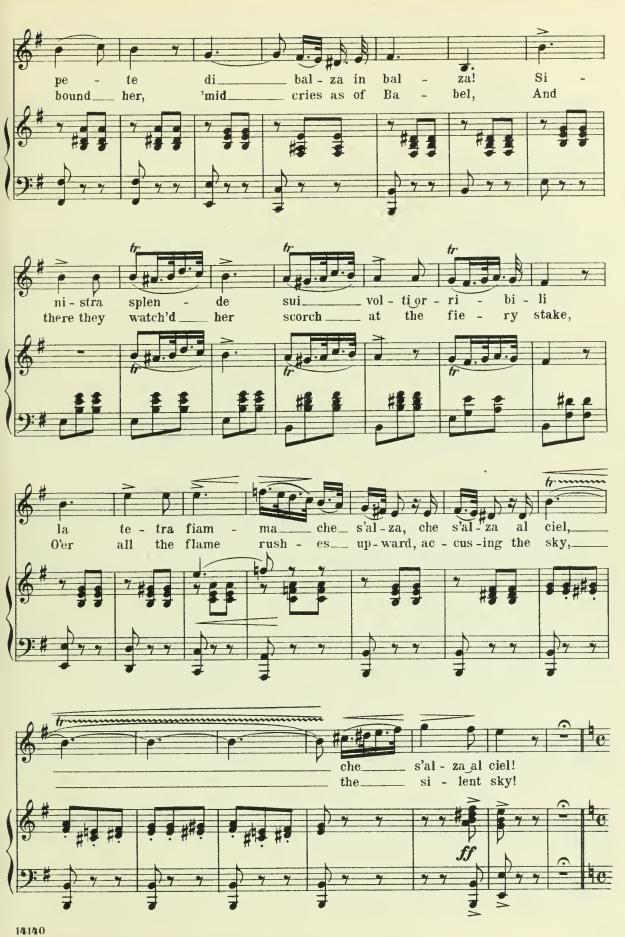
Nº8. "Stride la vampa.,, Canzone.

While Azucena sings, the Gipsies gather round her.

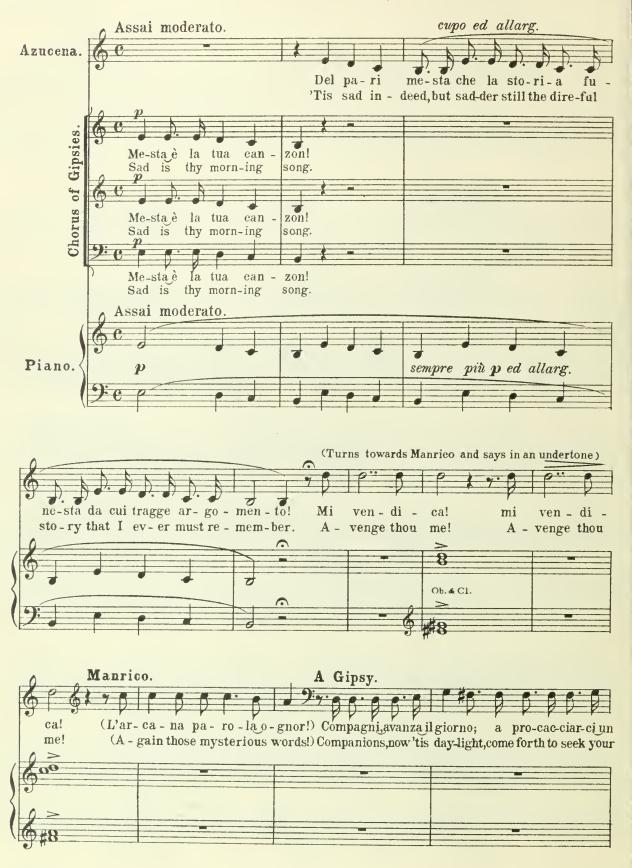




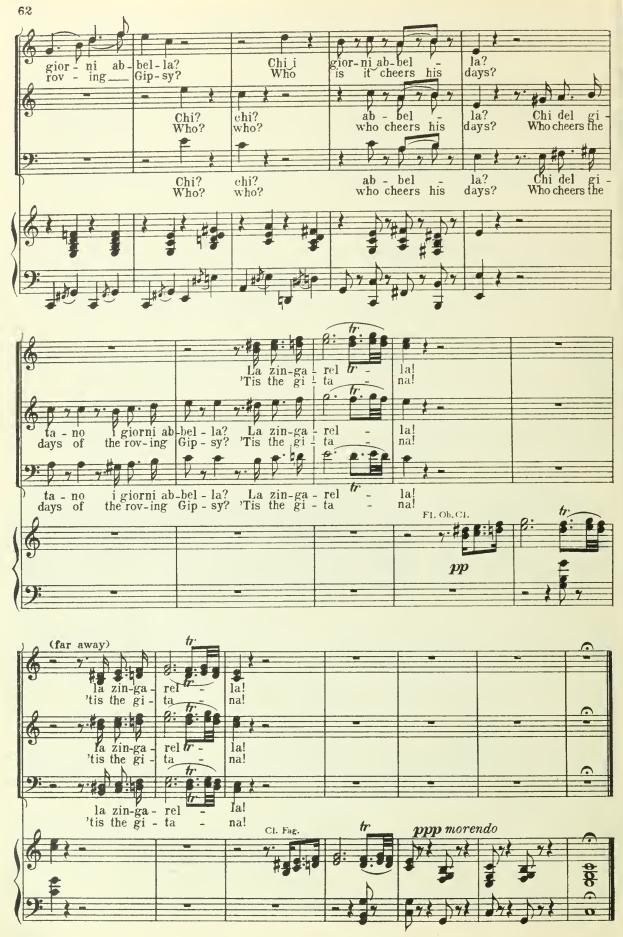




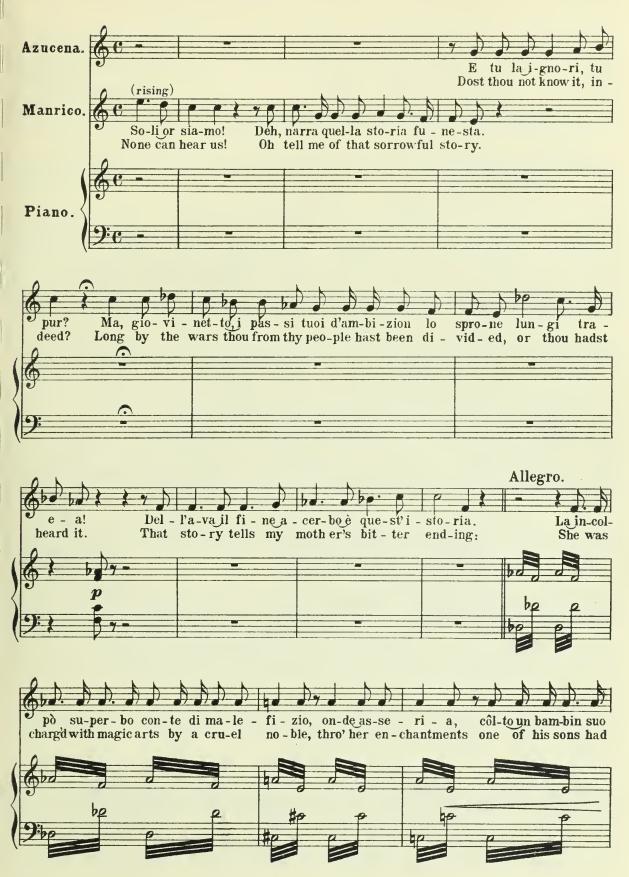
Nº 9. "Mesta è la tua canzon!,, Chorus of Gipsies.

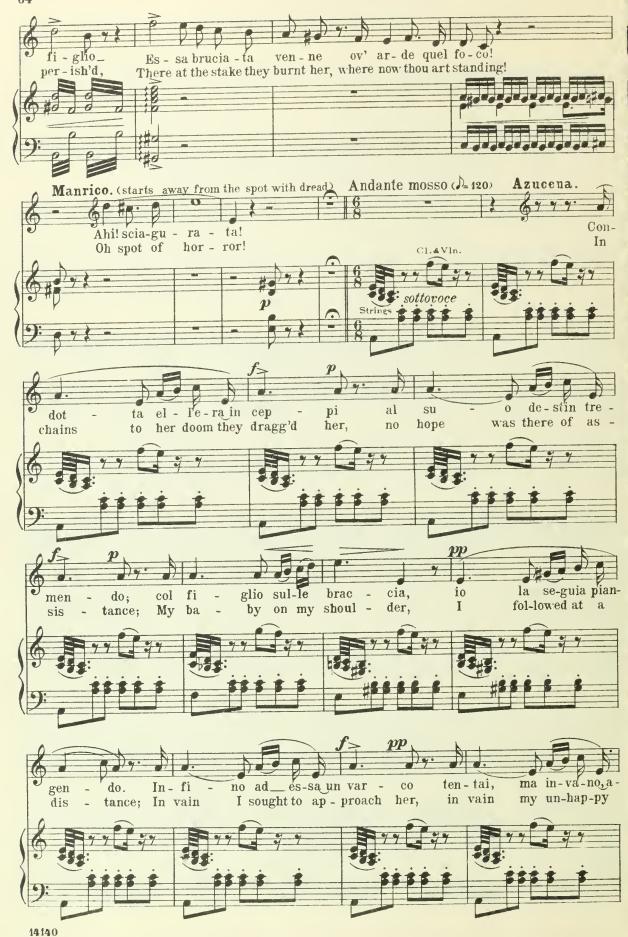


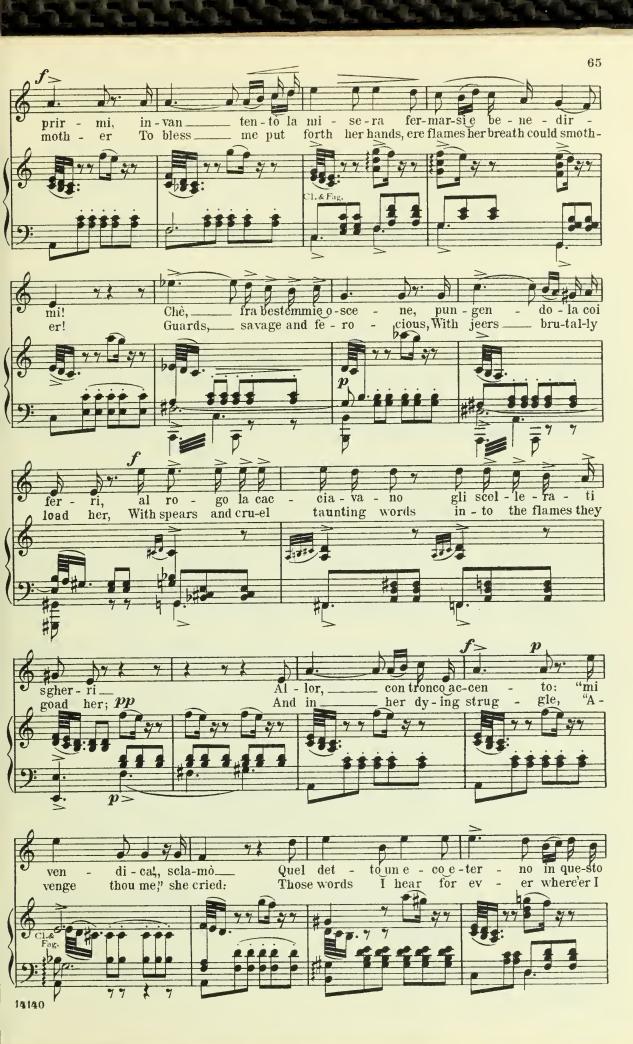


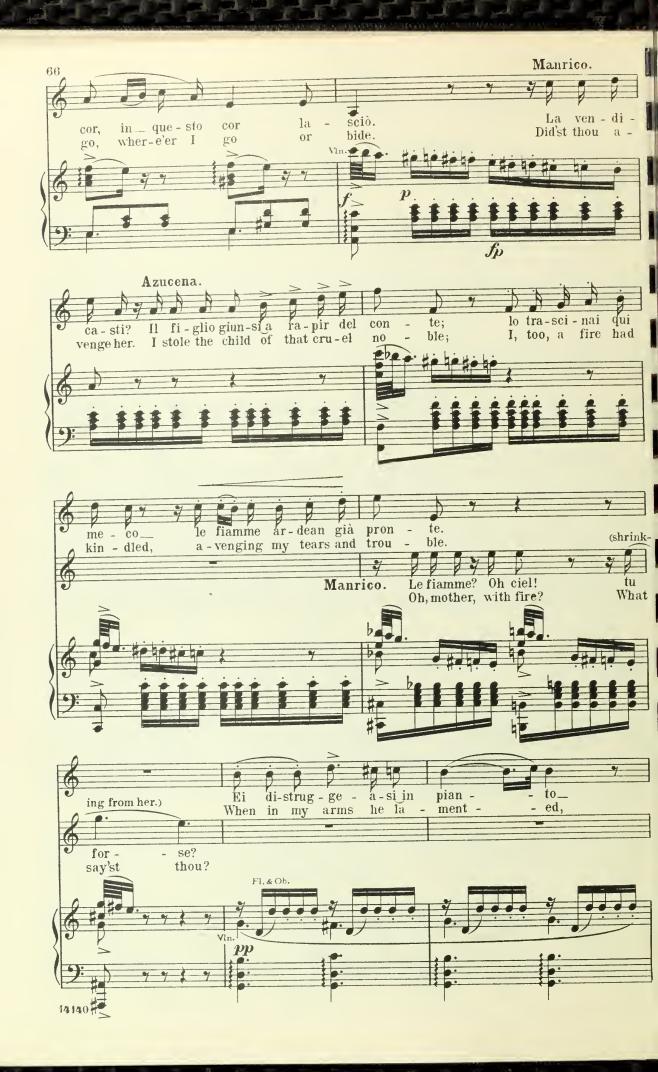


Nº 10. "Condotta ell'era in ceppi.,, Recitative and Narrative.



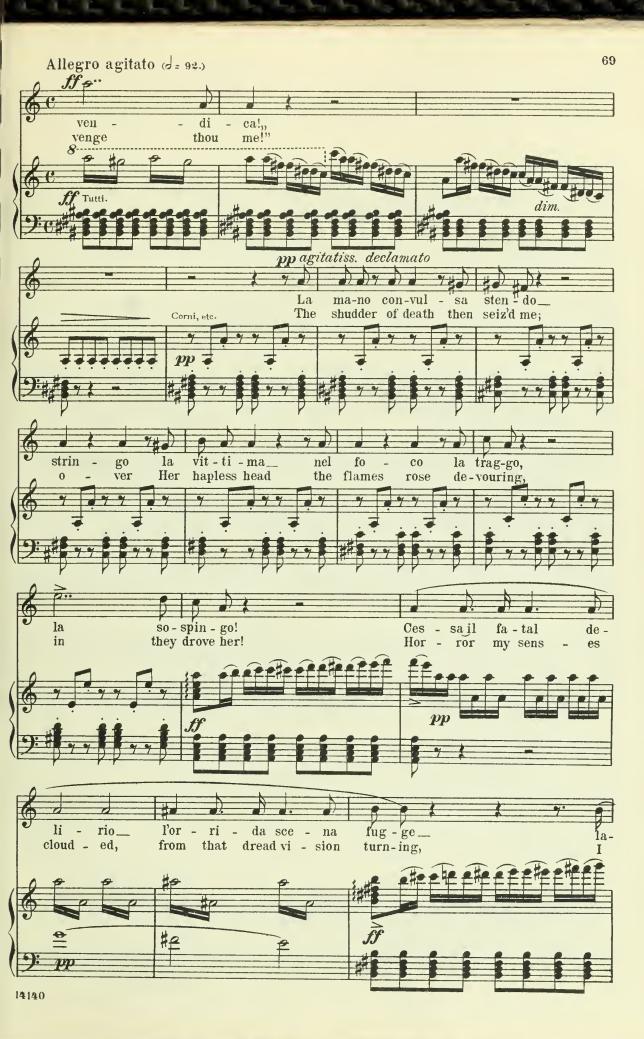




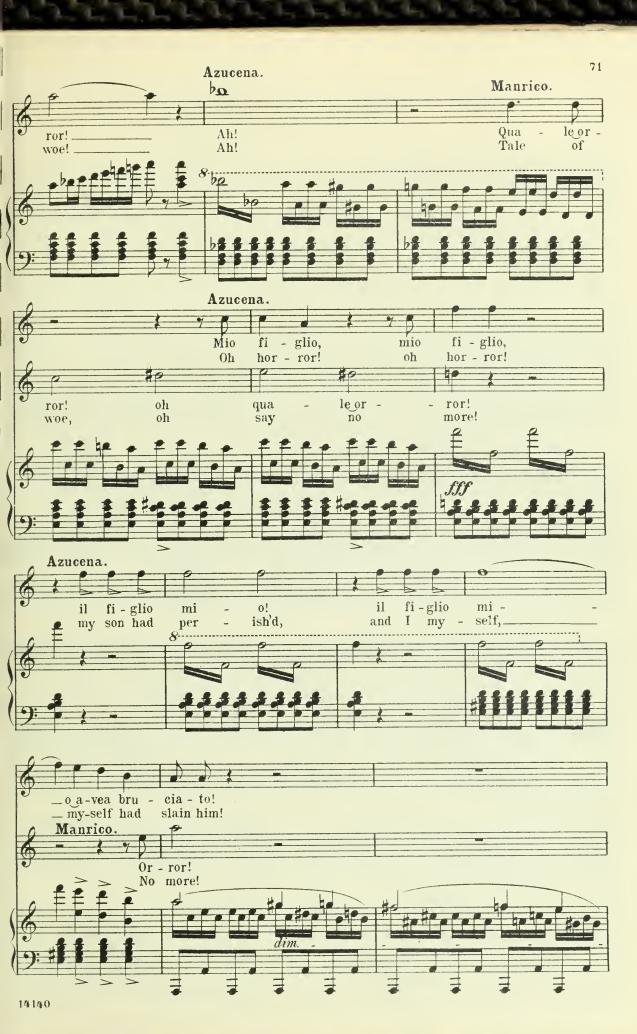


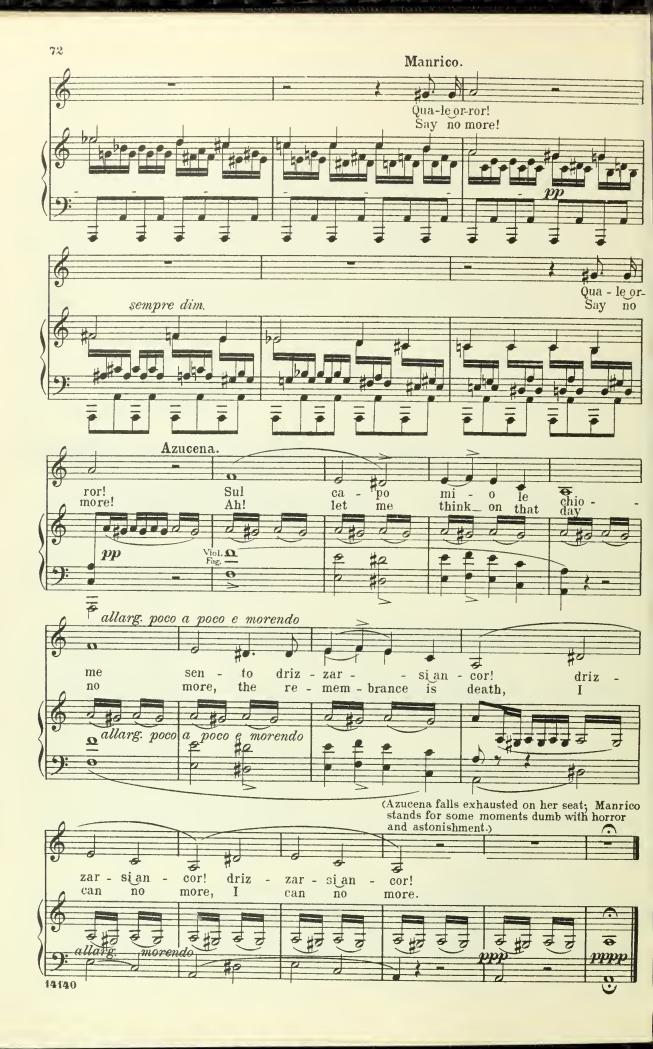




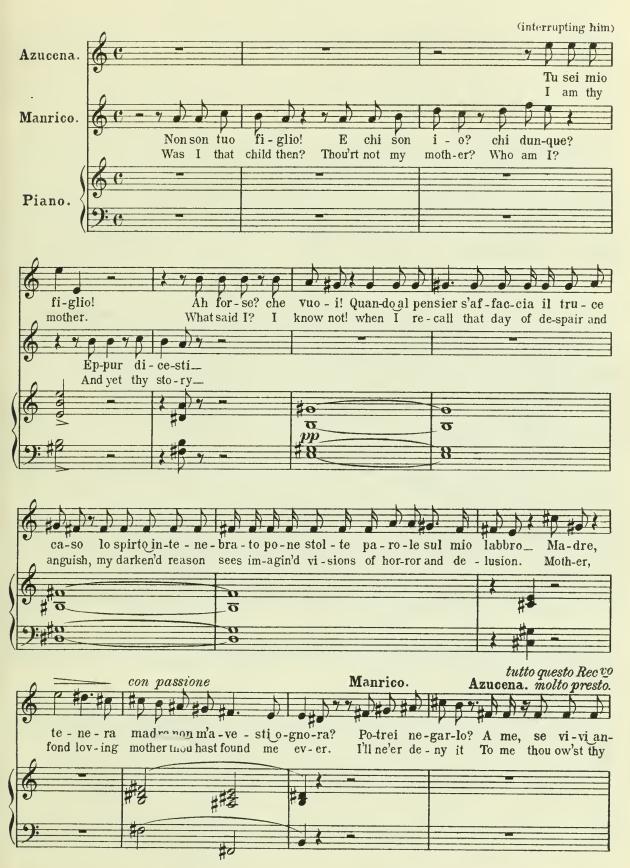


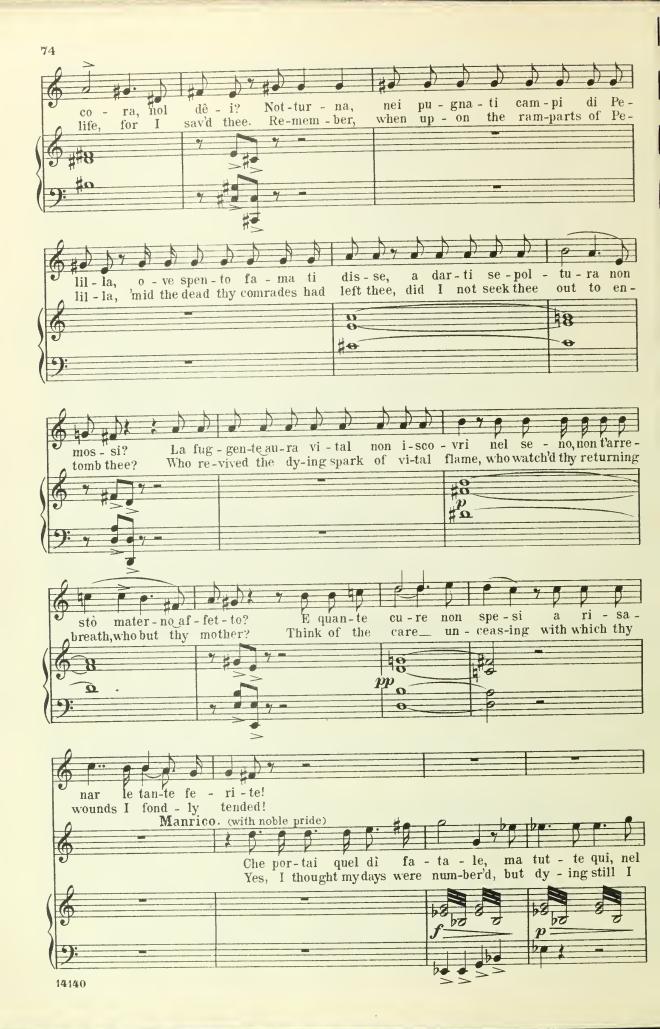




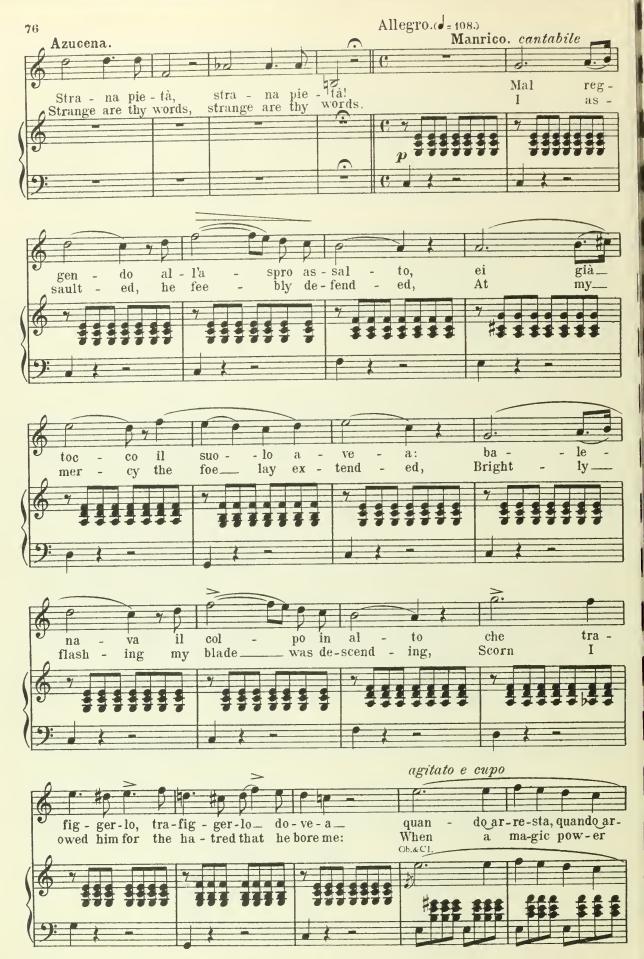


Nº 11. "Mal reggendo all'aspro assalto.,, Recitative and Duet.



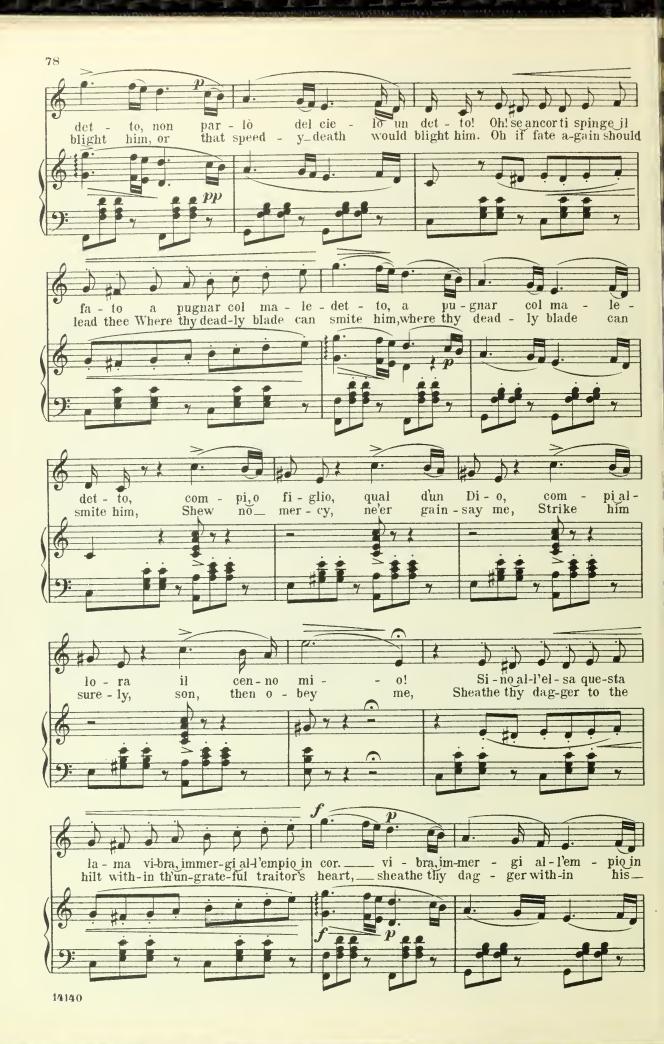




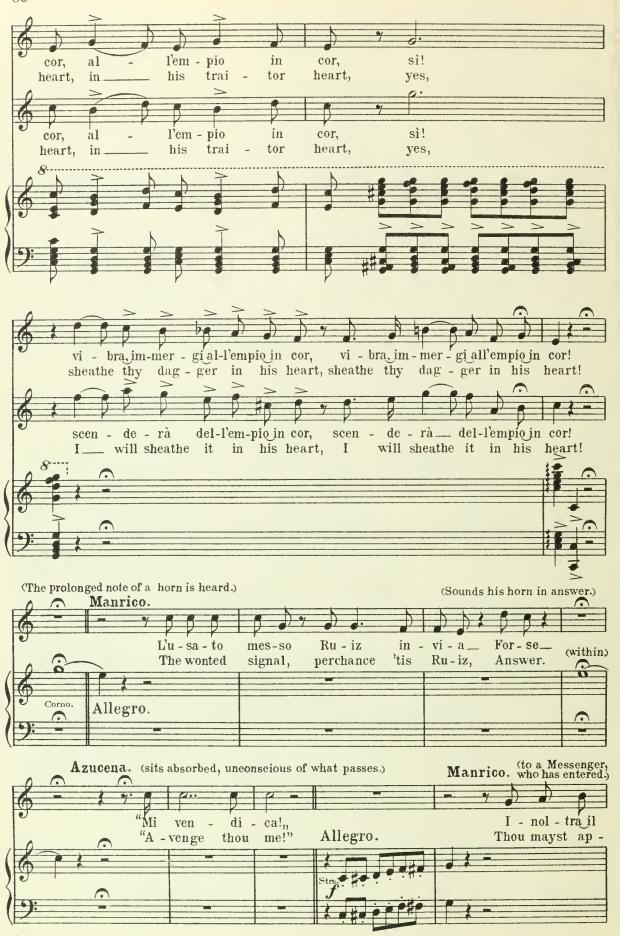


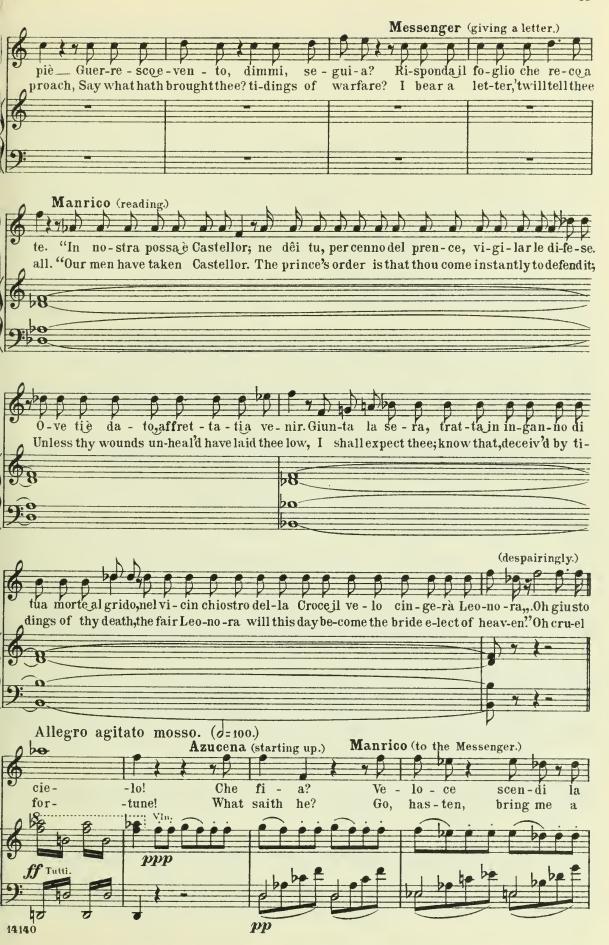


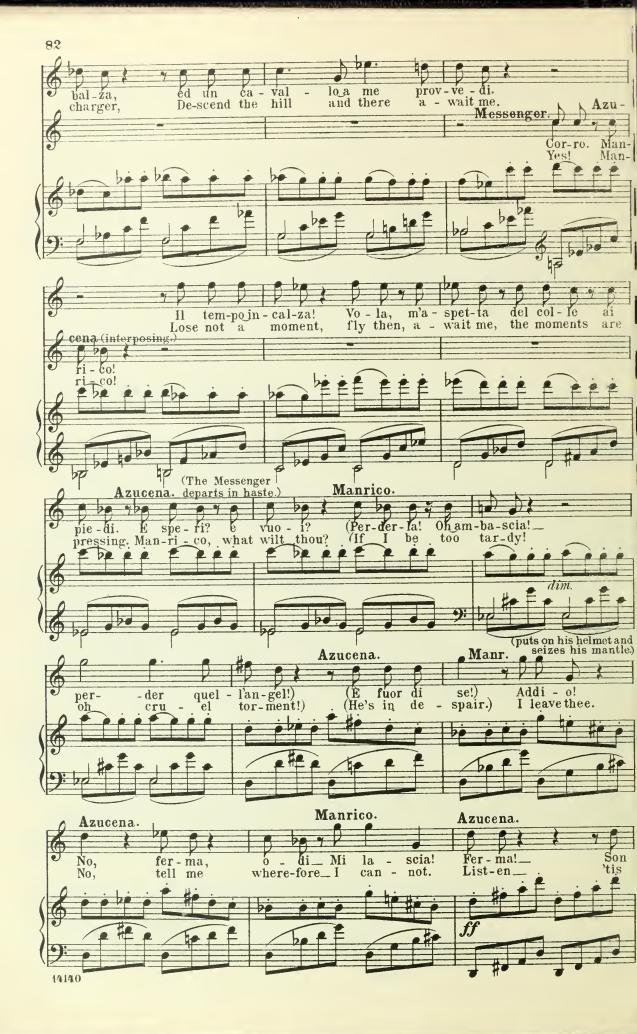


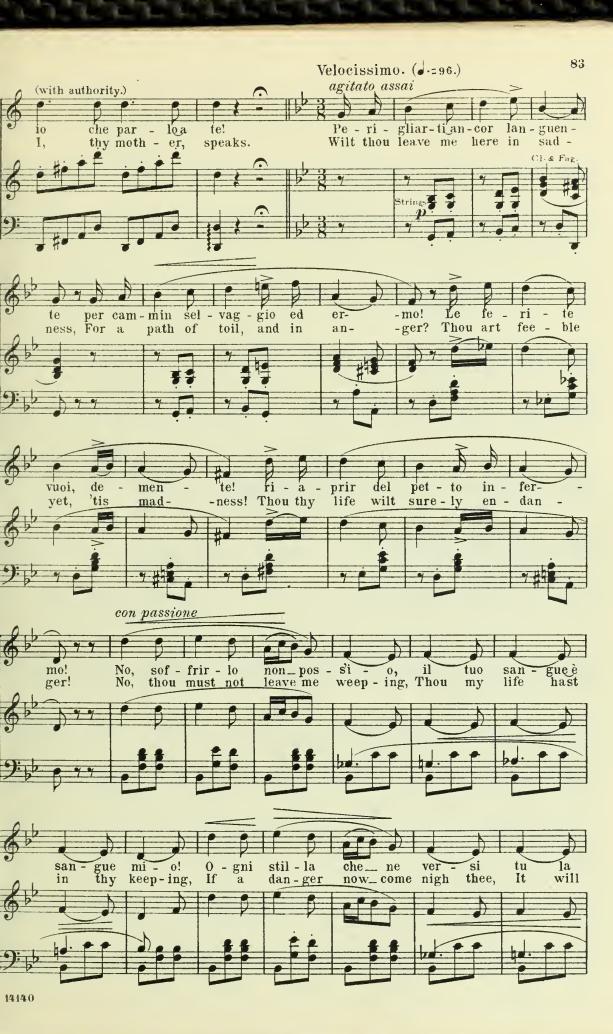


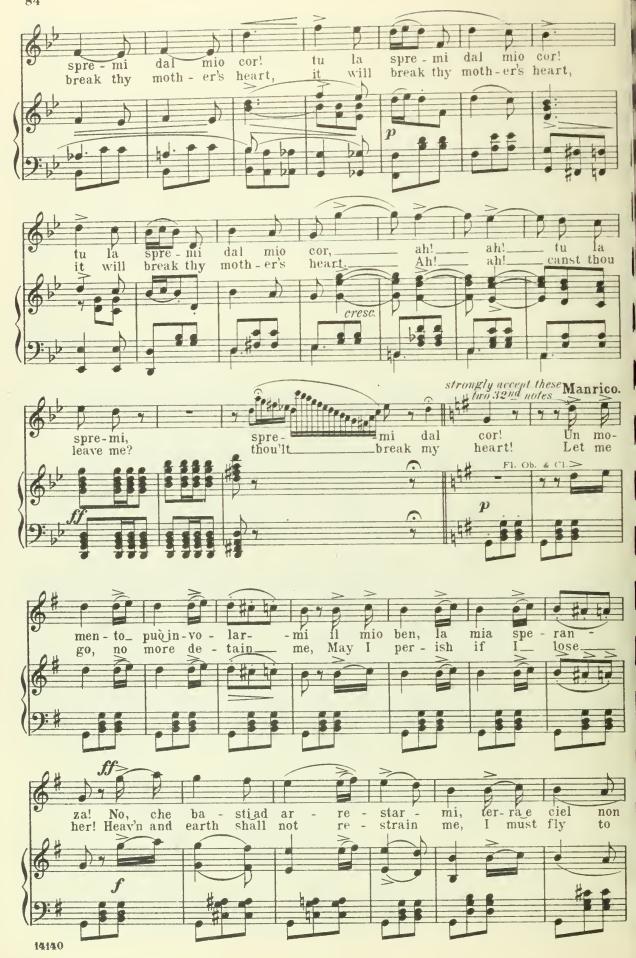




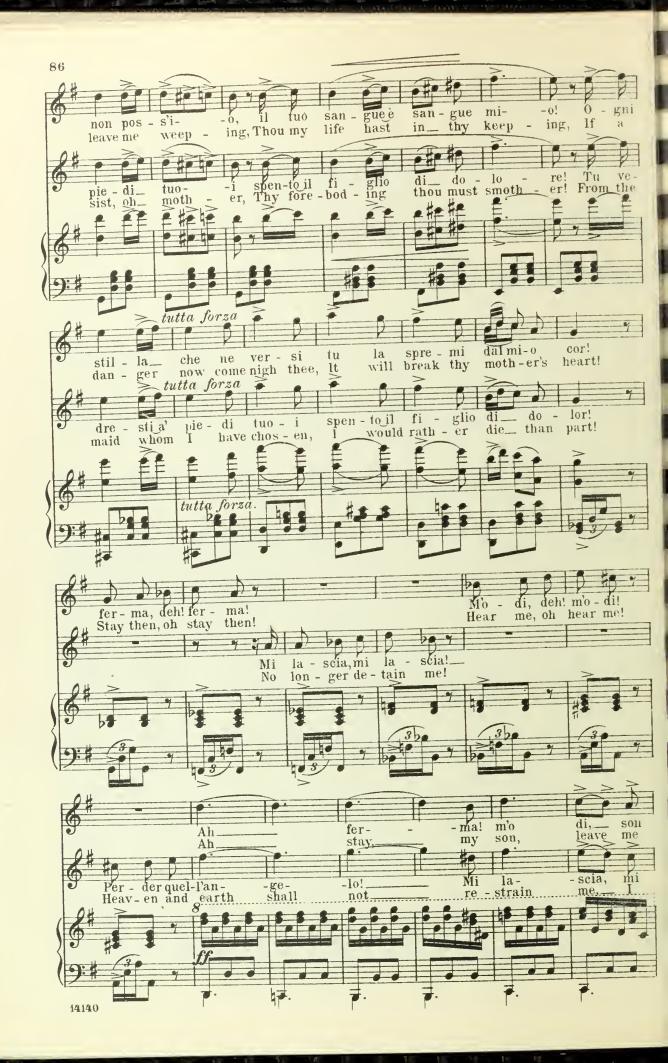








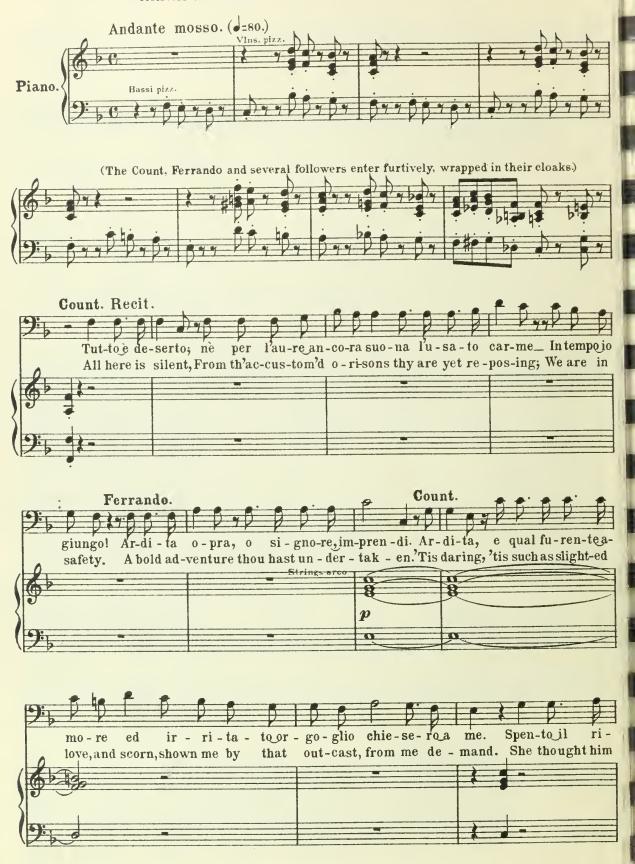


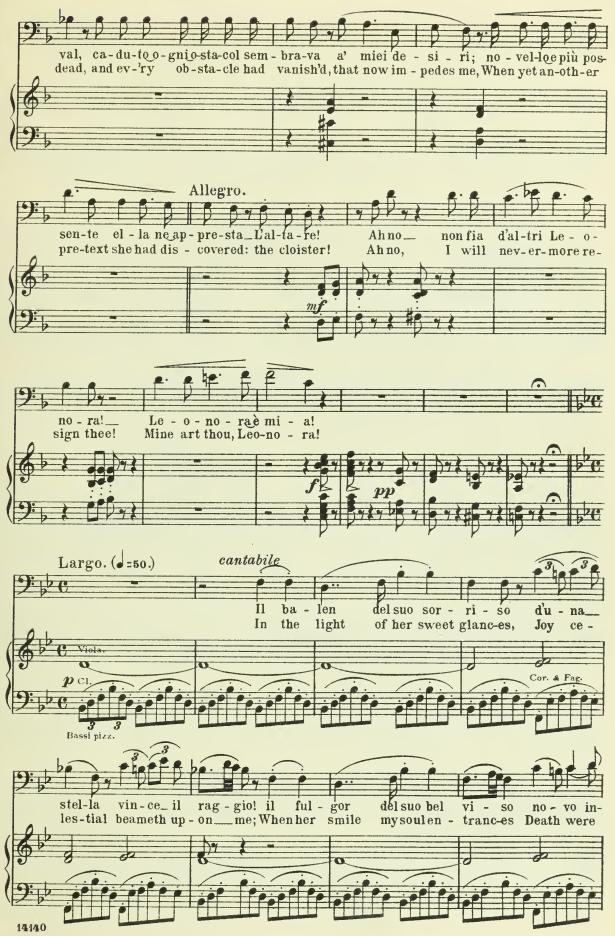


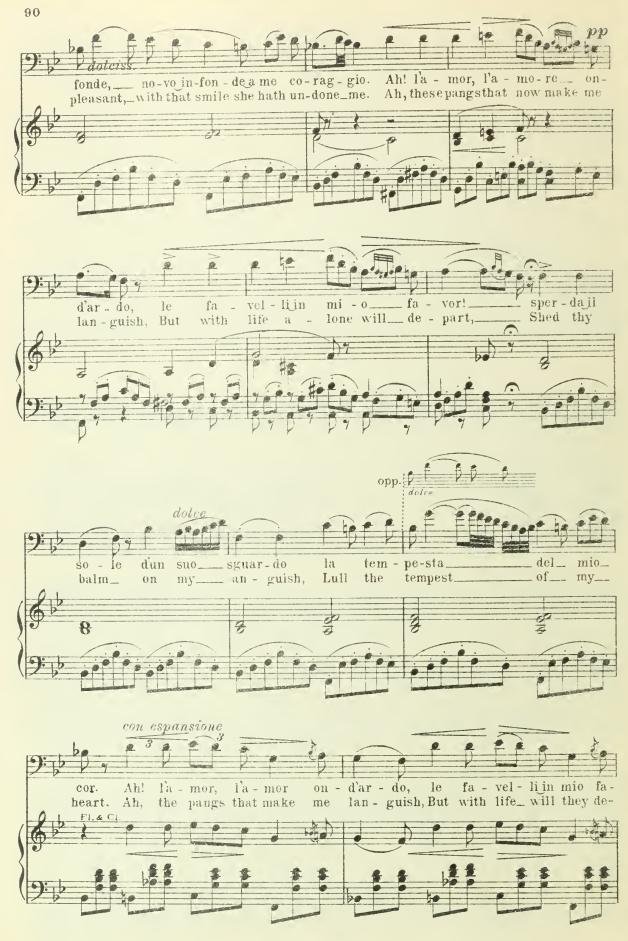


Nº 12. "Il balen del suo sorriso.,, Recit. and Aria.

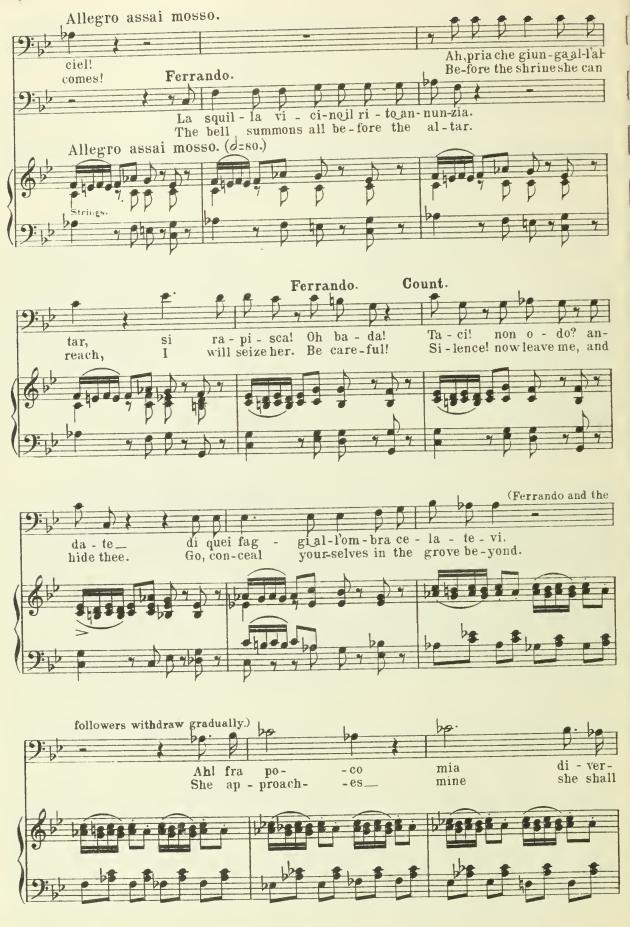
Cloisters of a Convent near Castellor. Trees at the back. Night.

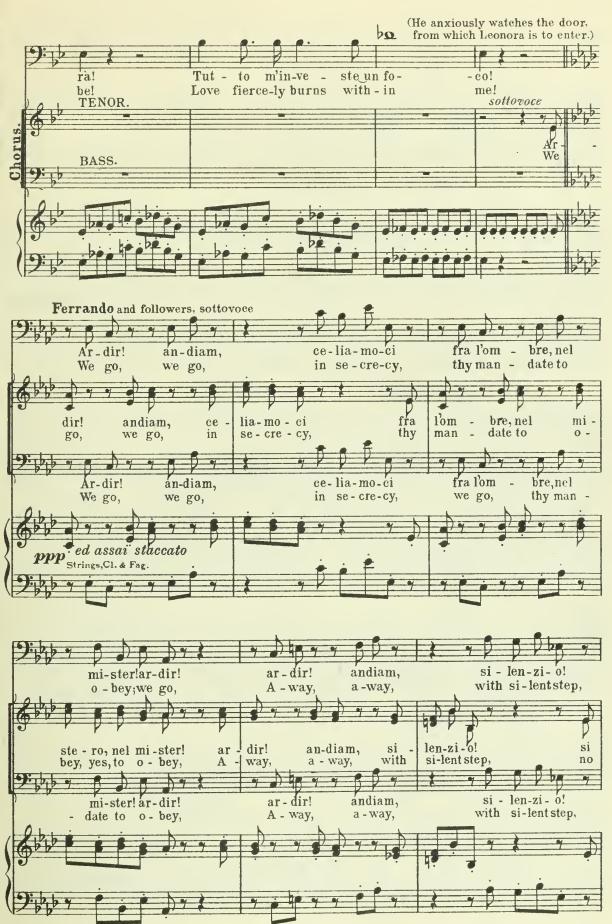






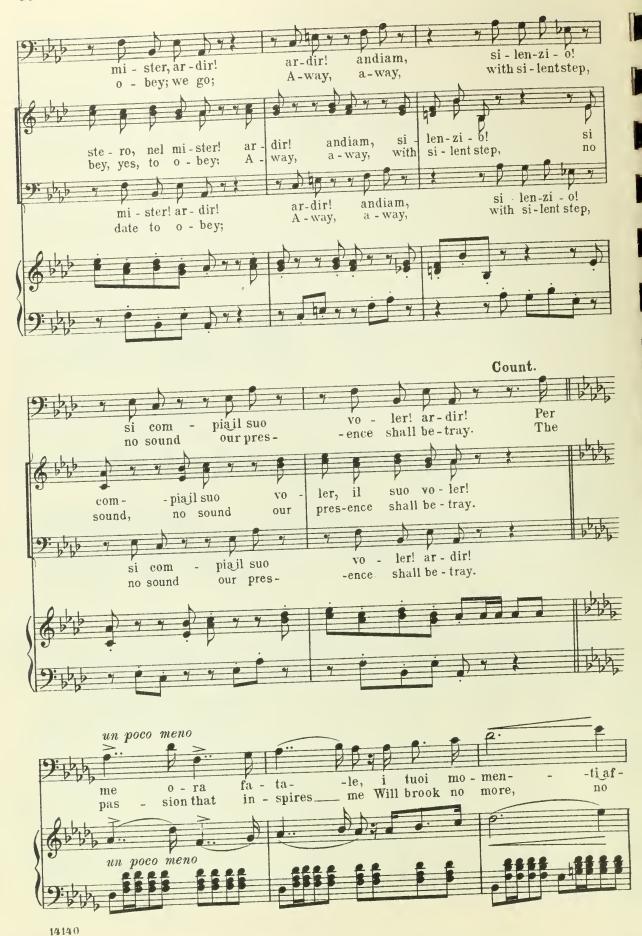


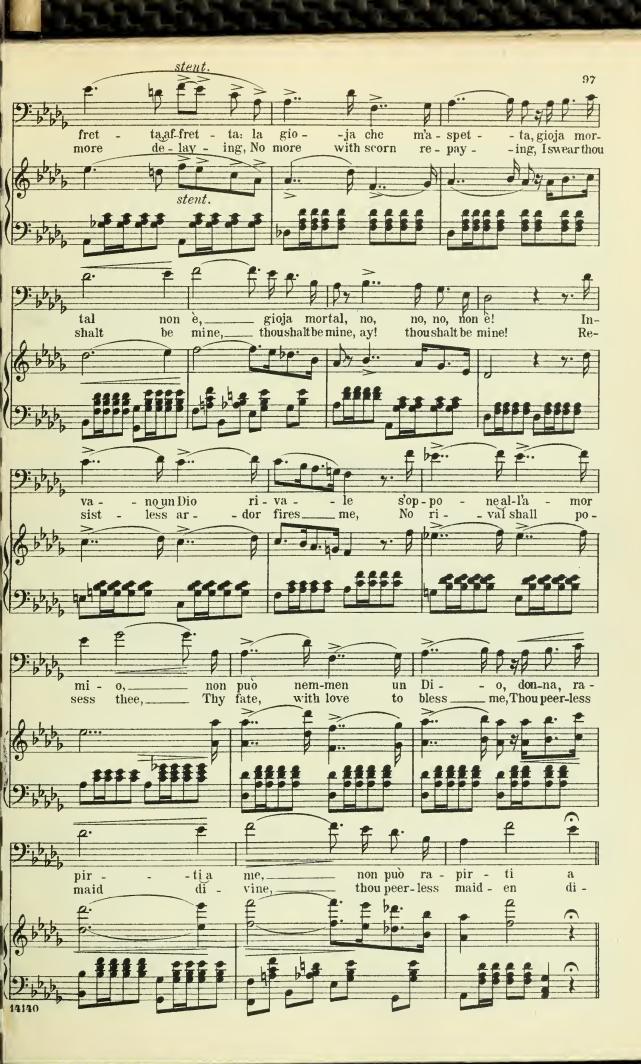


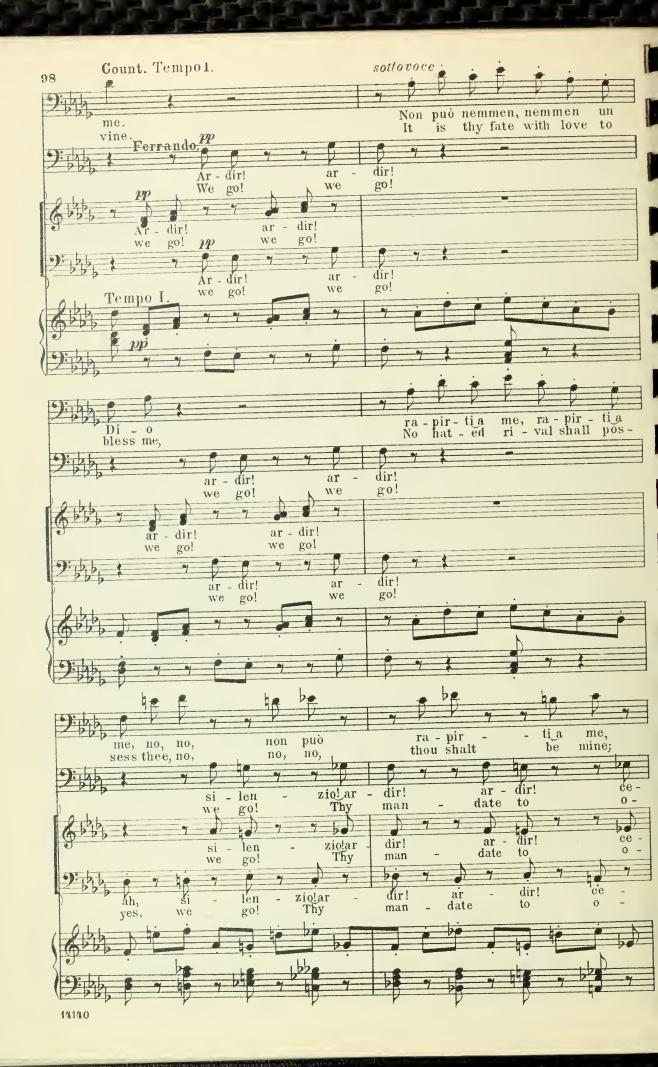


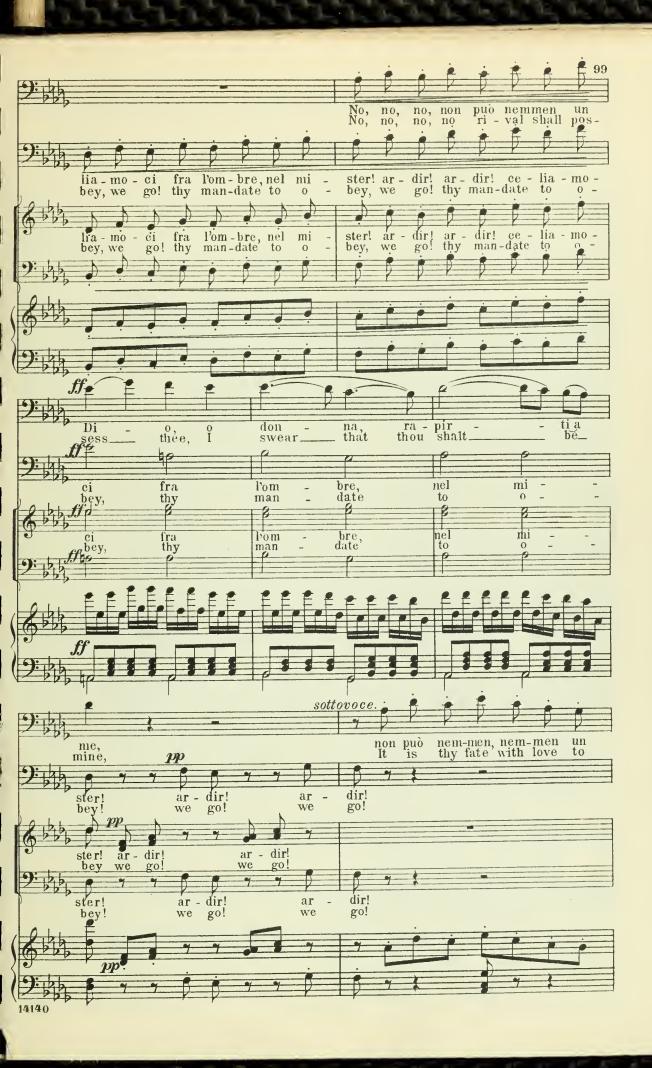


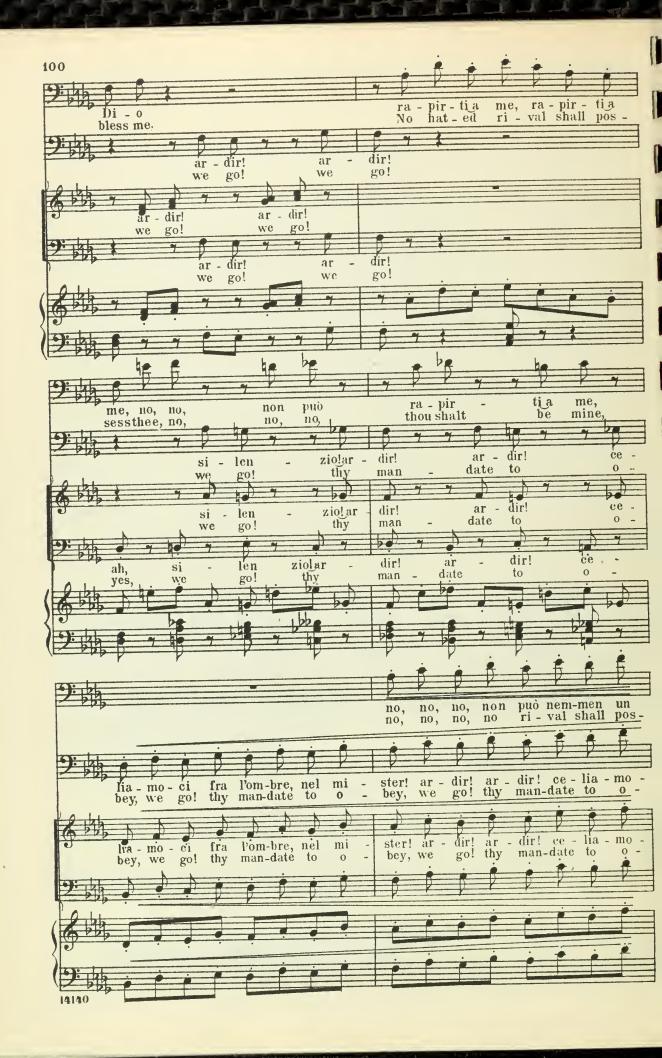


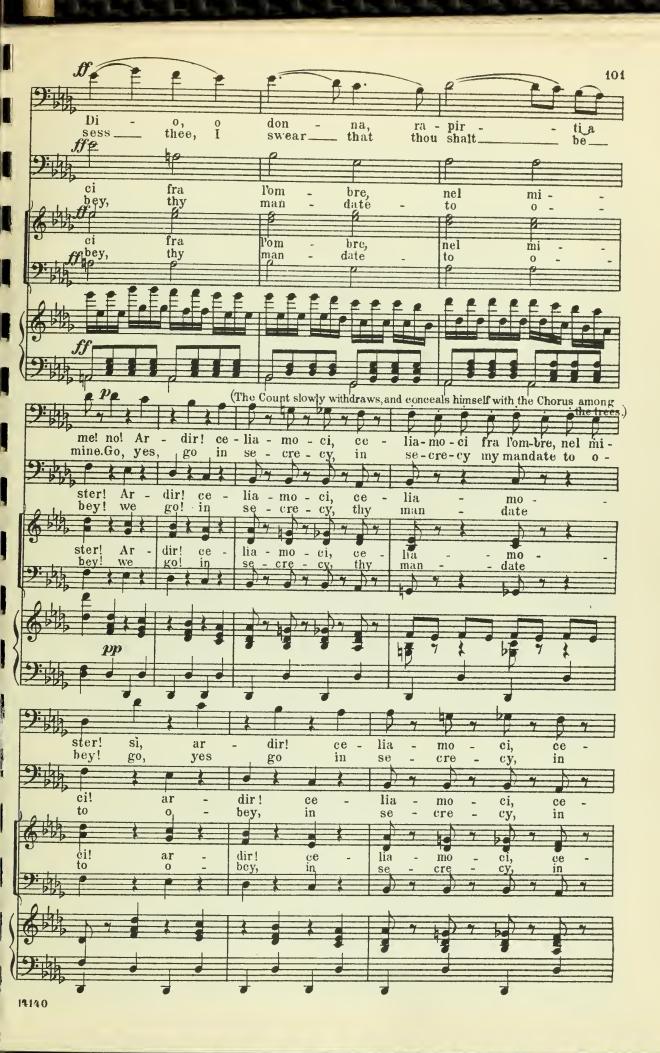


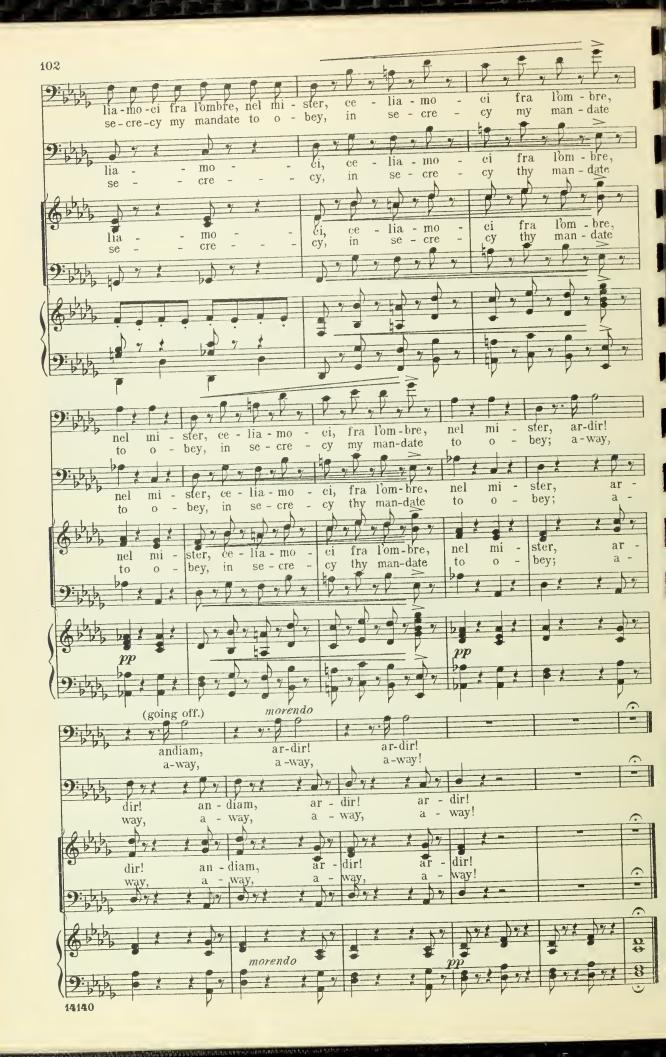


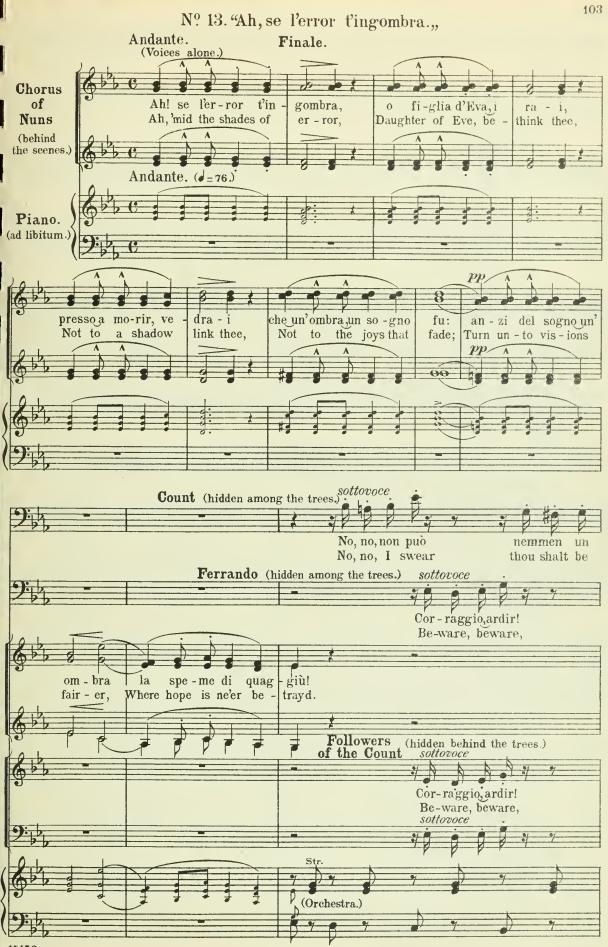


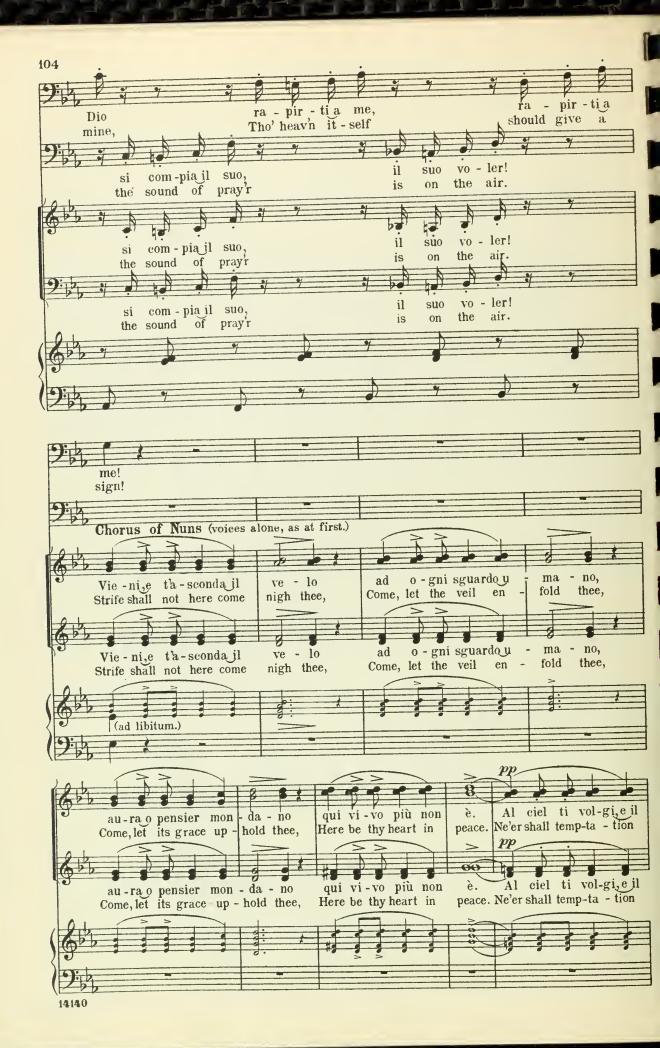


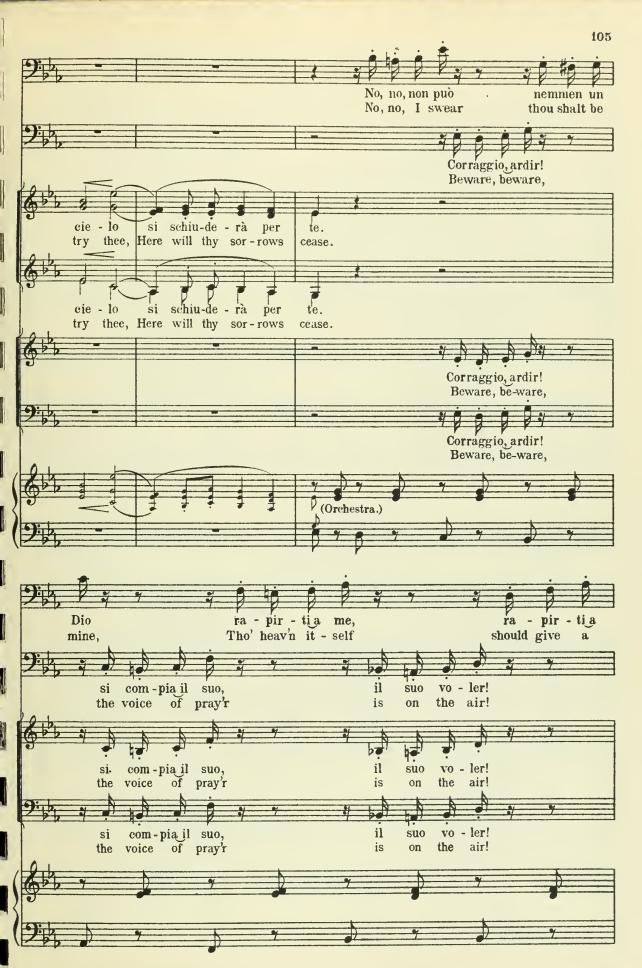




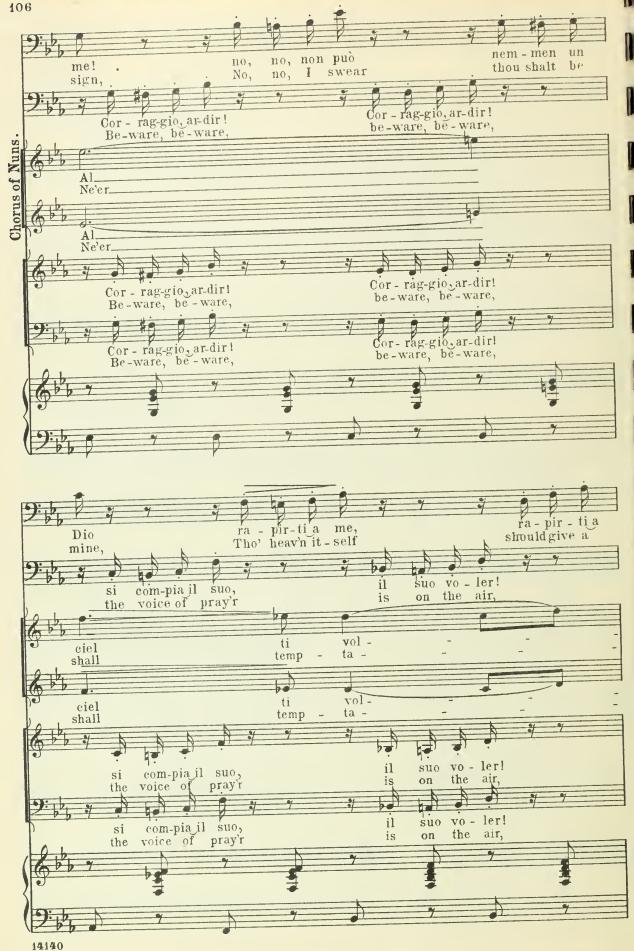


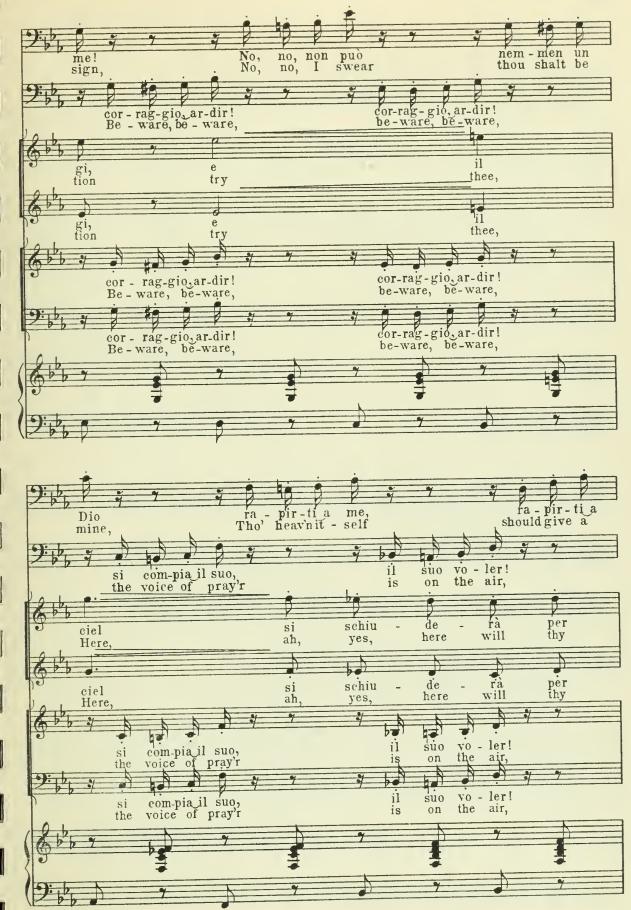


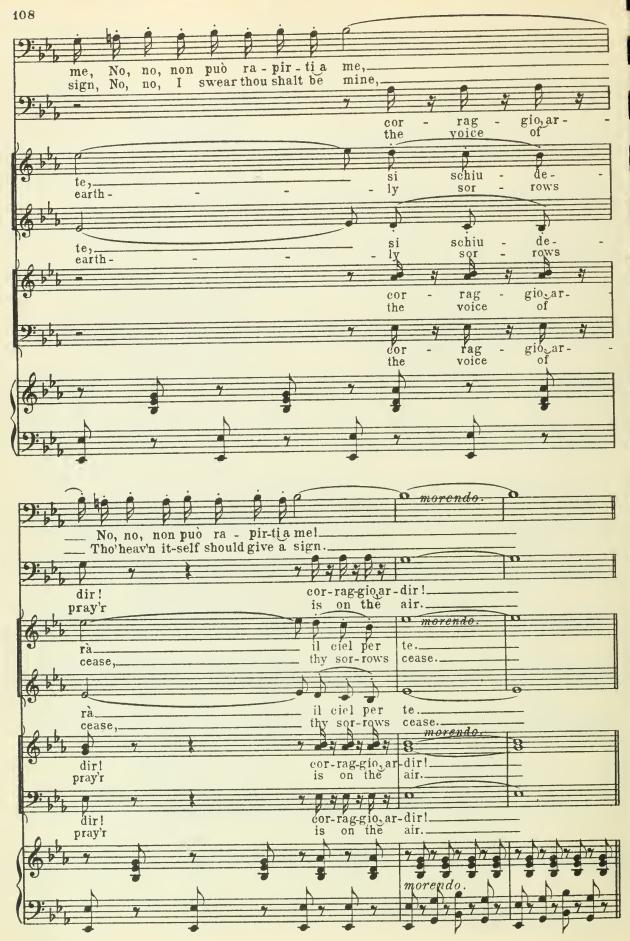




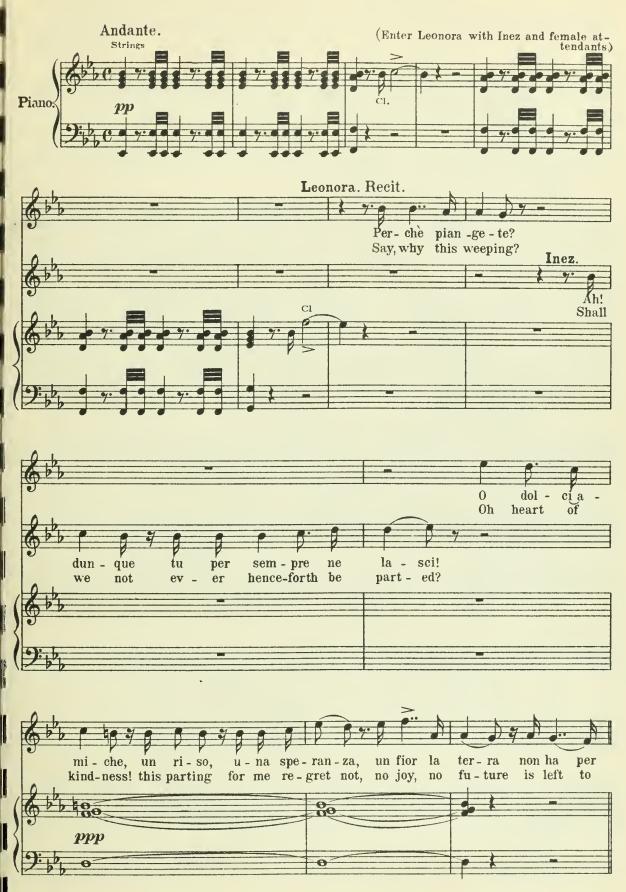


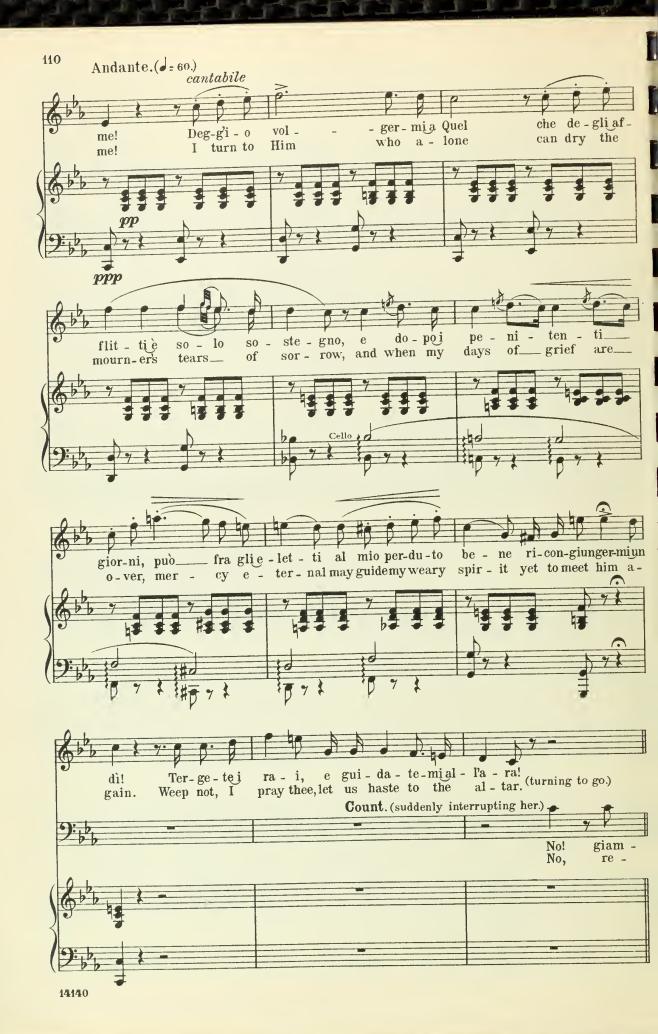


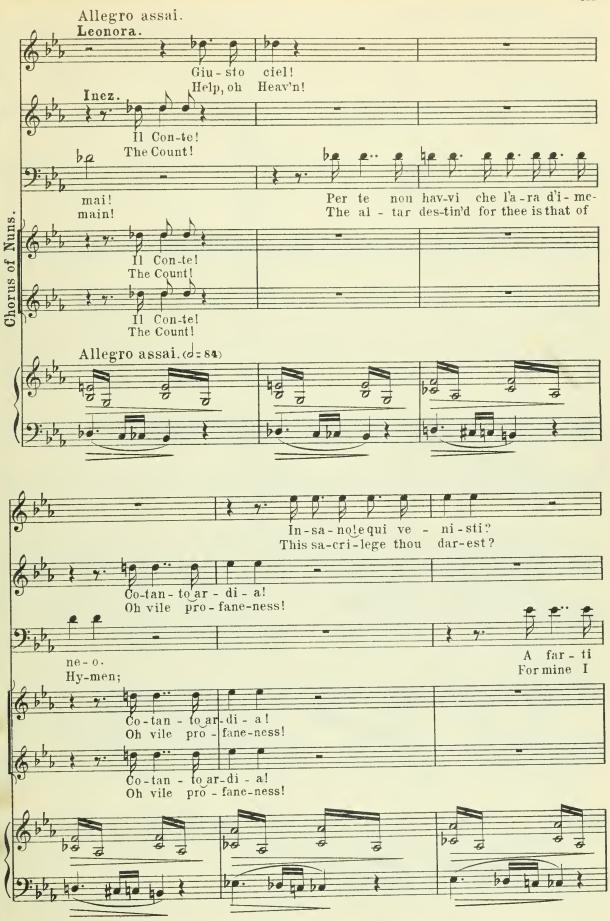


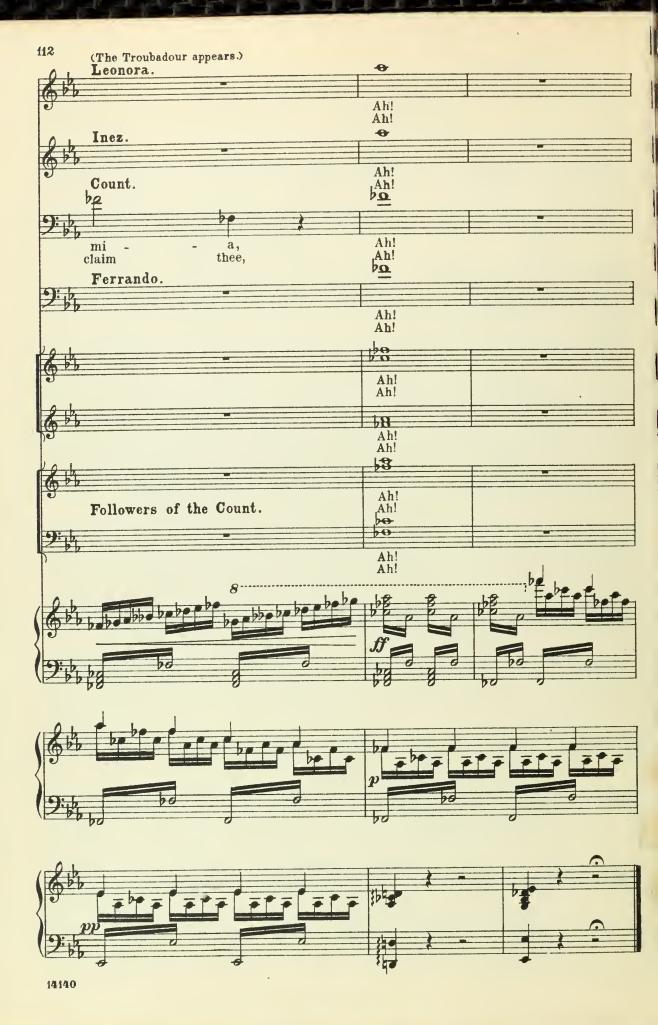


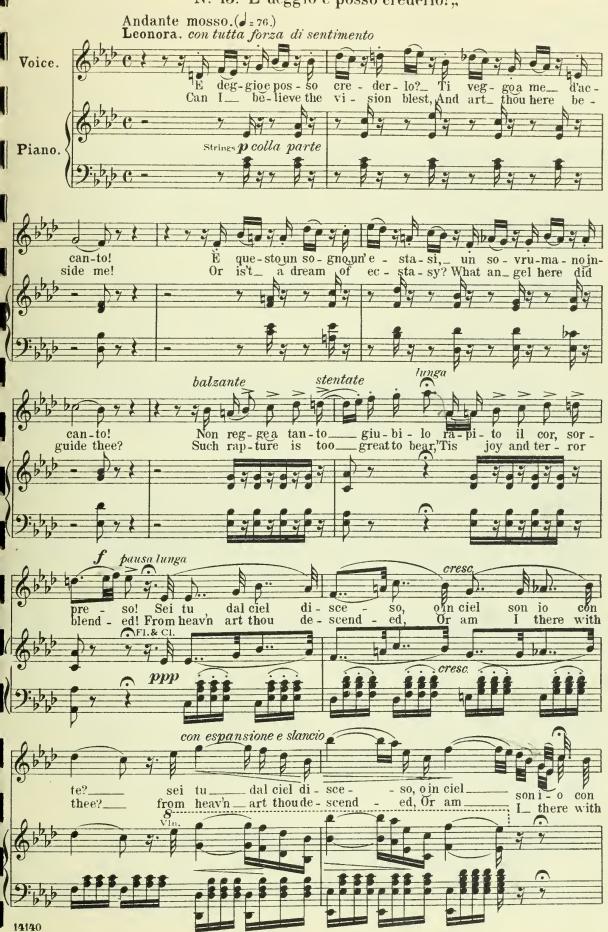
Nº 14. "Degg'io volgermi.,"

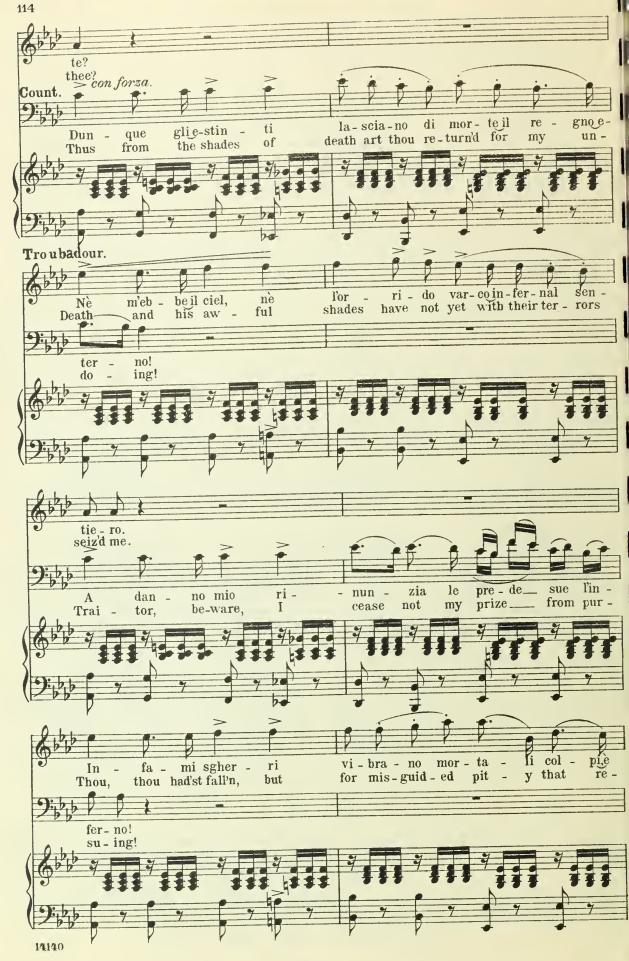


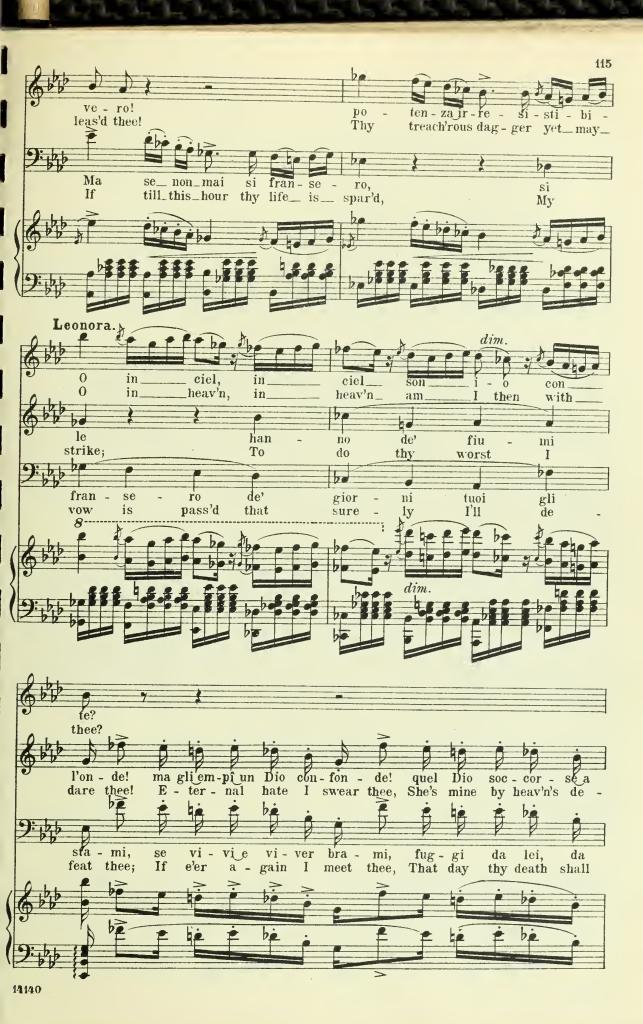




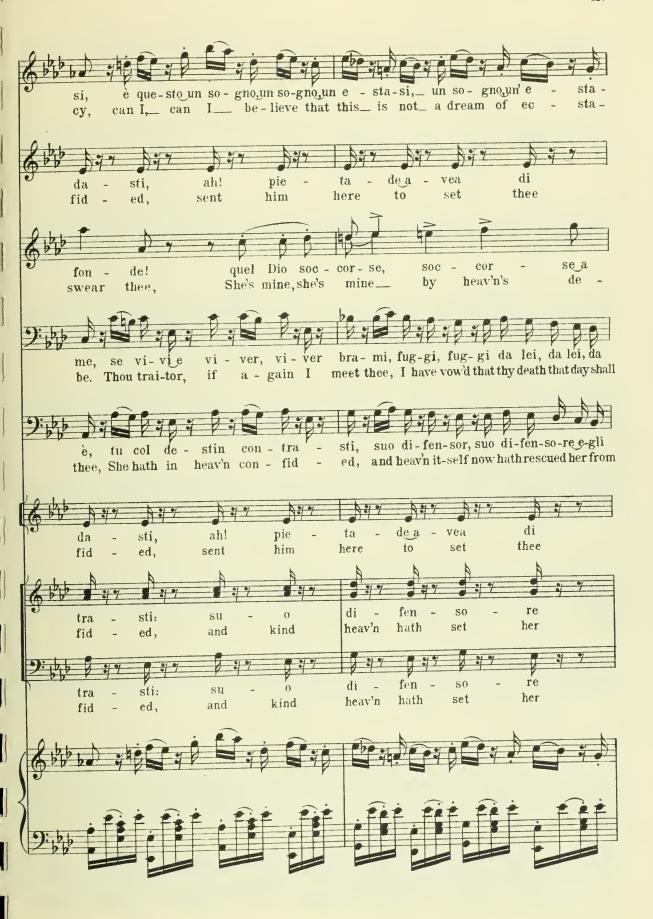


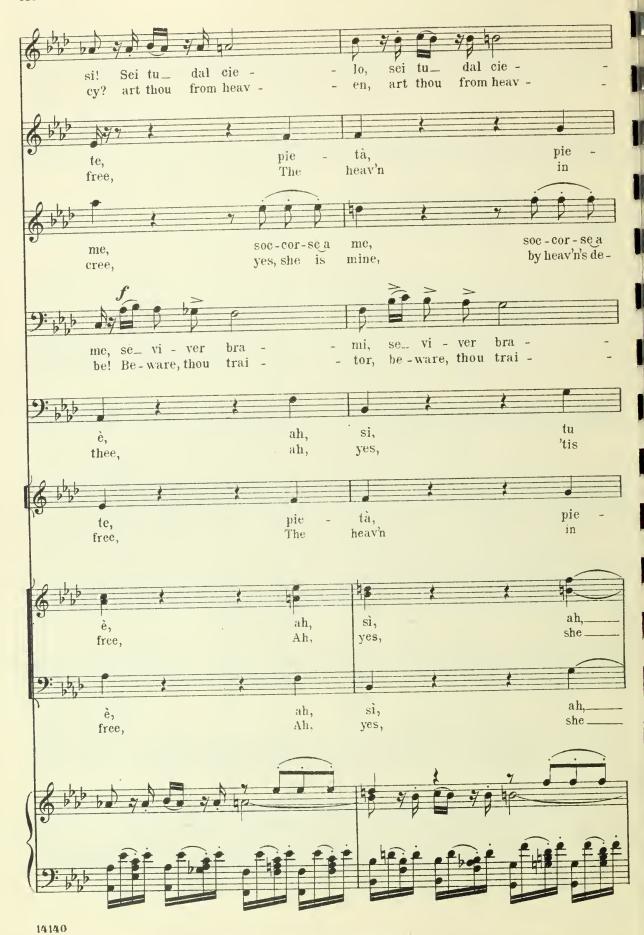


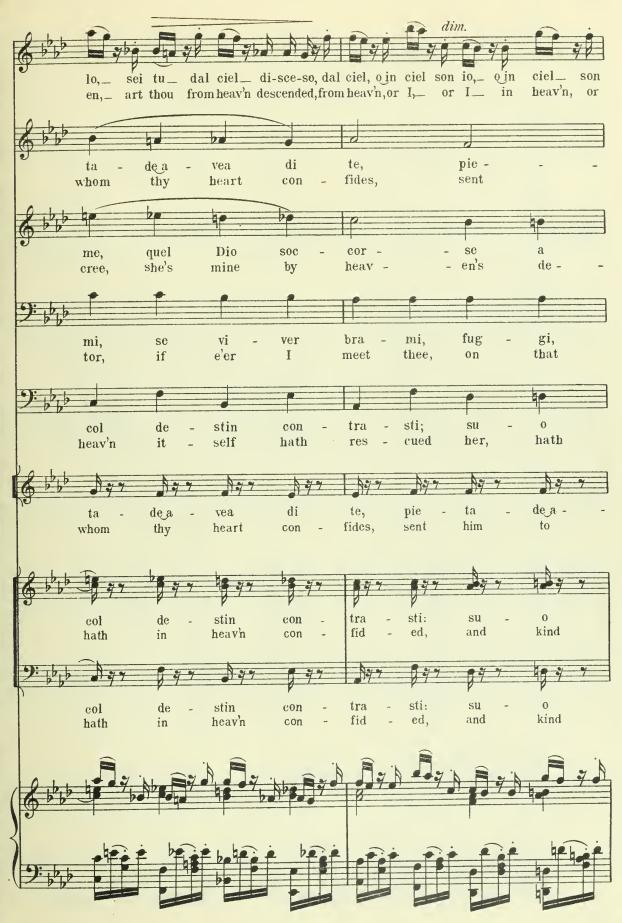


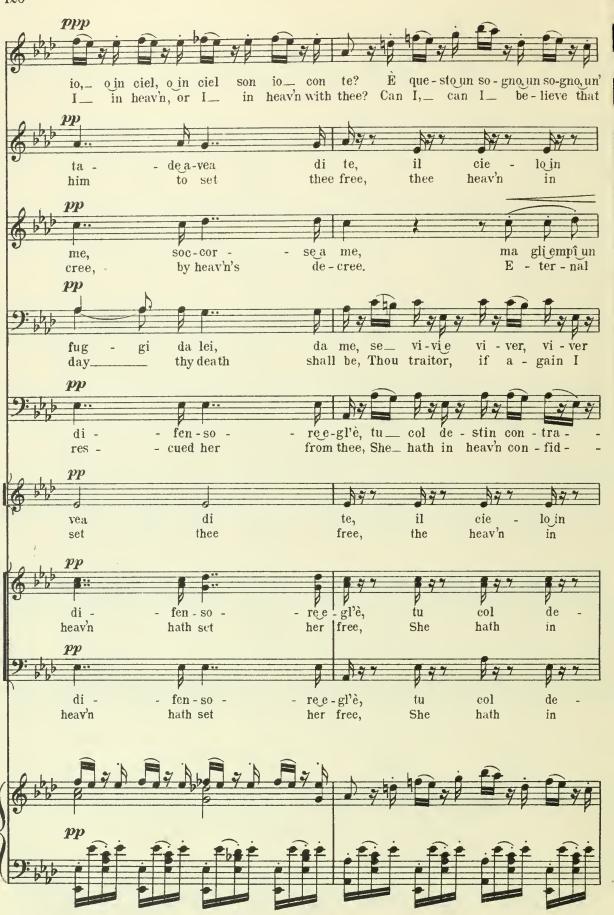


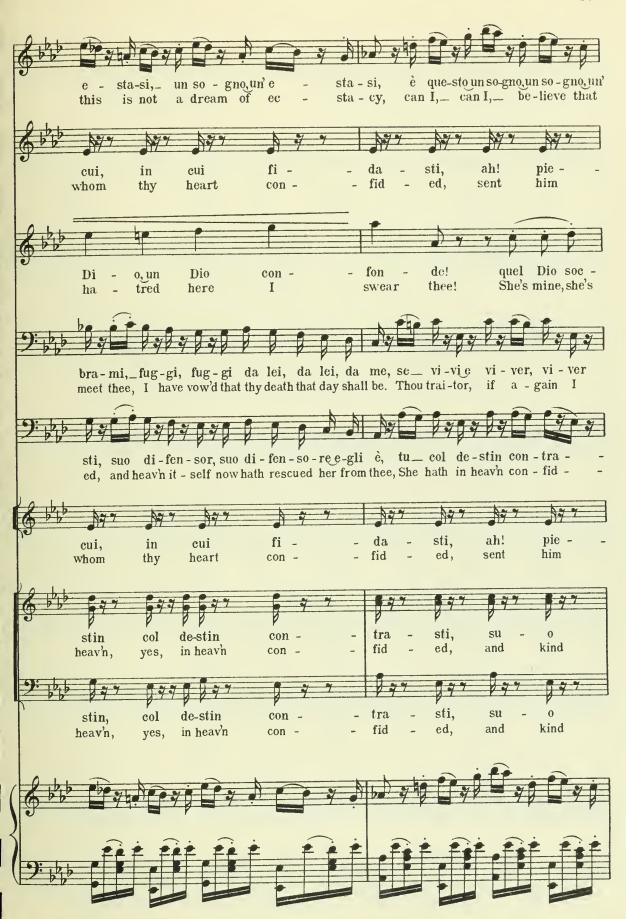


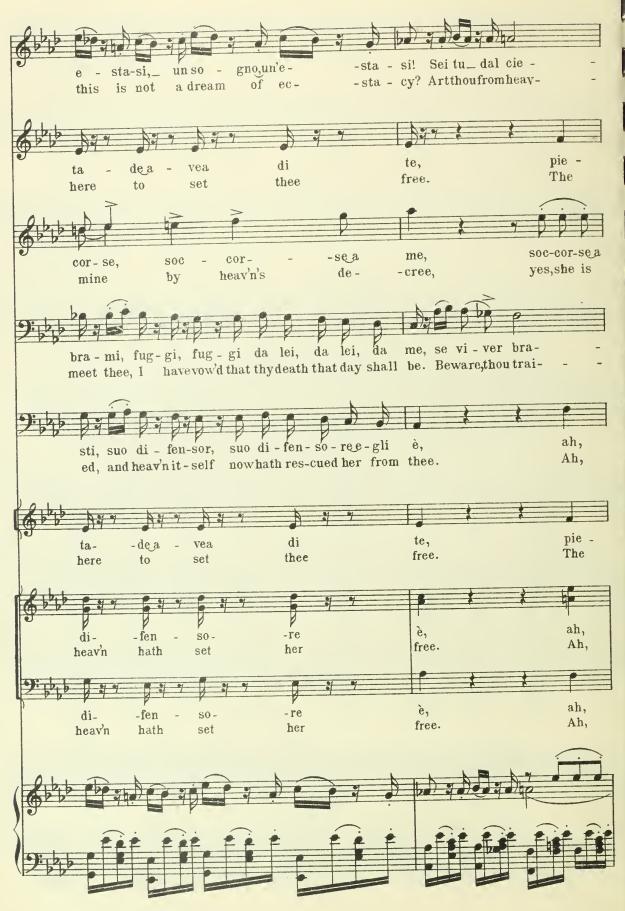


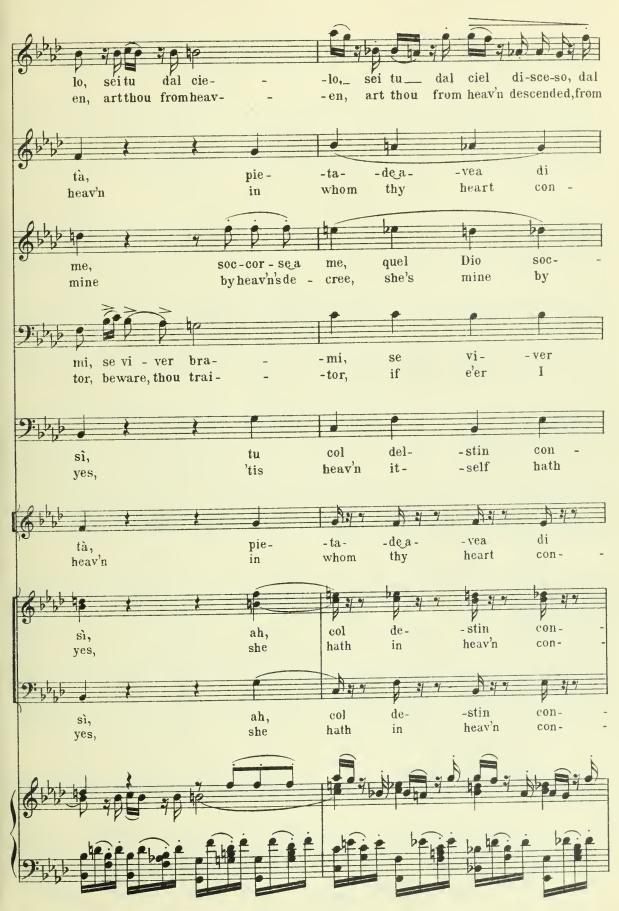


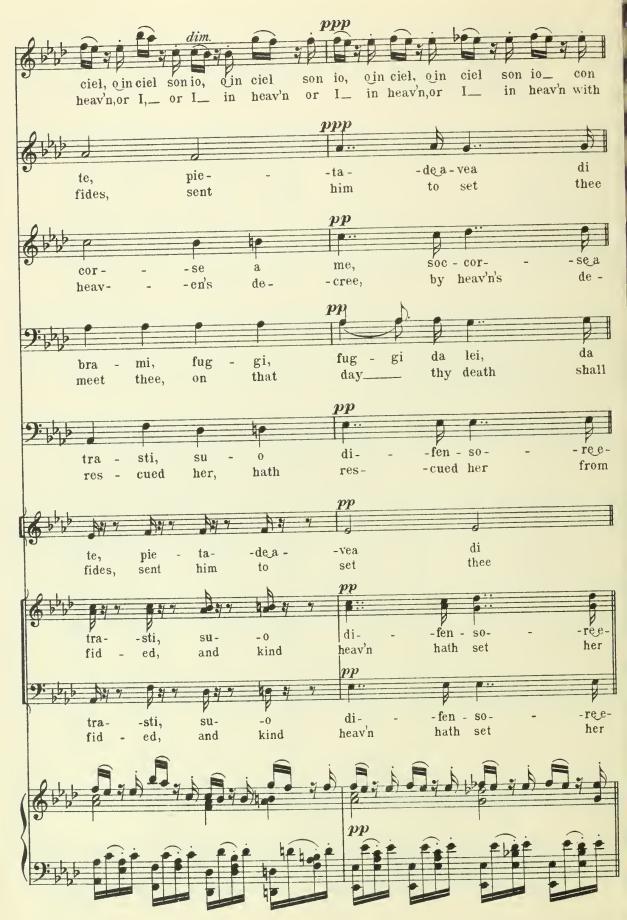


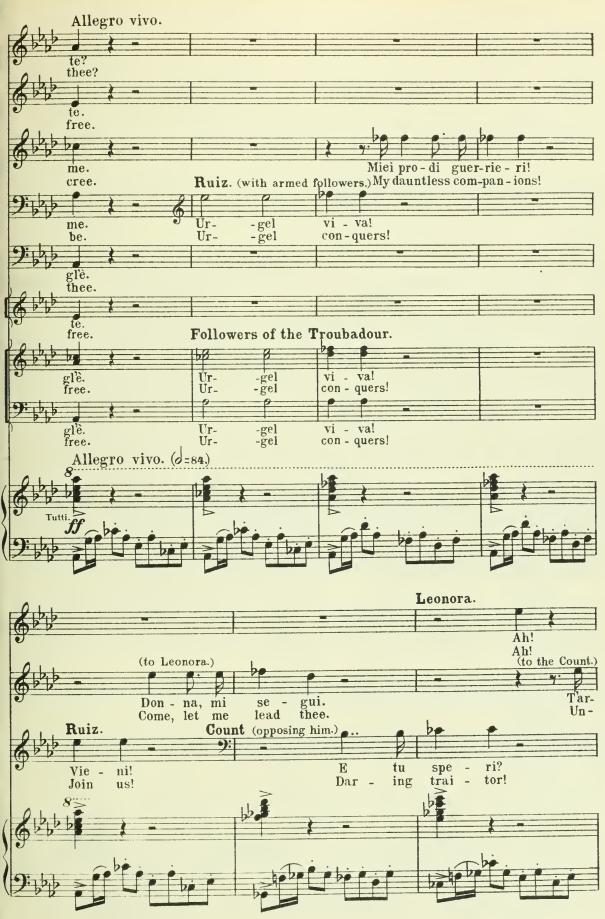


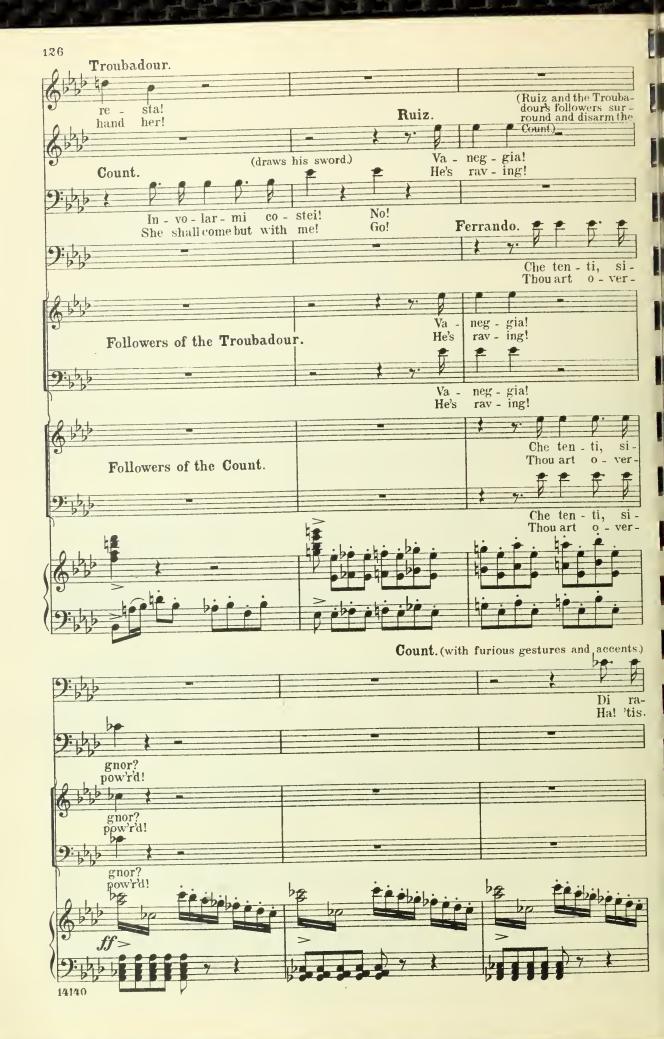


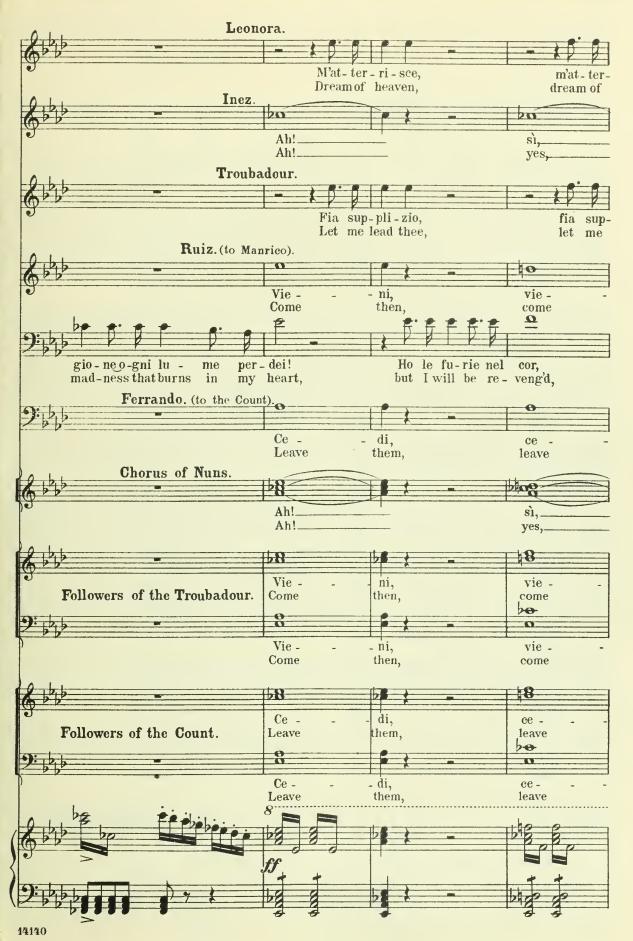




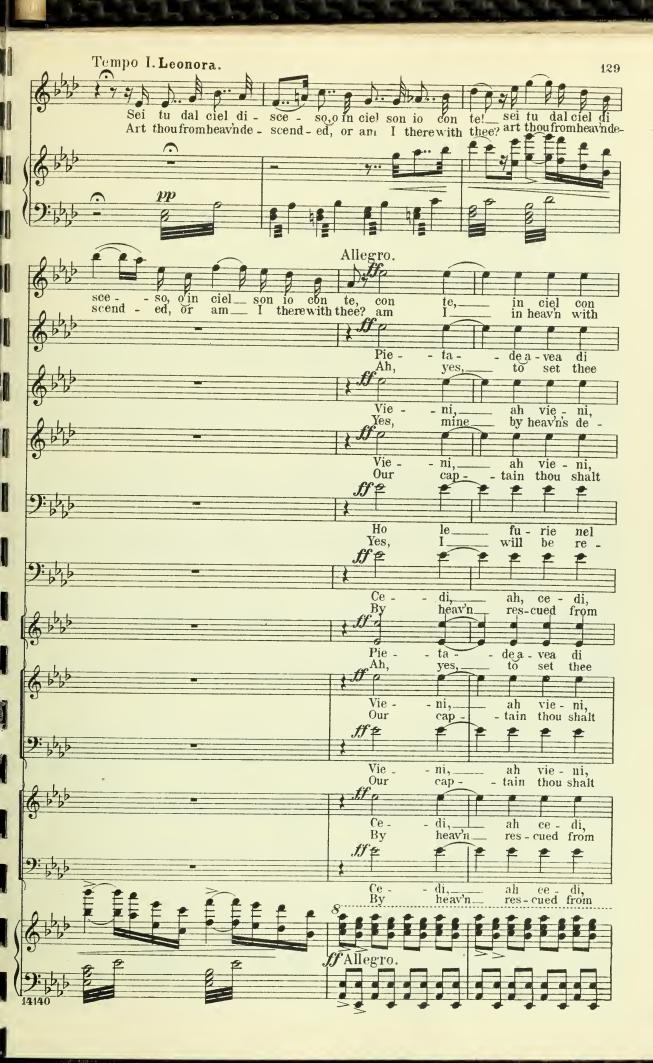








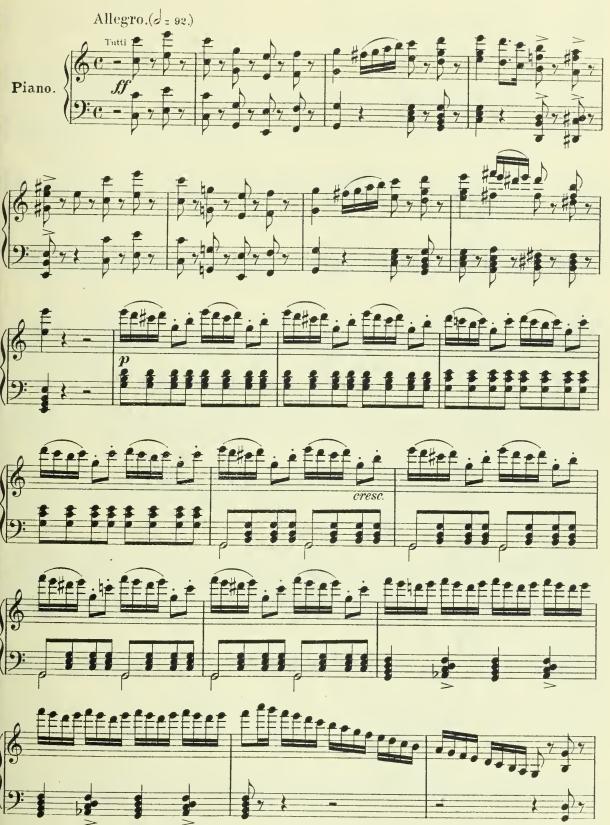


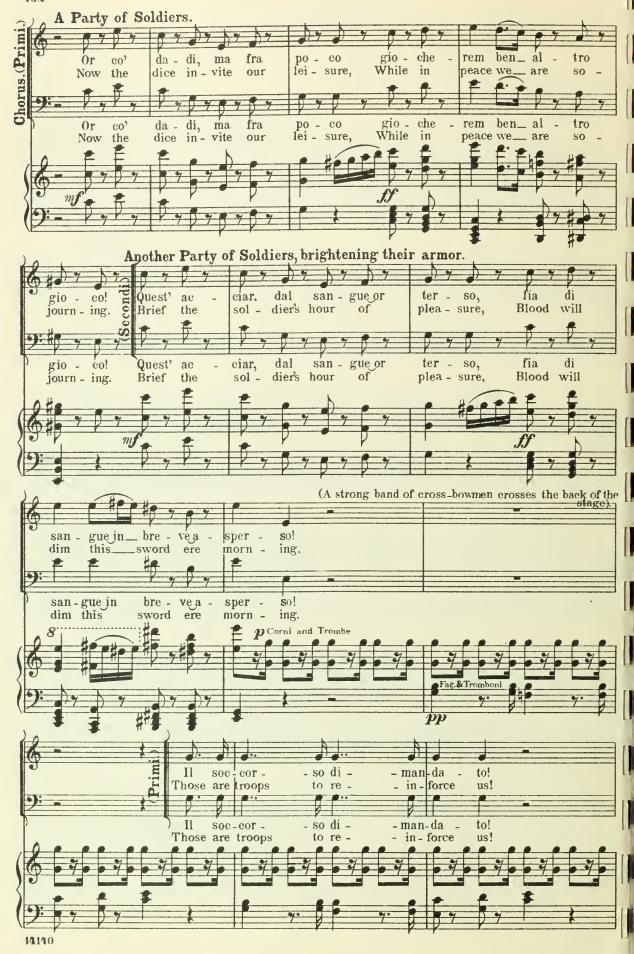




Act III. (The Gipsy's Son.) Nº 16. "Or co' dadi, ma fra poco.,, Chorus of Soldiers.

Scene. The Camp. At the right the Count's tent, with a banner floating at the top, in token of command. In the distance the towers of Castellor.

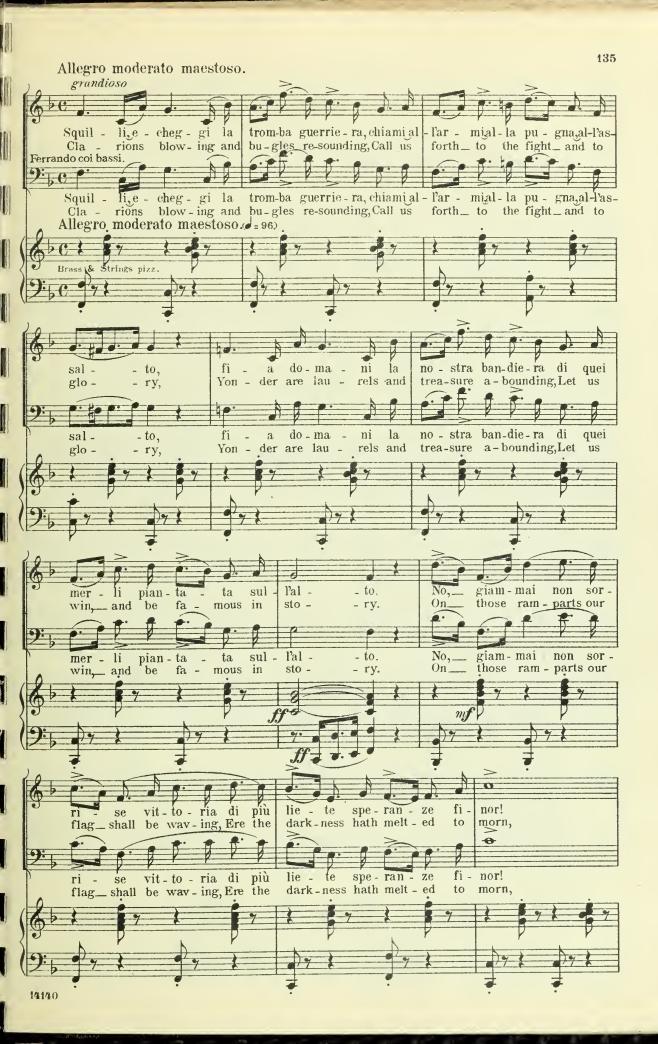


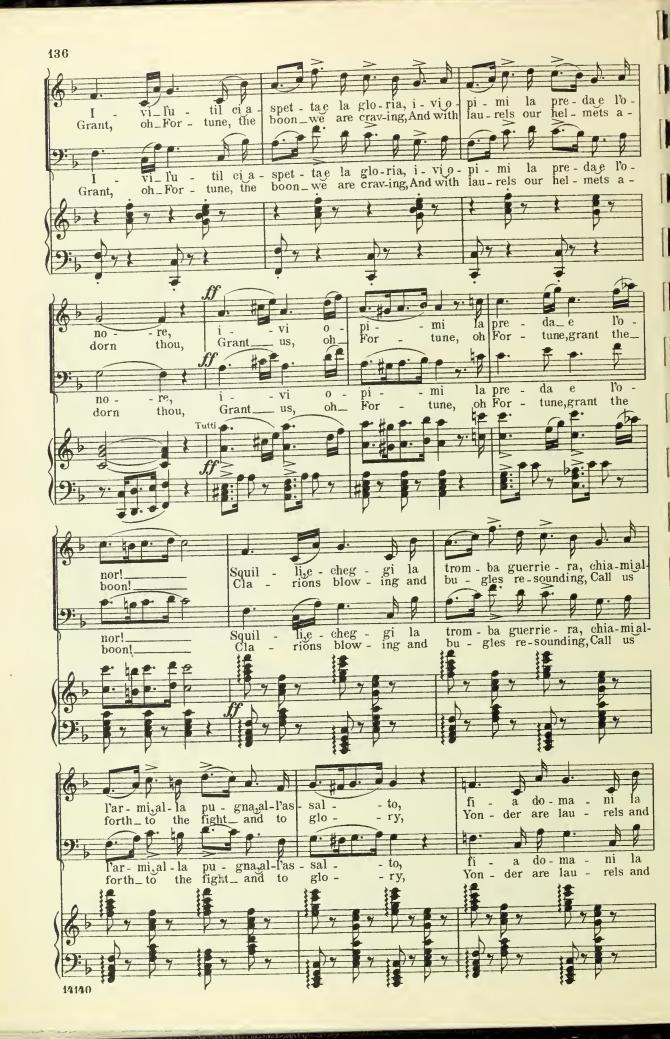


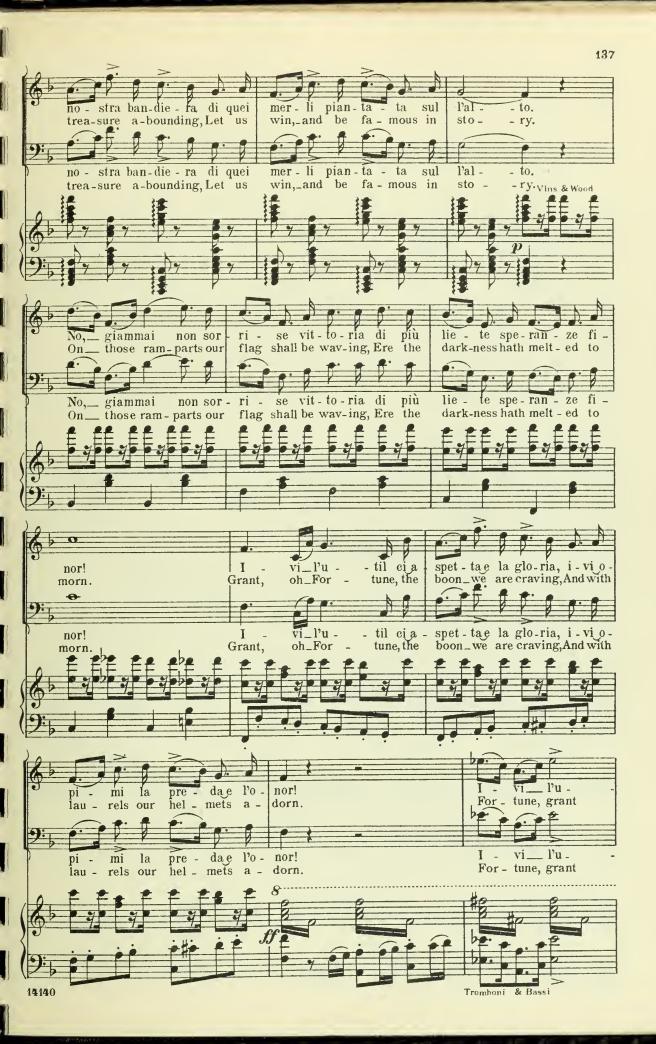


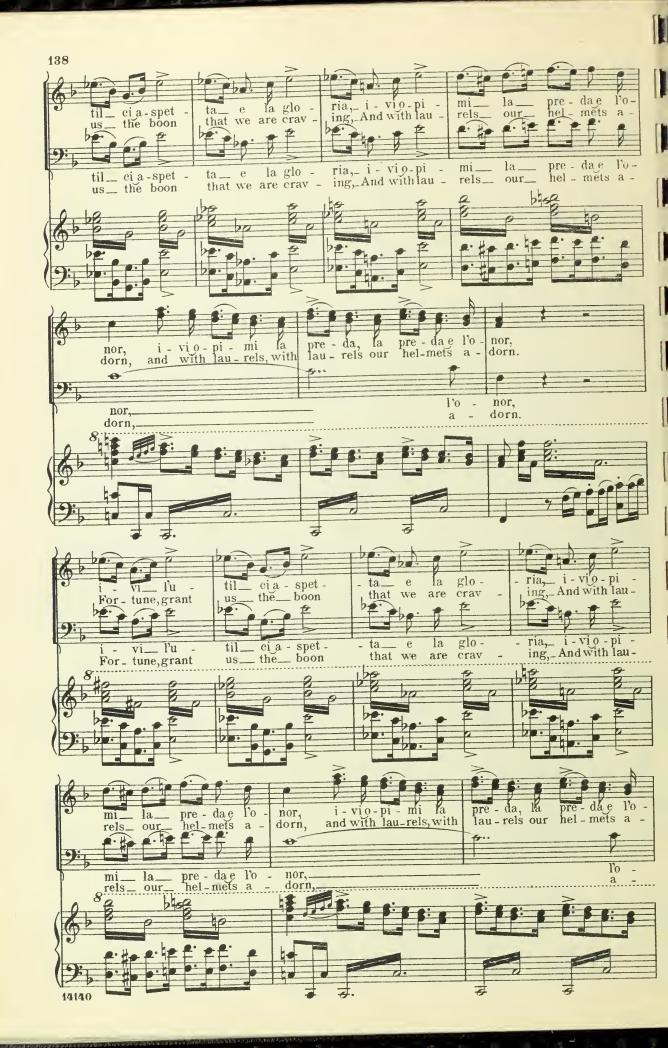


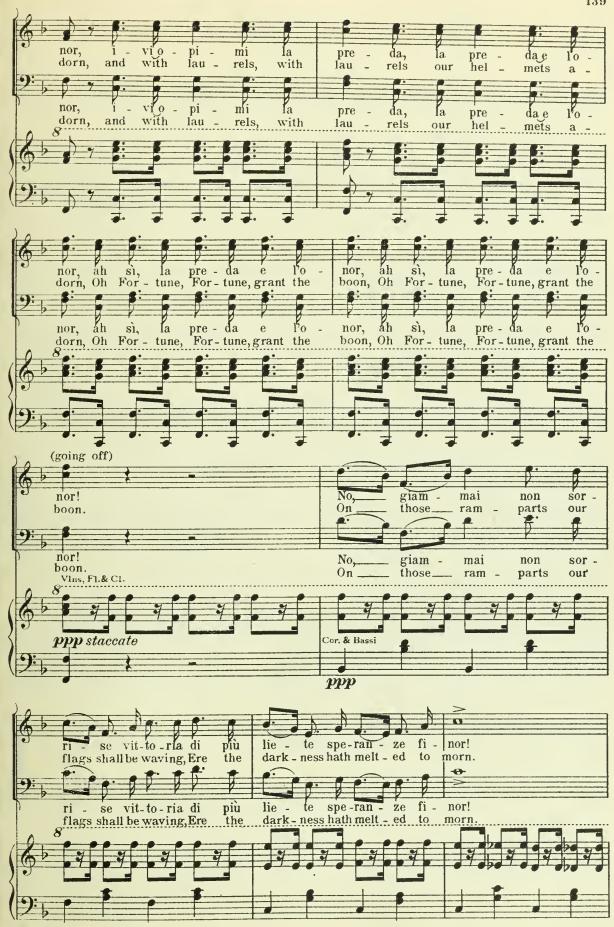


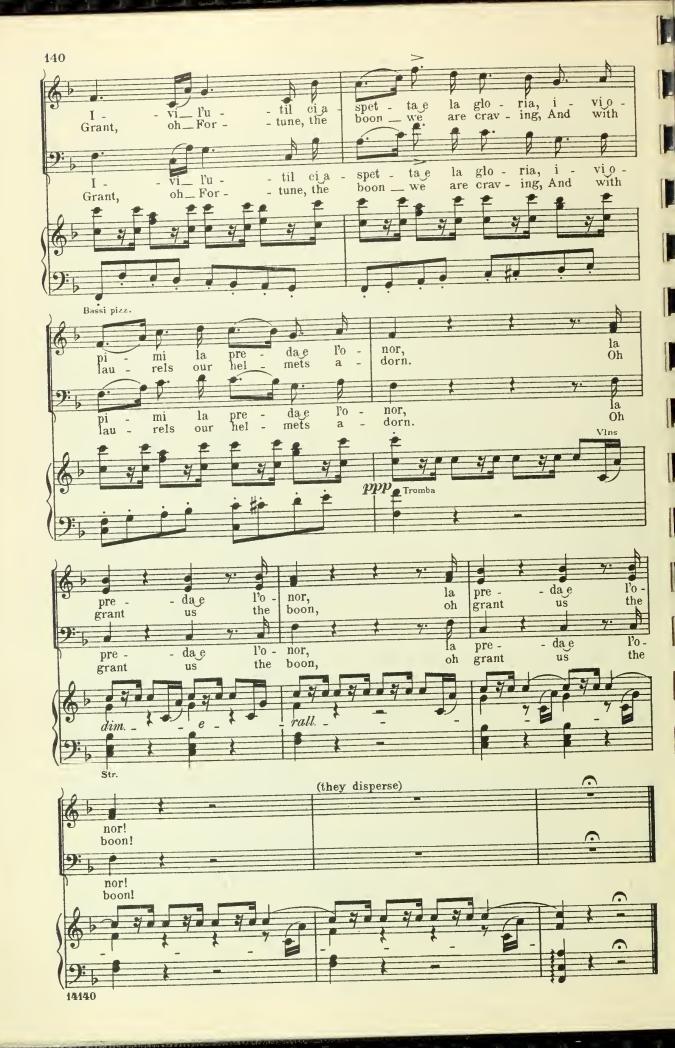




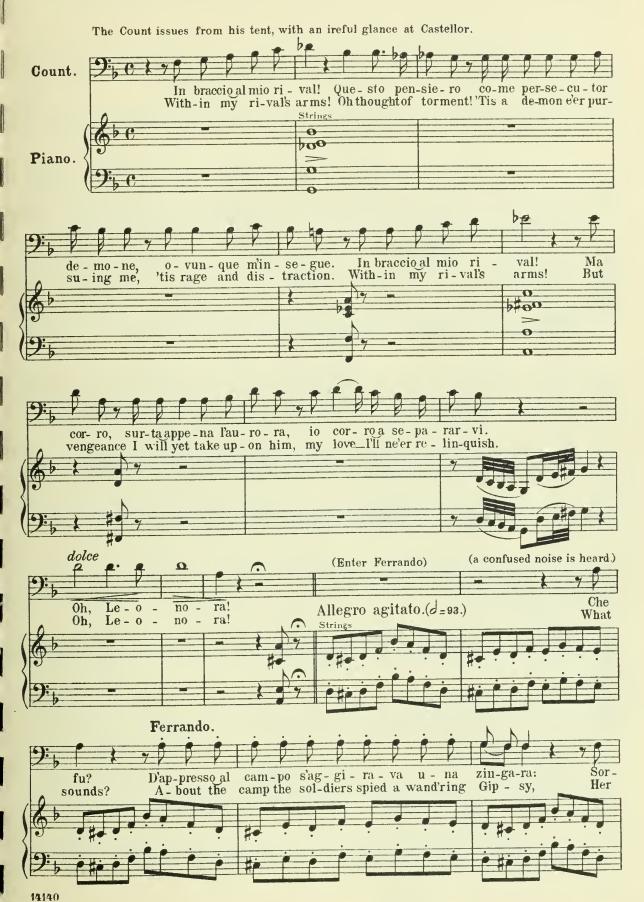


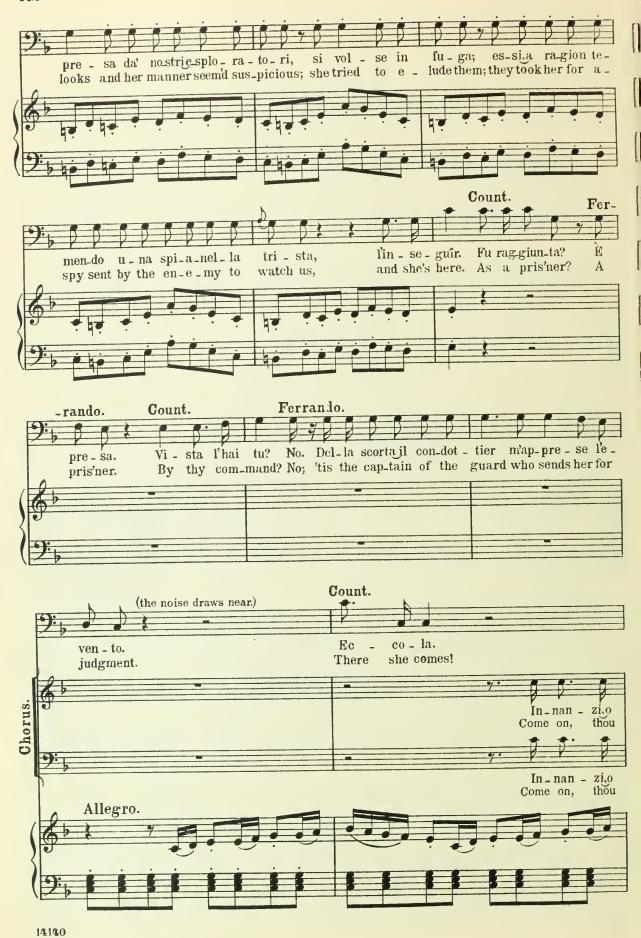






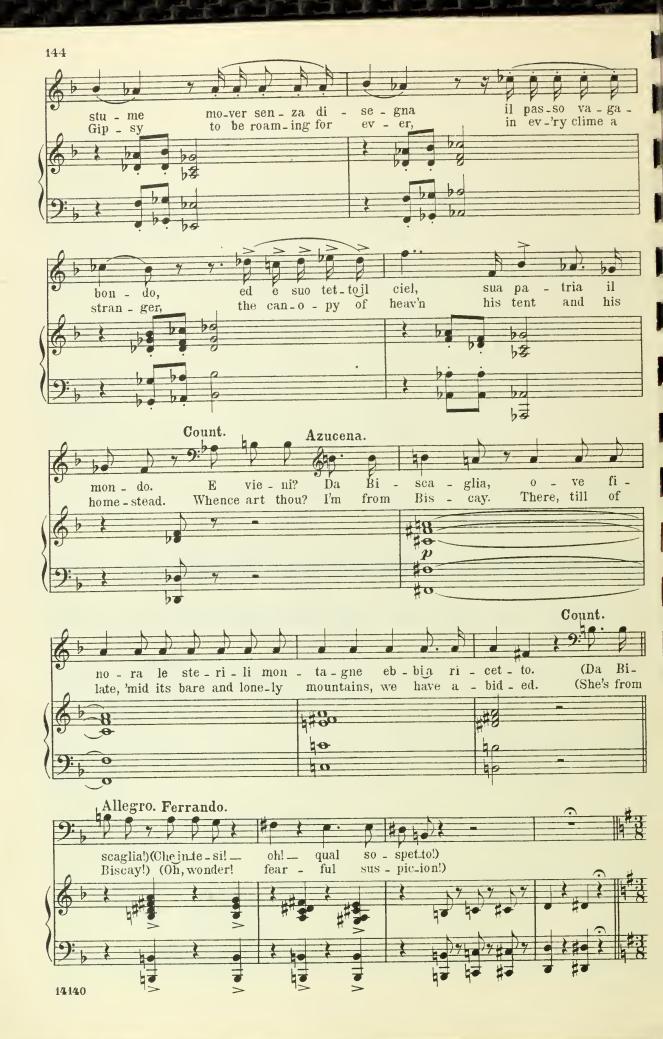
Nº 17. "Giorni poveri vivea.,, Recitative and Trio.

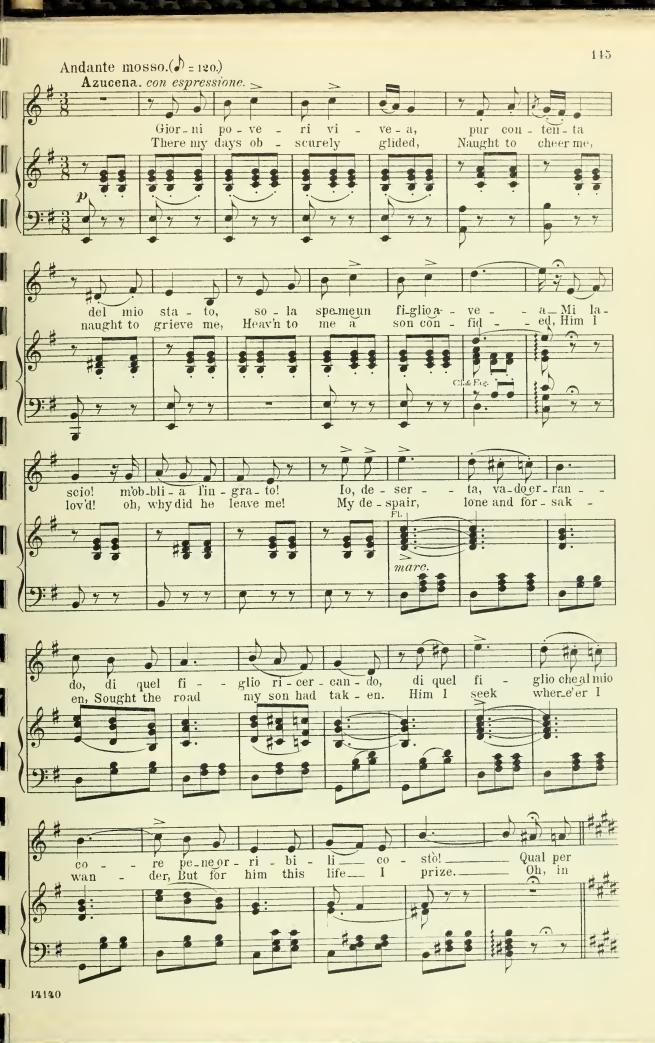


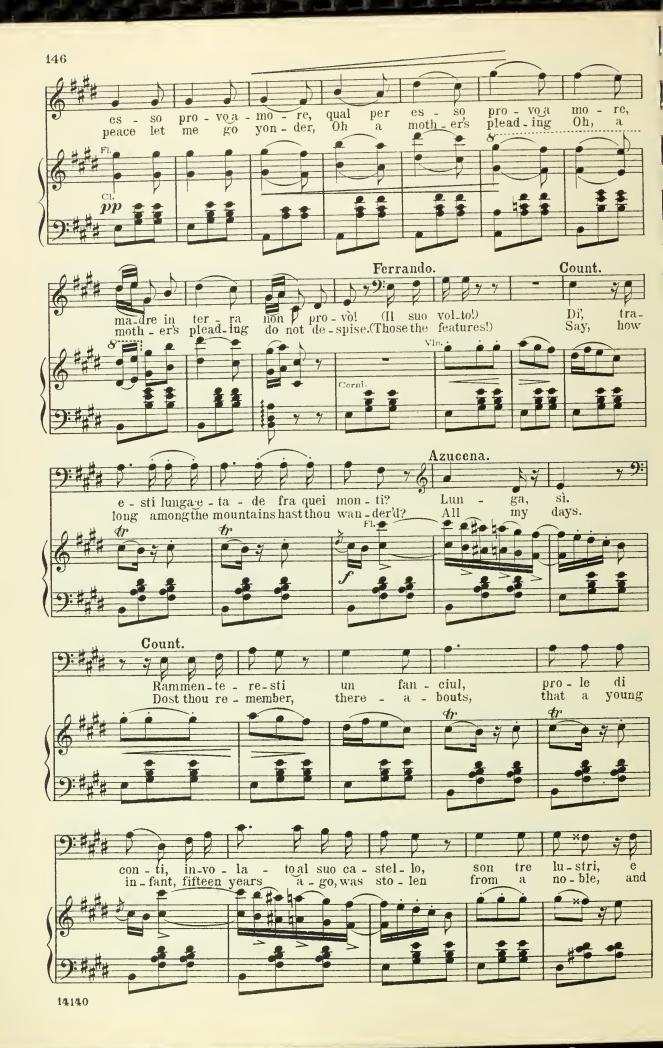






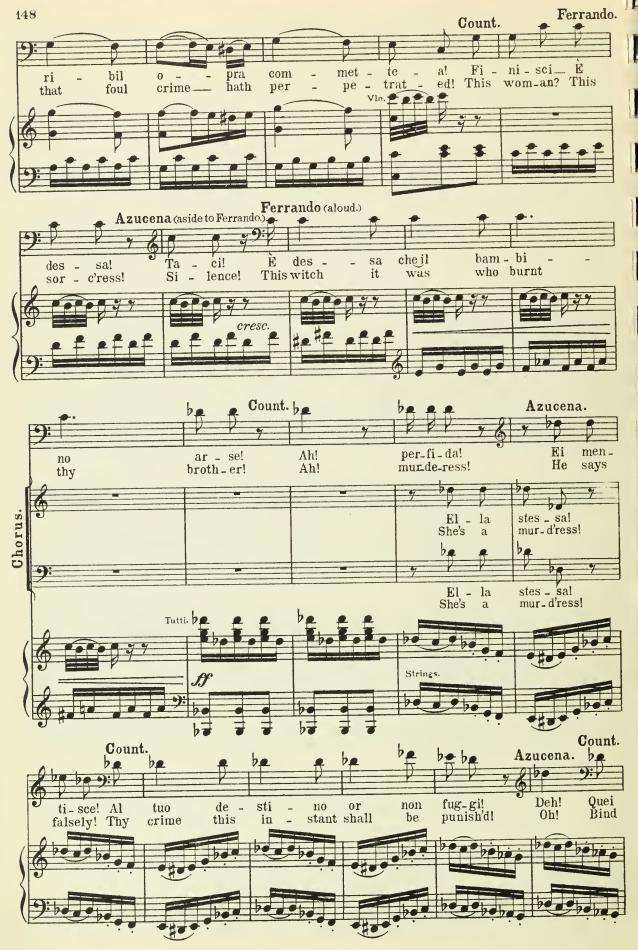


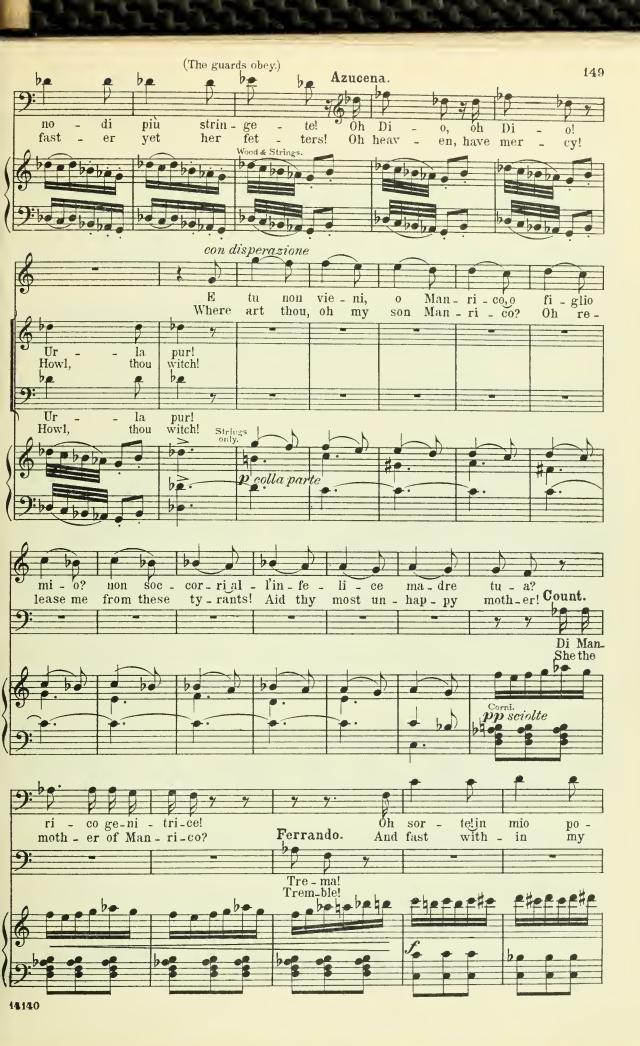










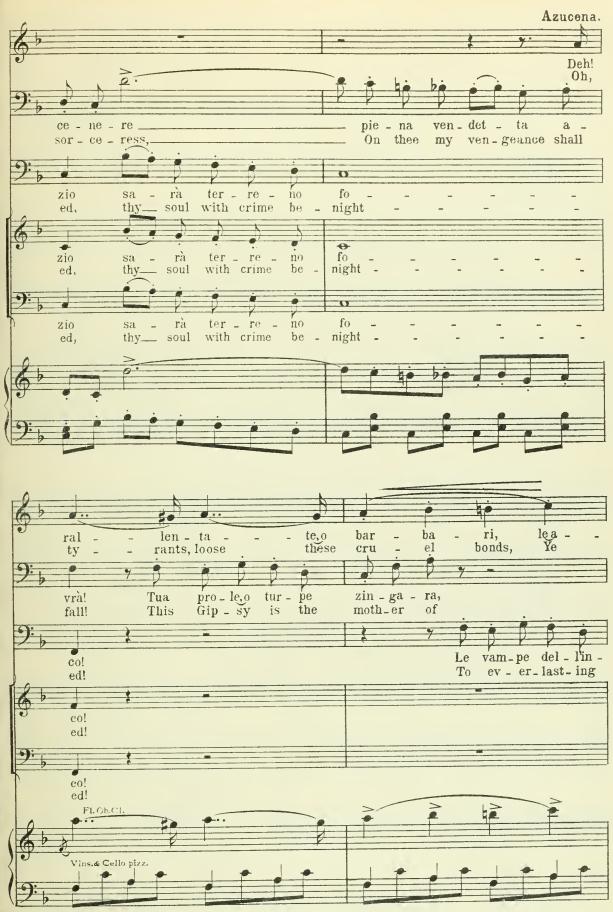


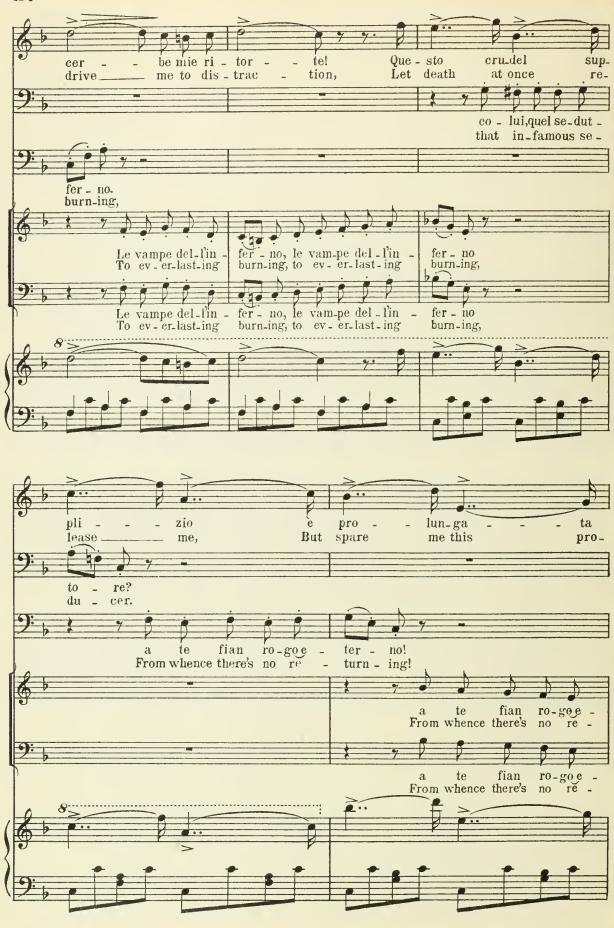


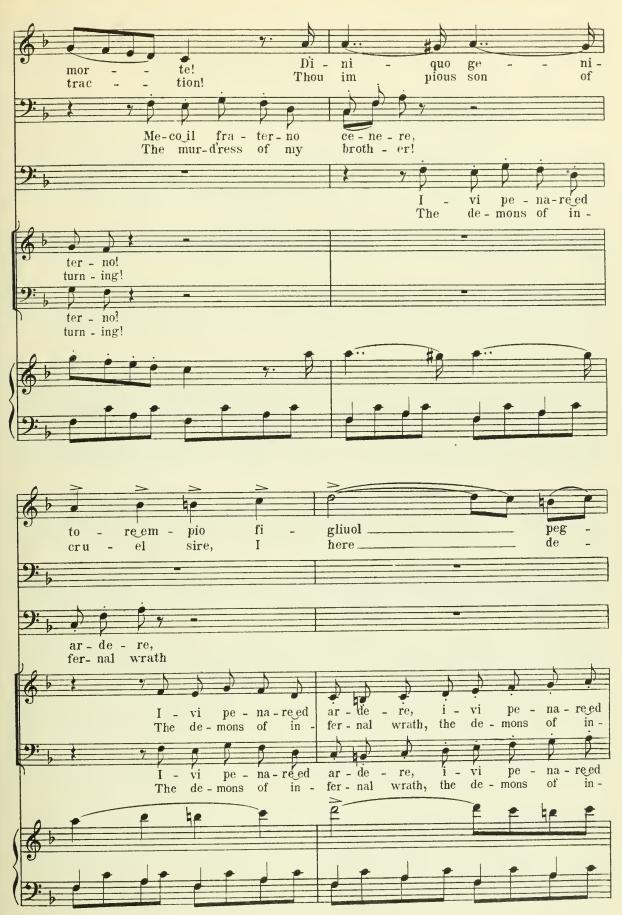




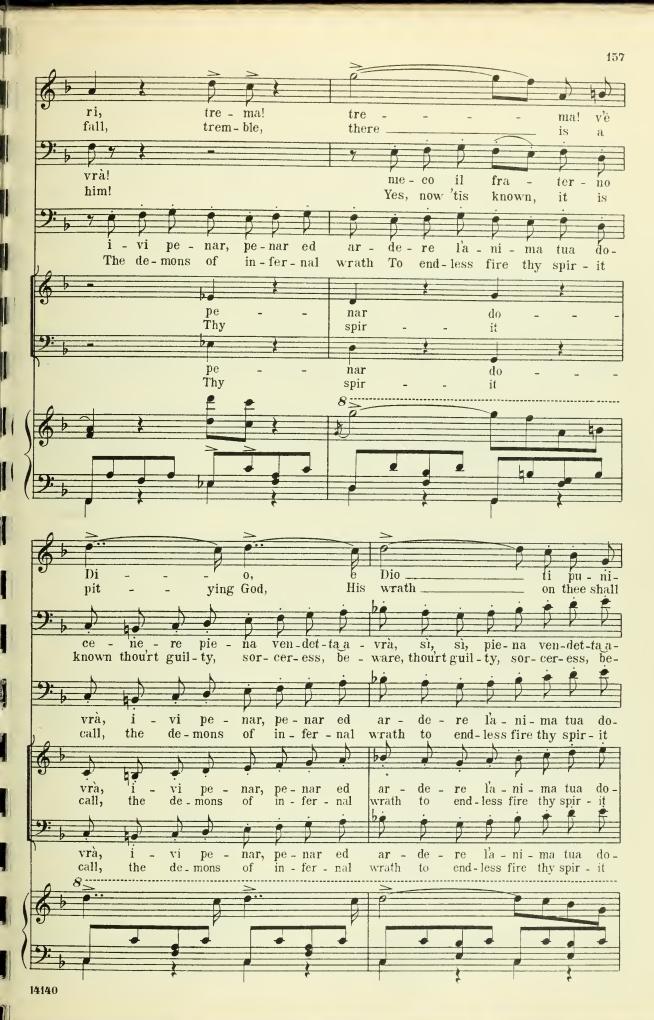


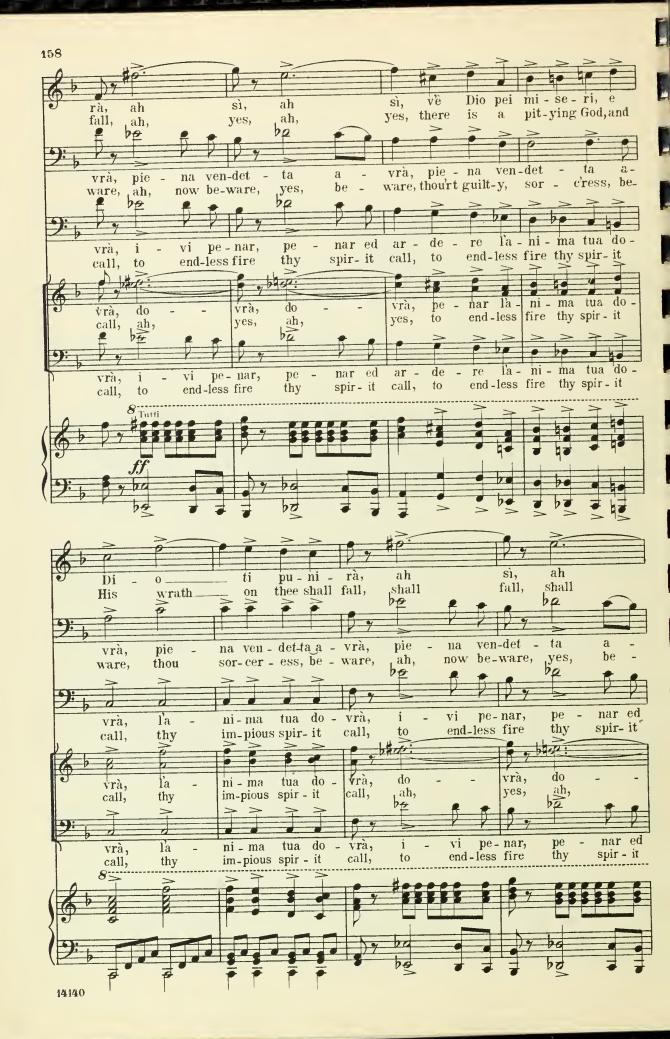




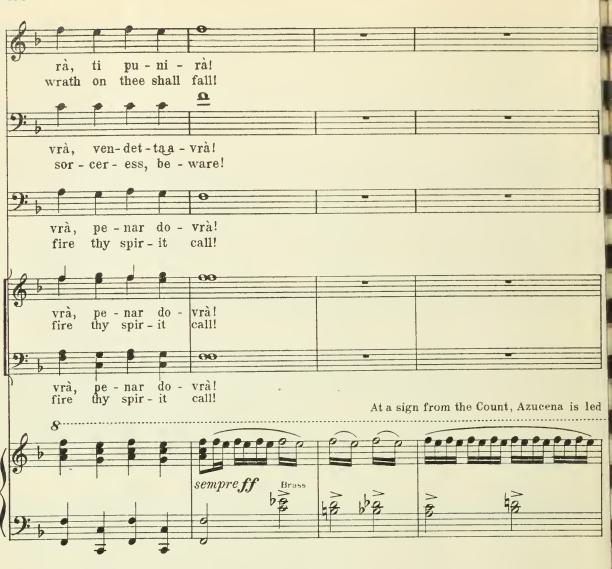












off by the Guards, while he enters his tent, followed by Ferrando.

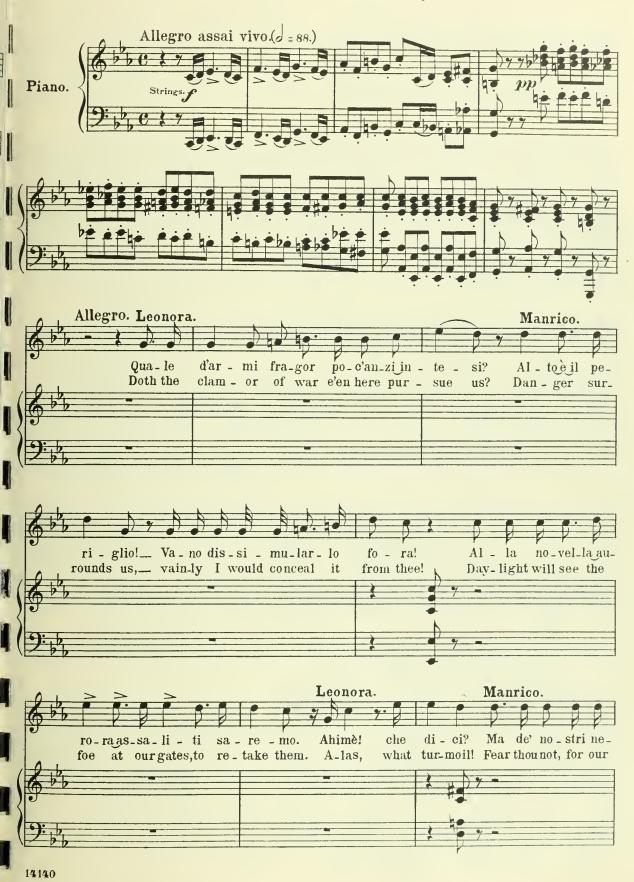


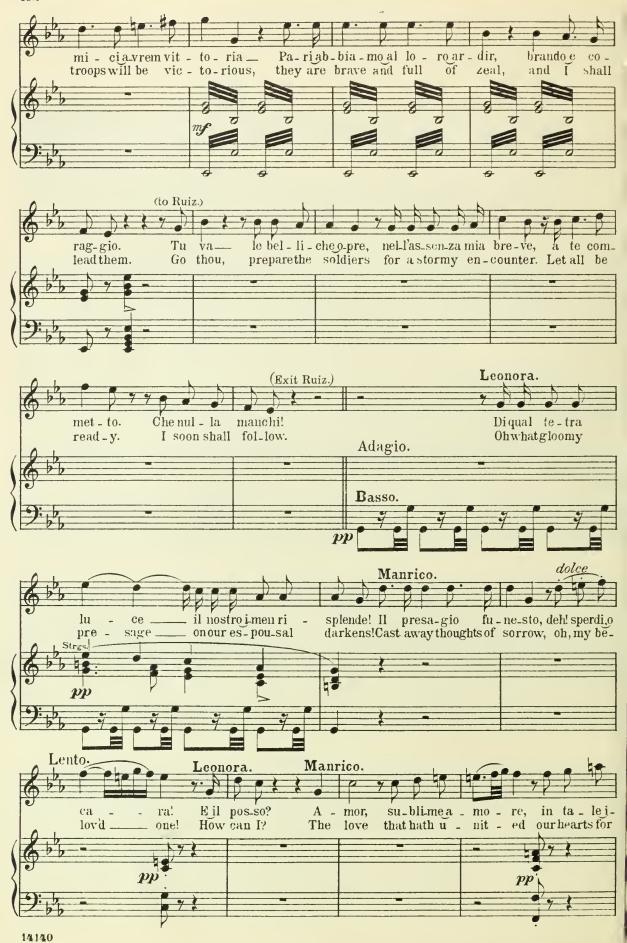


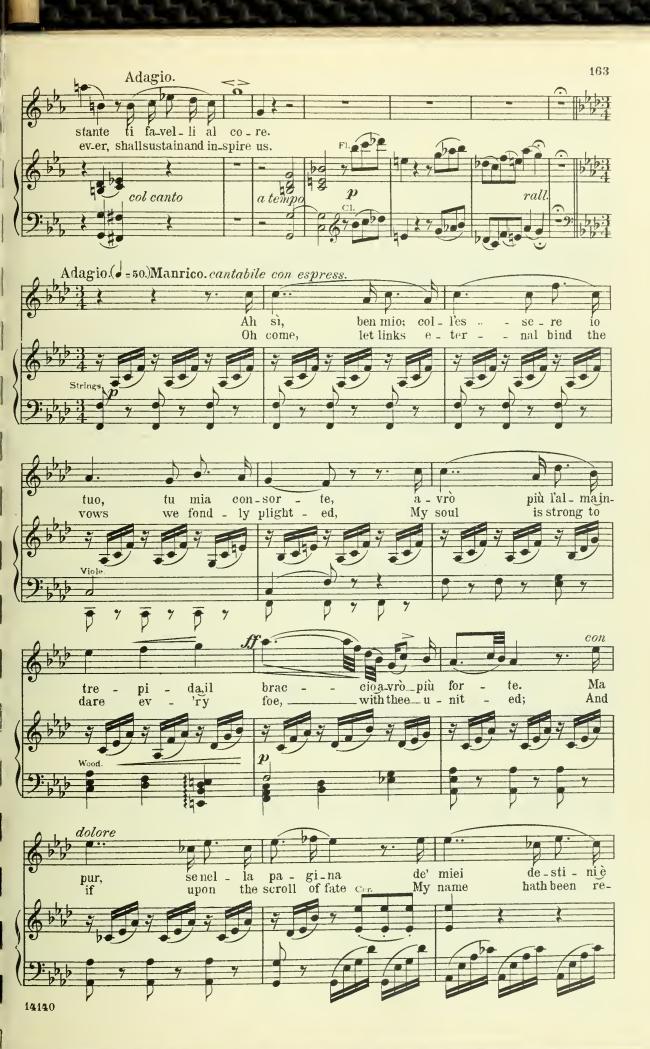
Nº 18. 'Ah sì, ben mio.,,

Recitative and Air.

A hall adjacent to the chapel in Castellor; a balcony at the back.





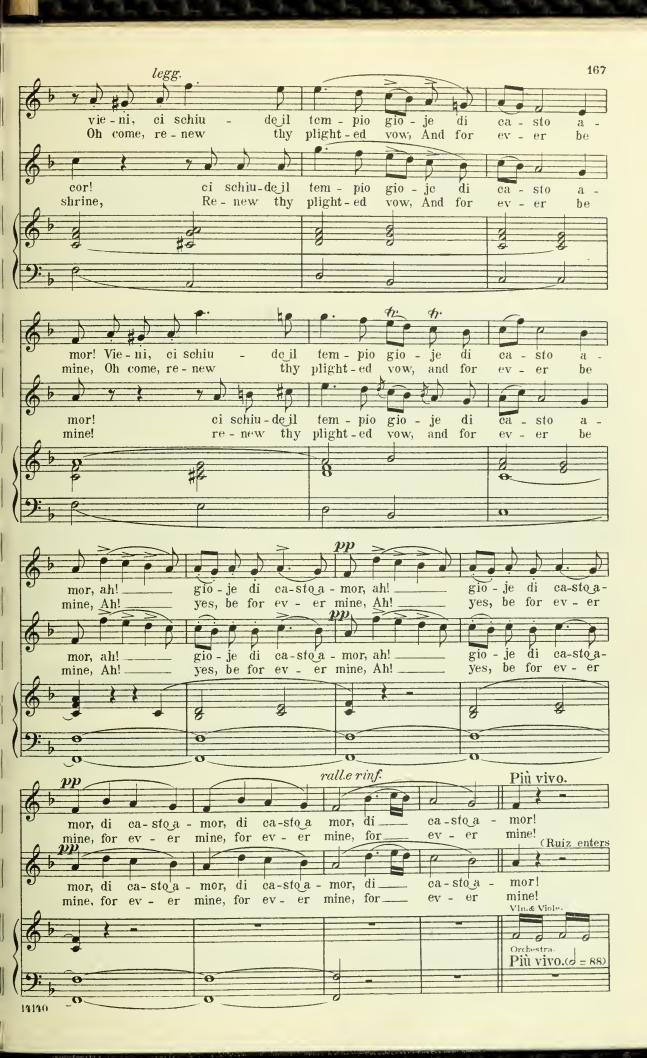




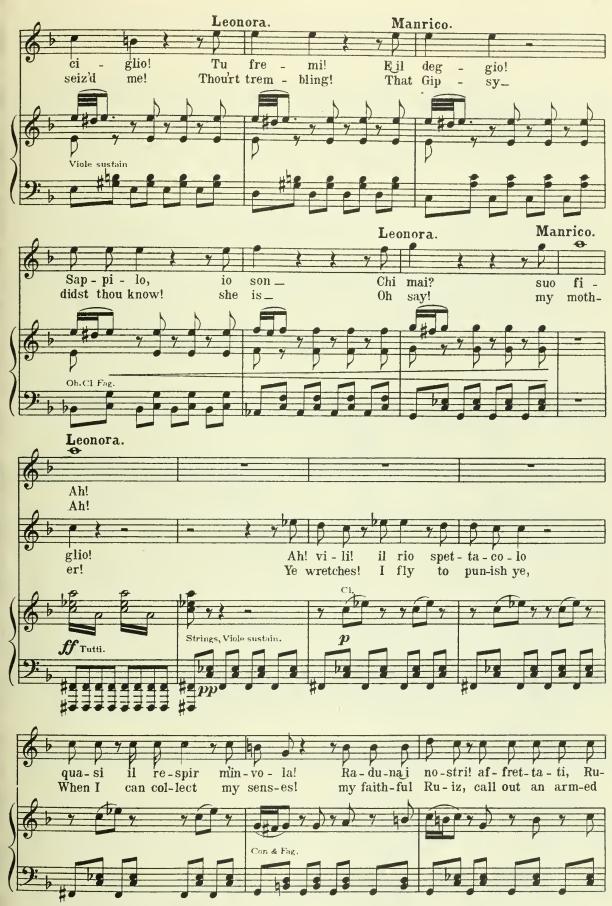


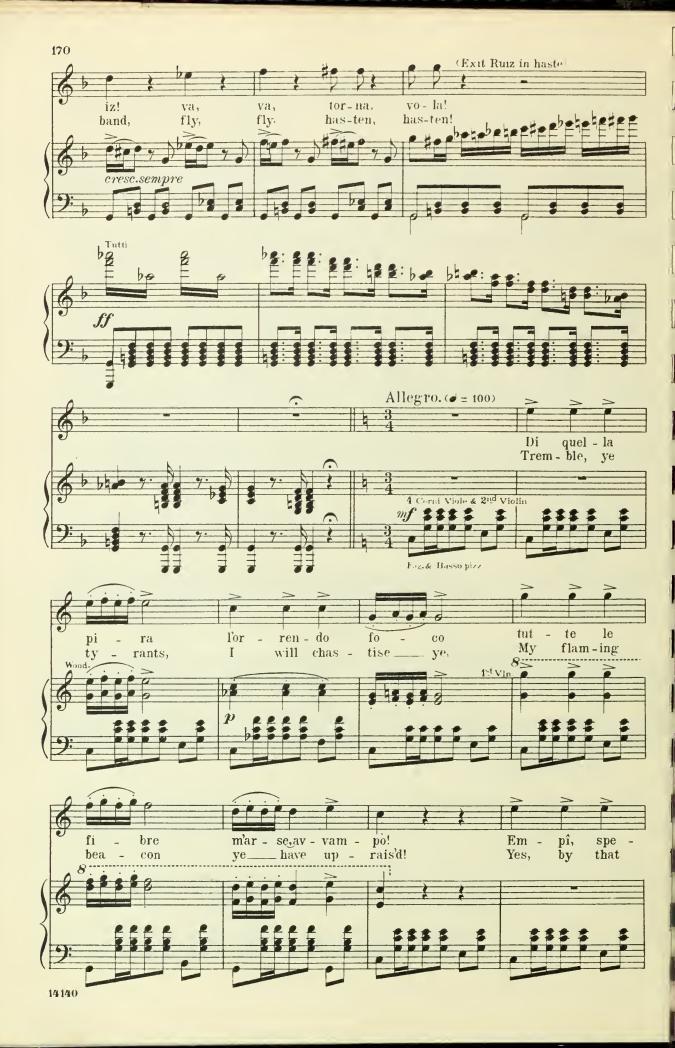


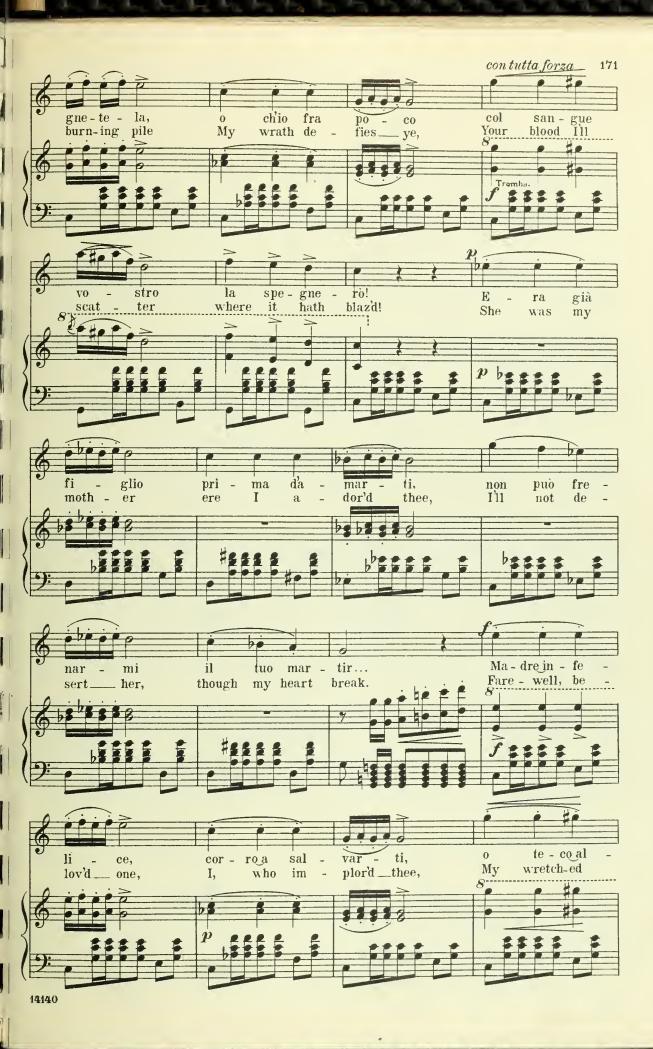


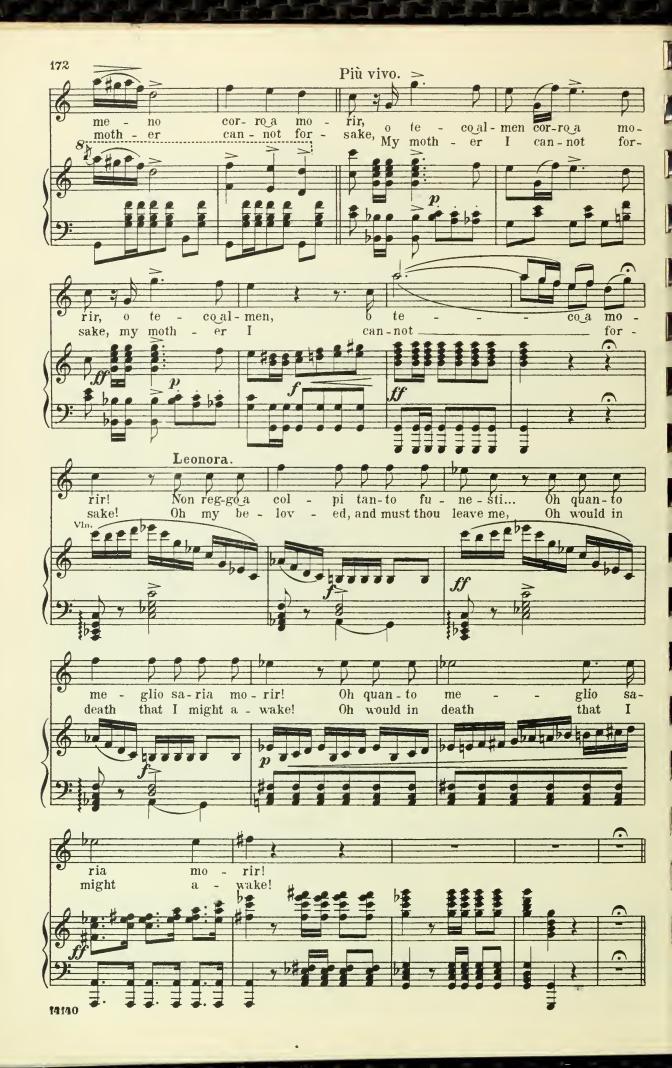




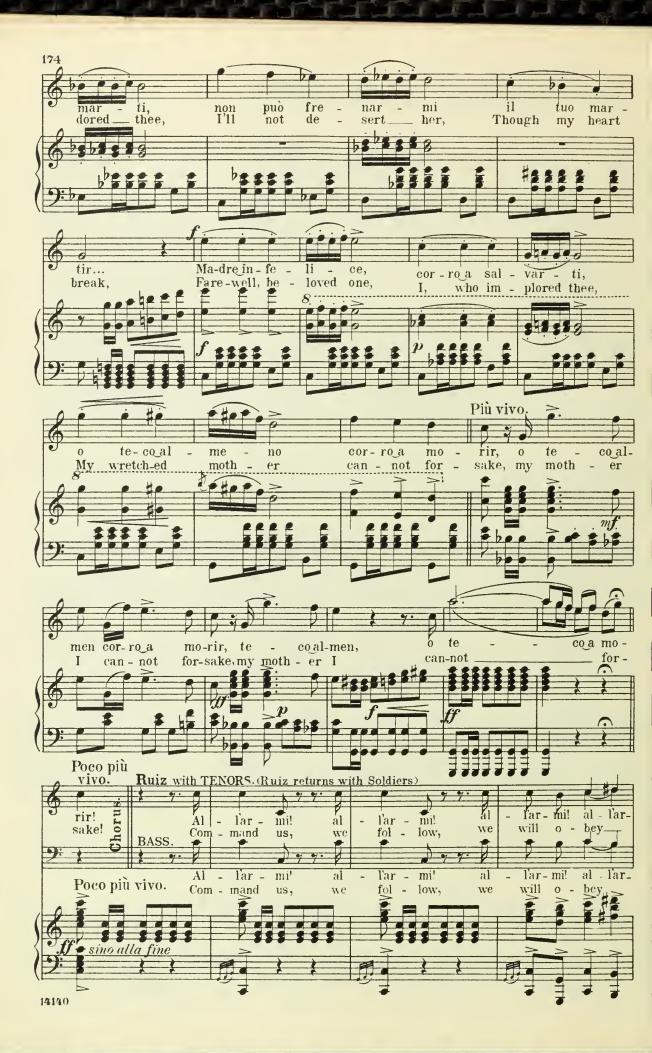




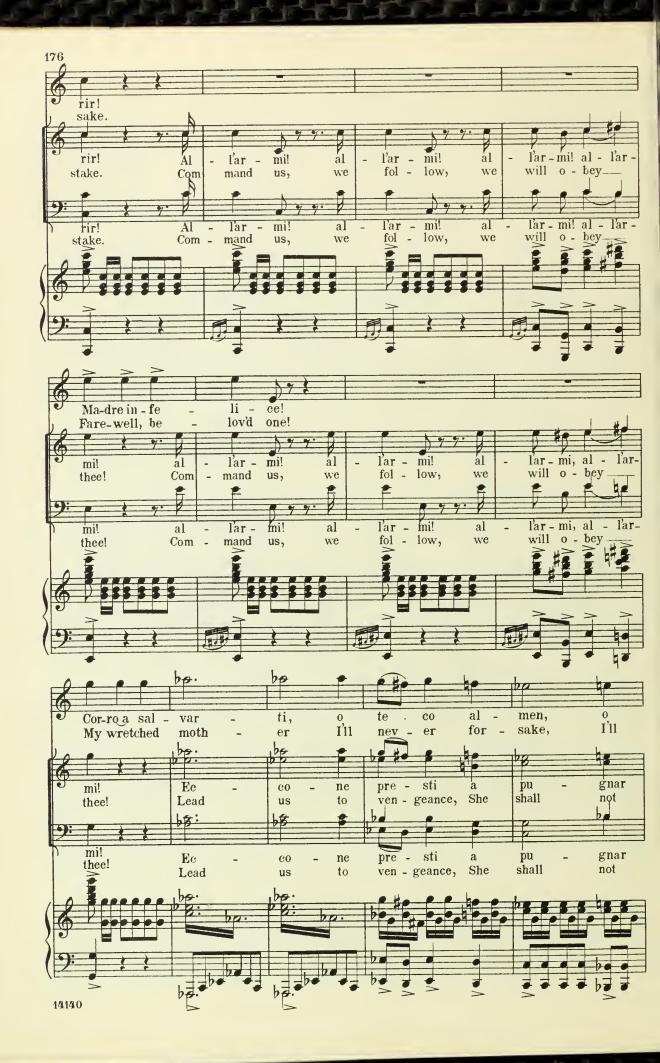




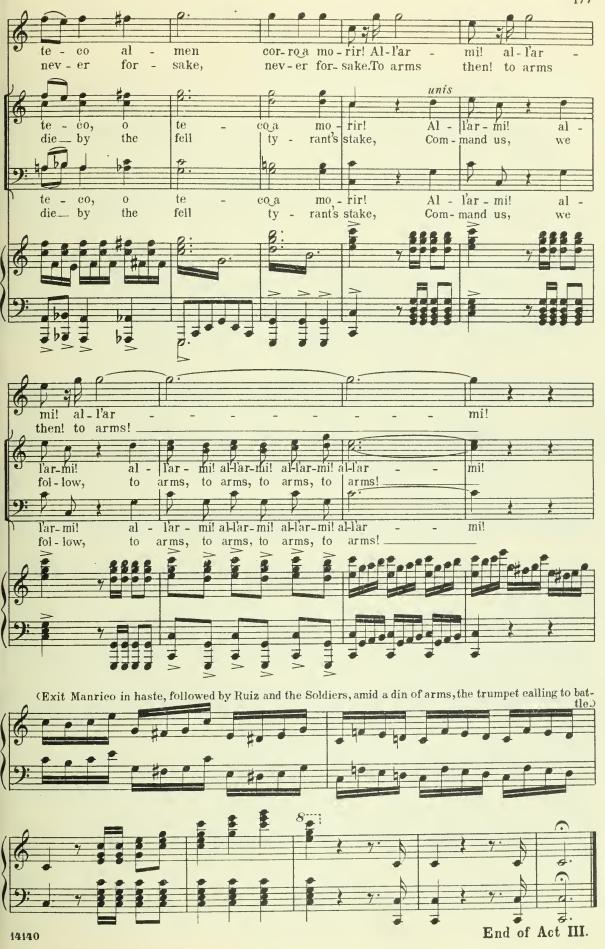












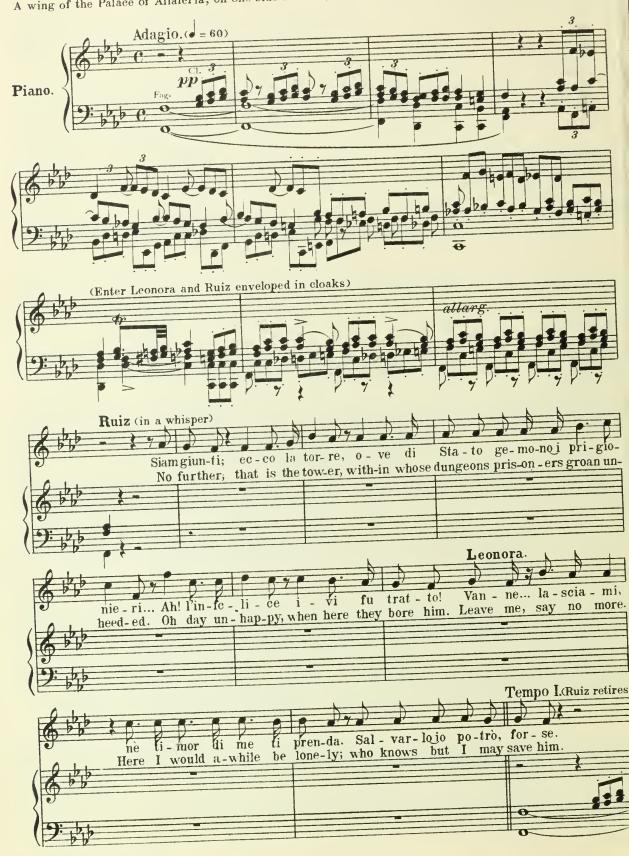
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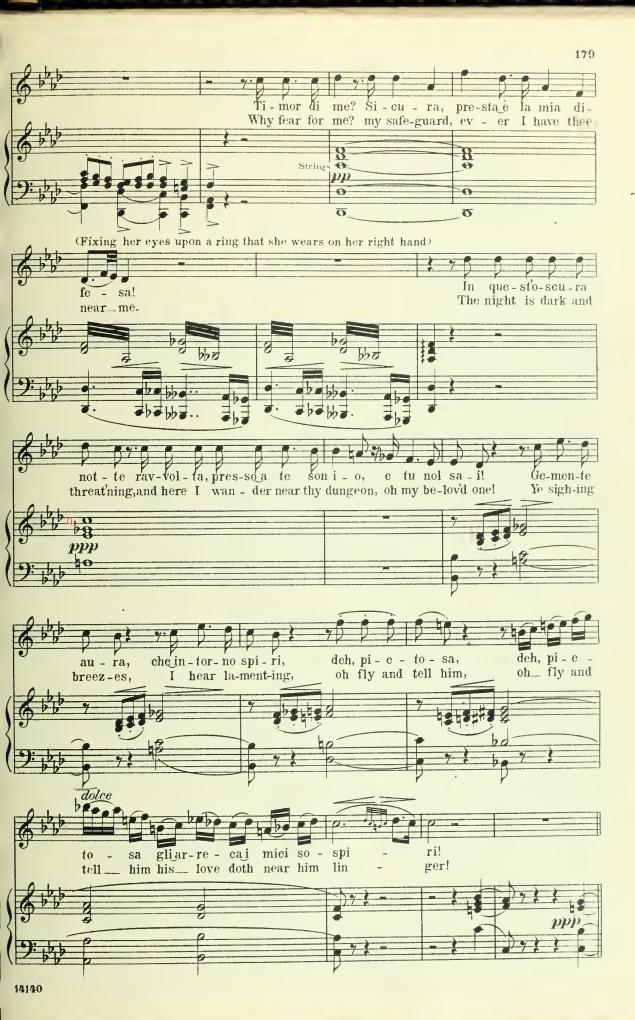
Act IV. The Torture.

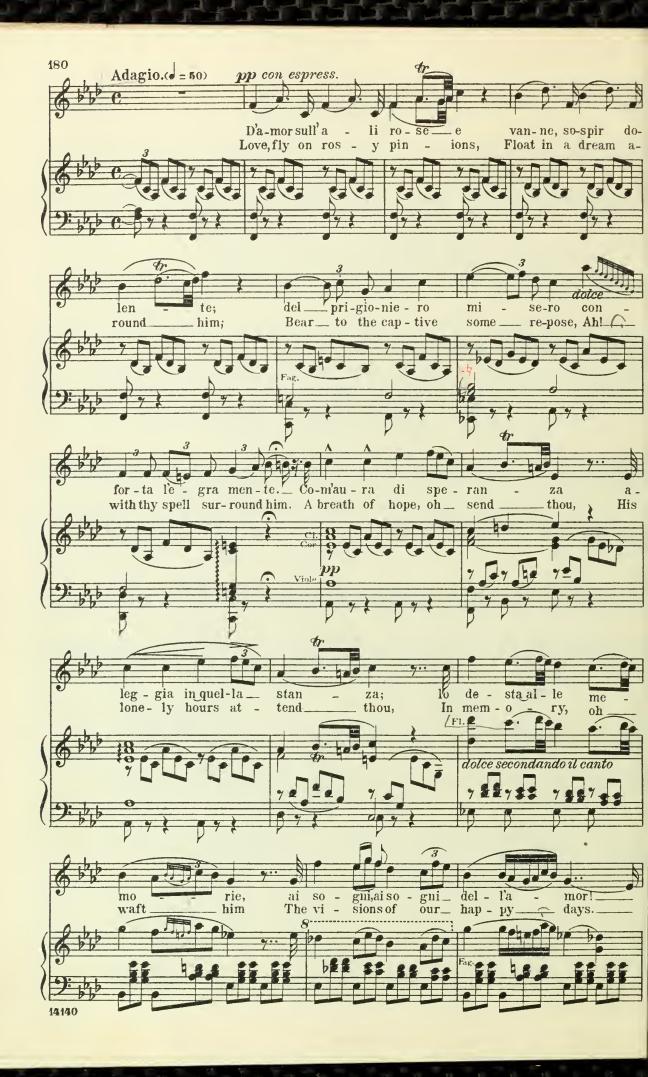
Nº 19. "D'amor, sull' ali rosee.,,

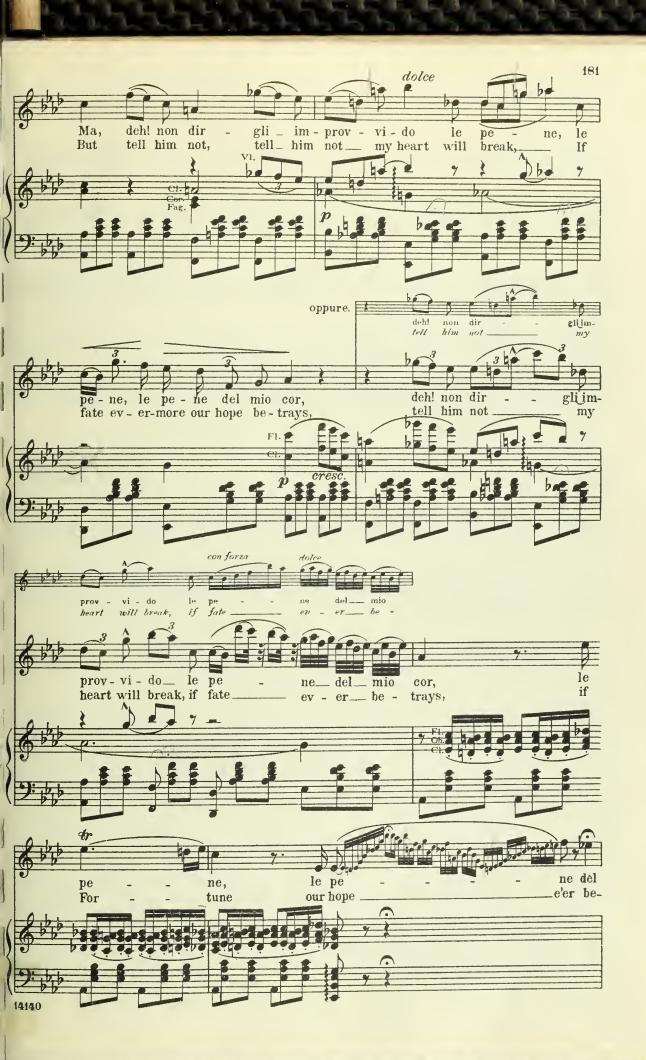
Recitative and Aria.

A wing of the Palace of Aliaferia; on one side a tower, with easements secured by iron bars. Dark night.







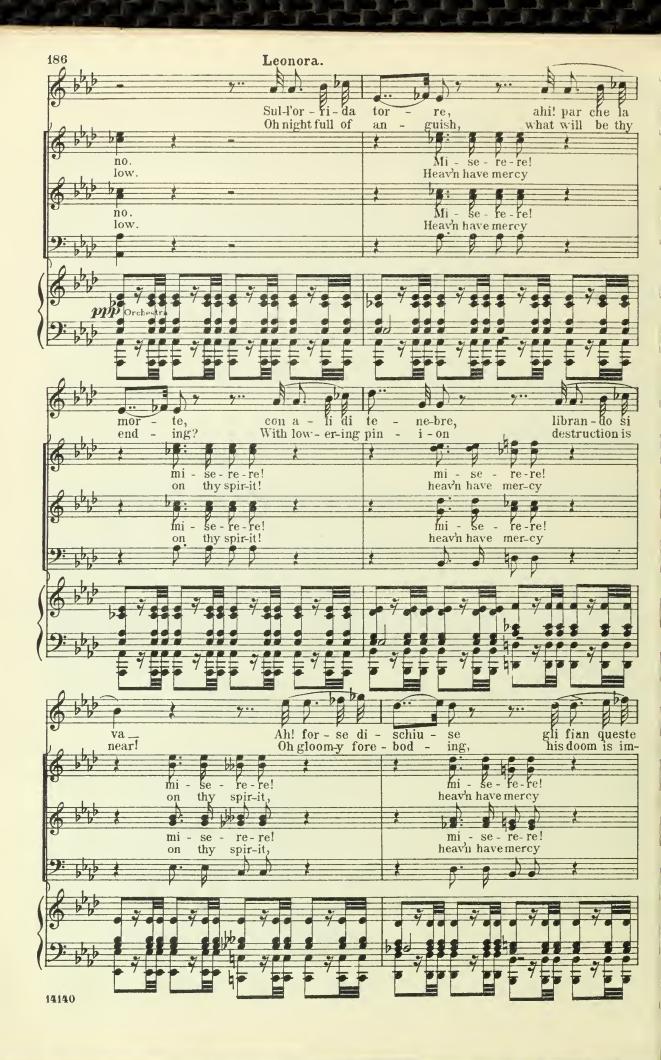


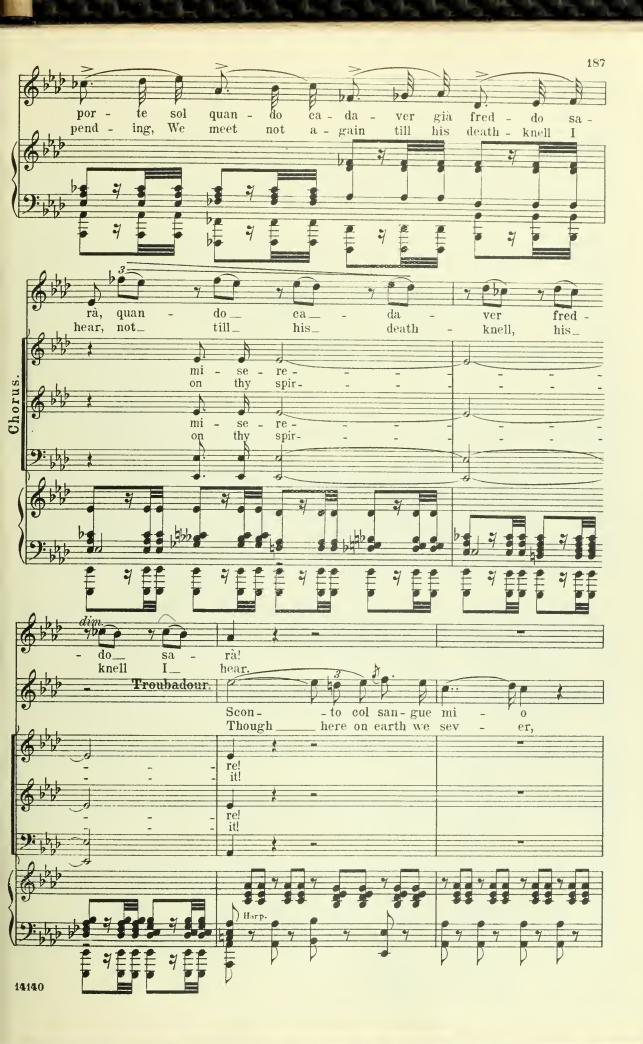


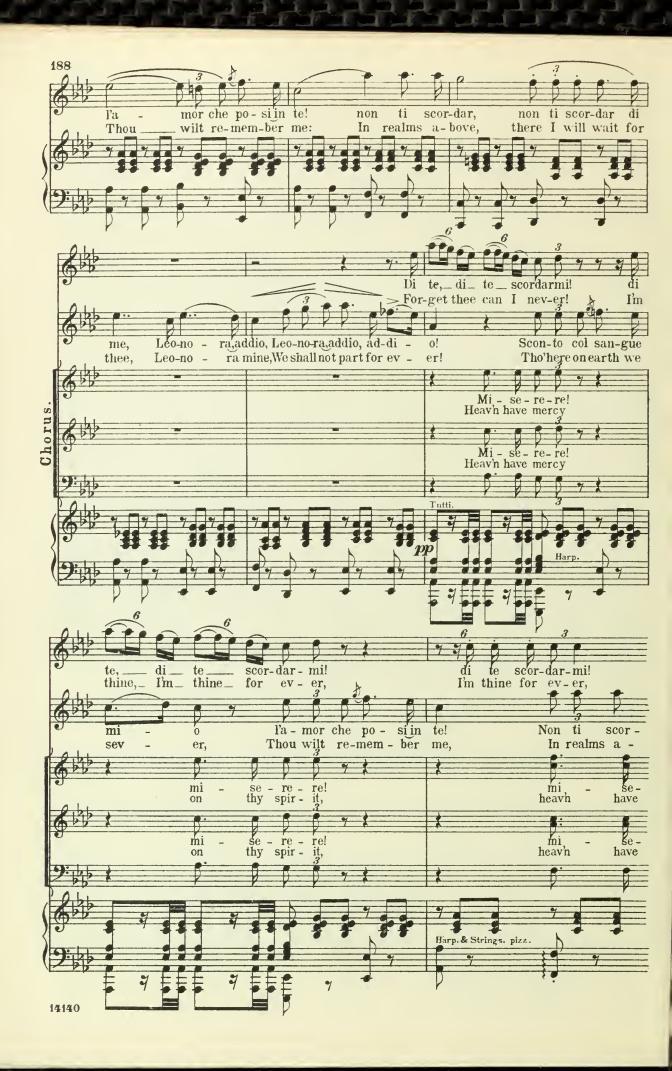




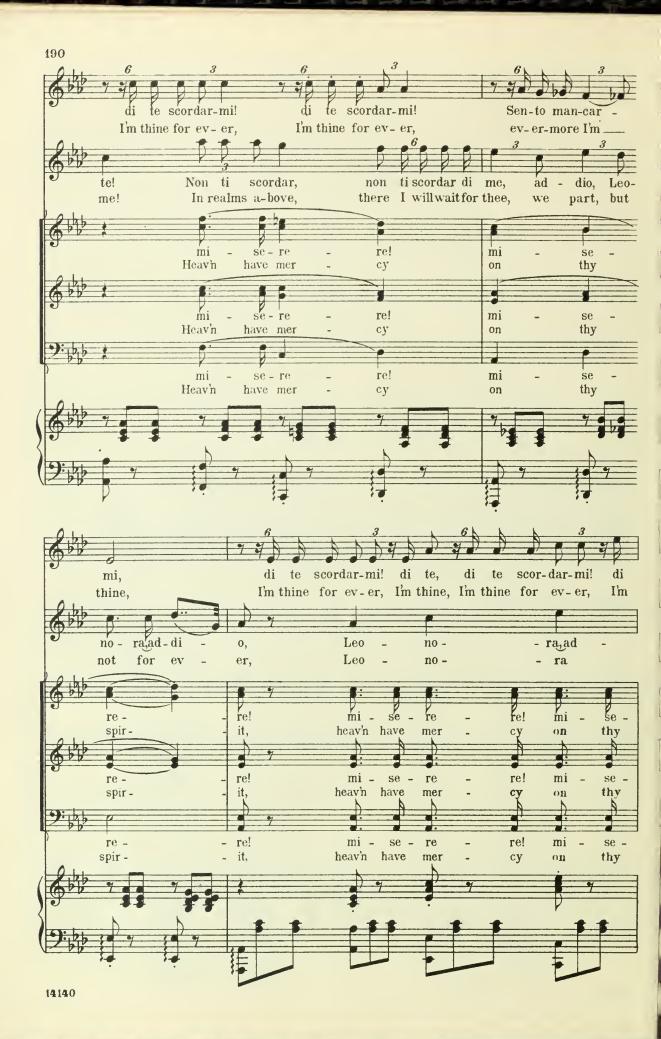


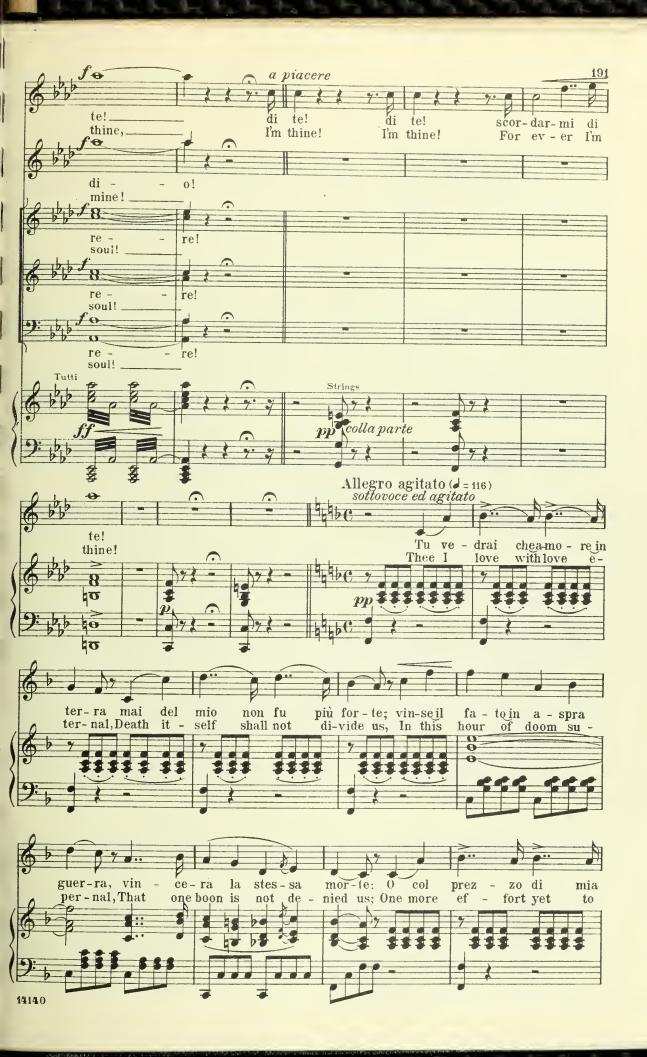


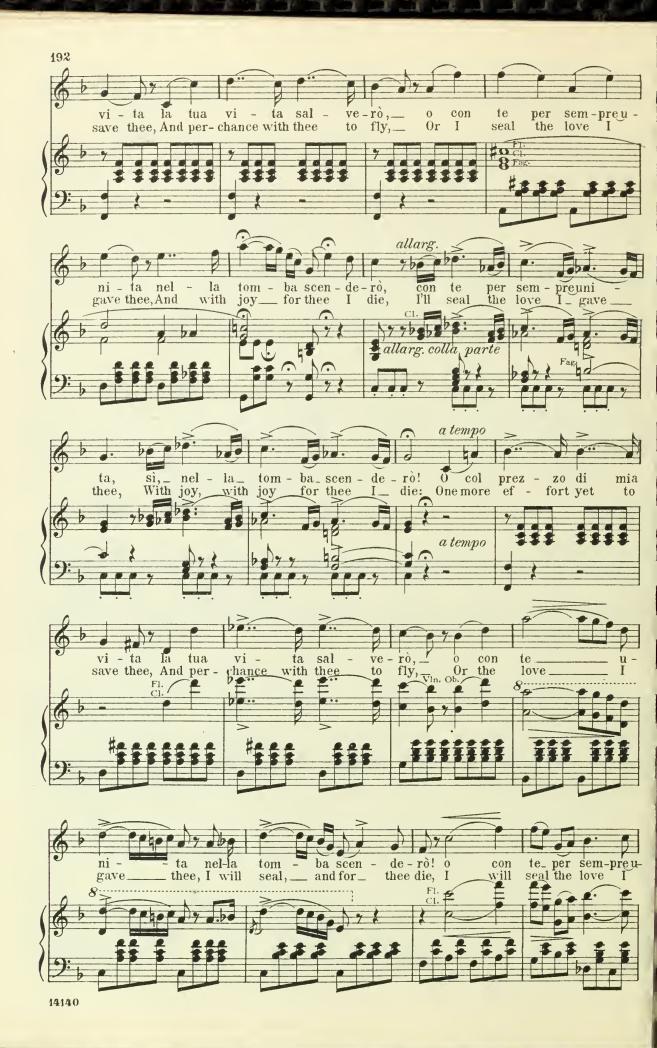


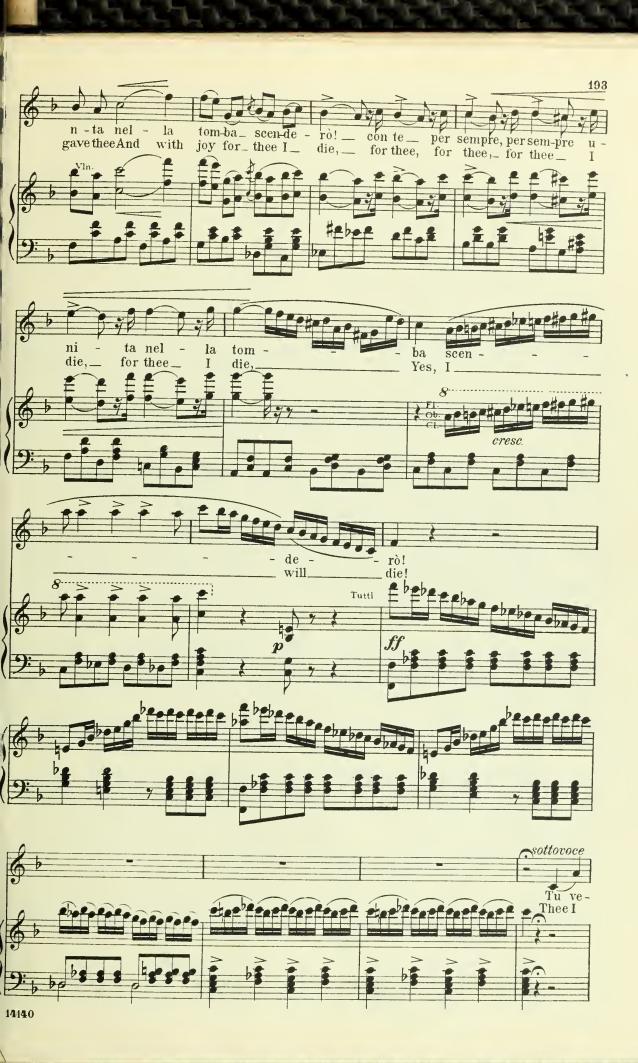


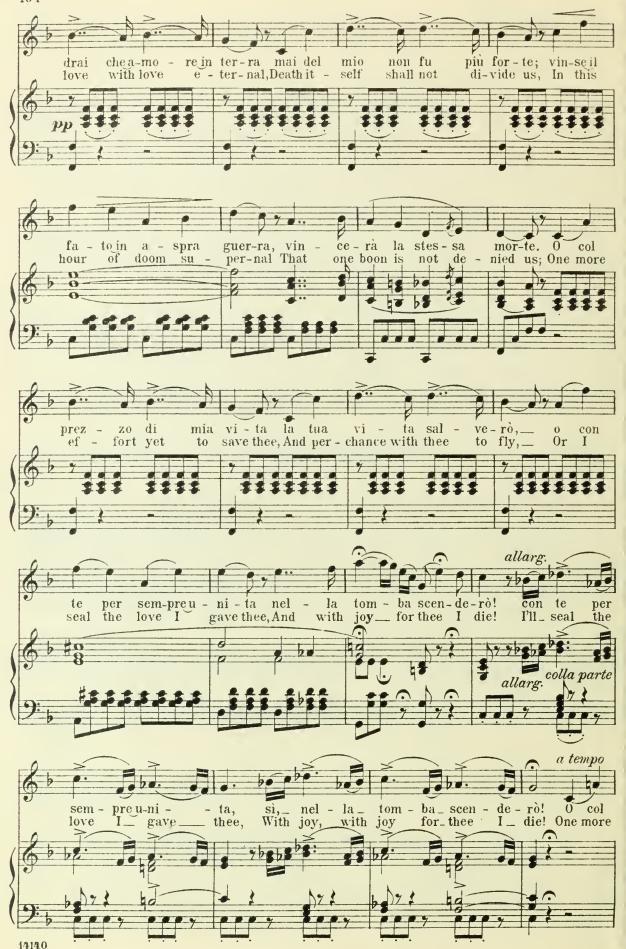




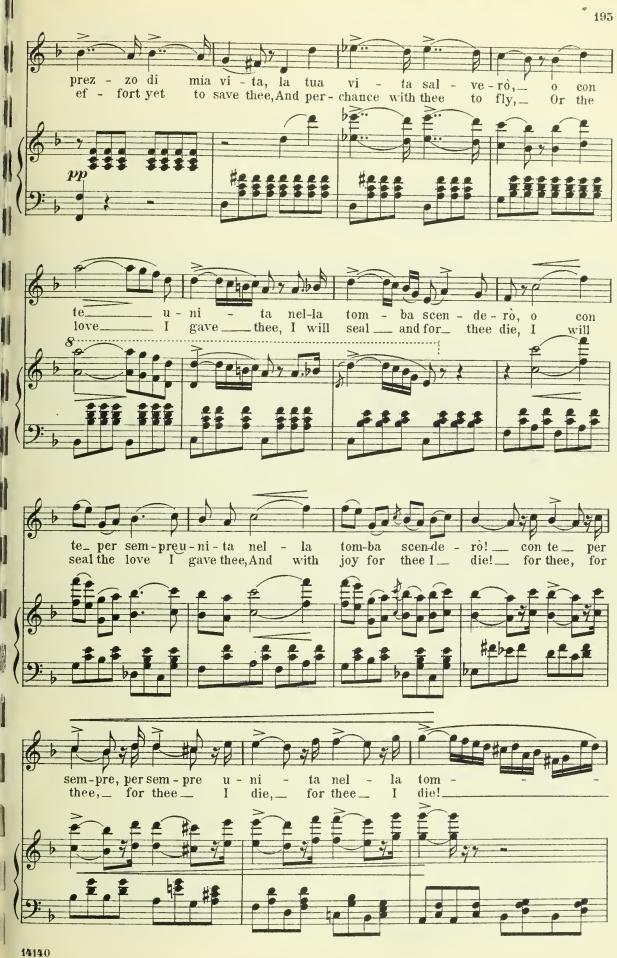


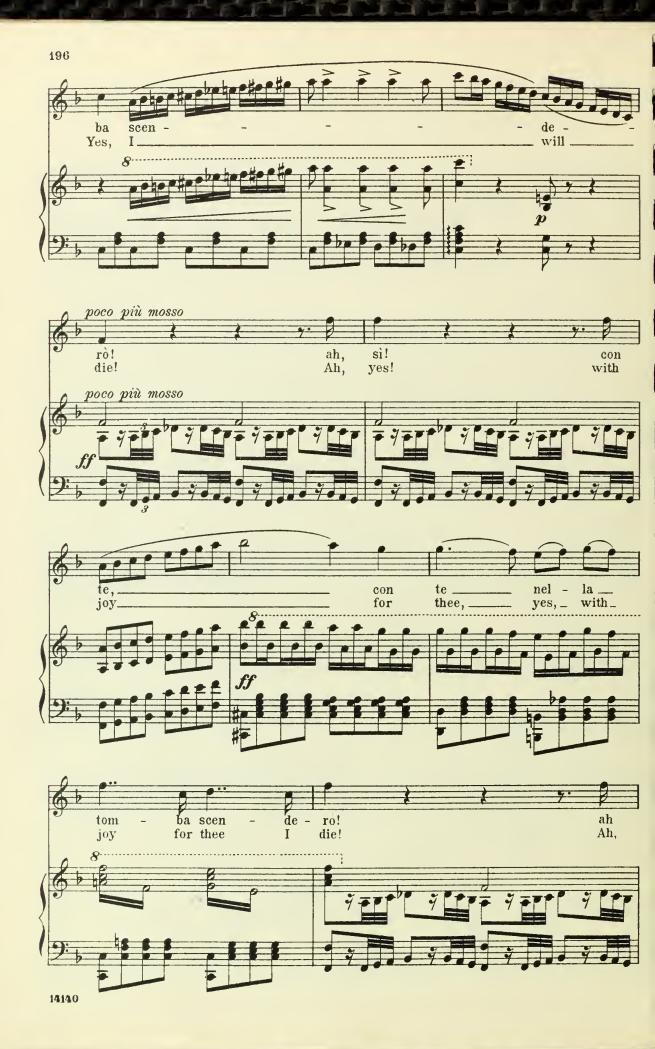


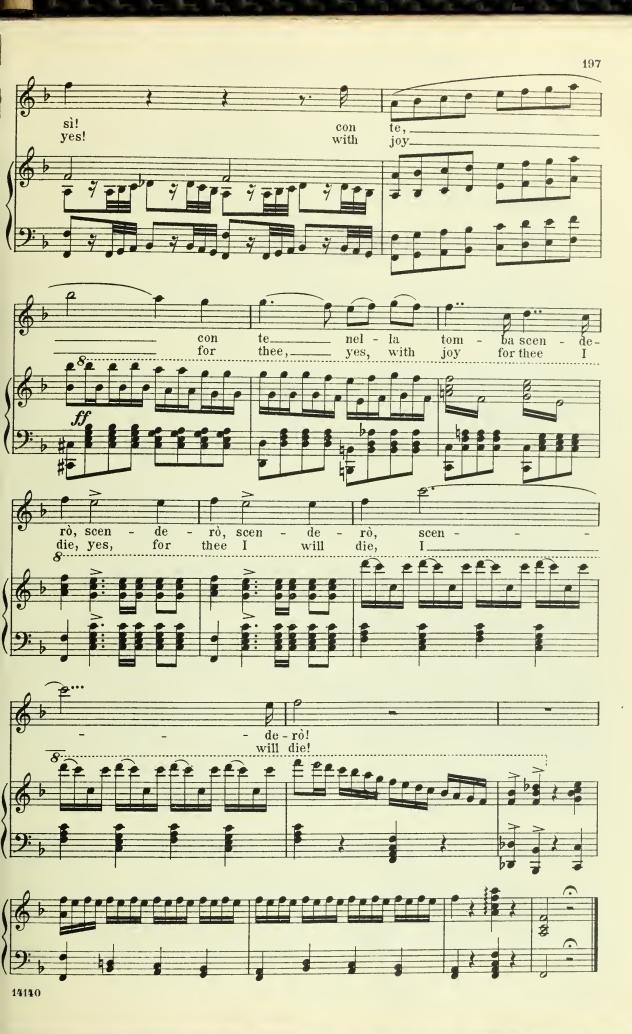








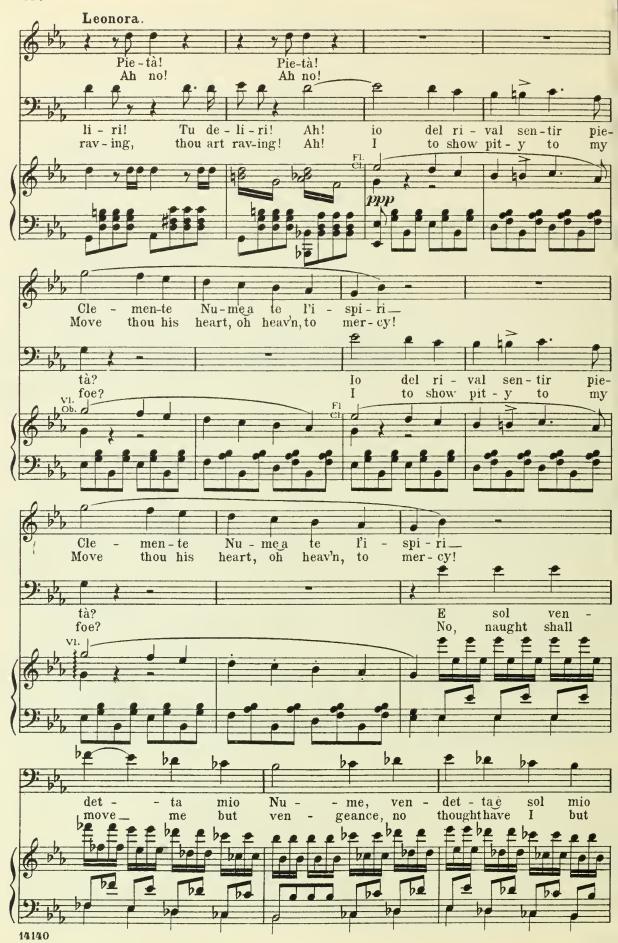


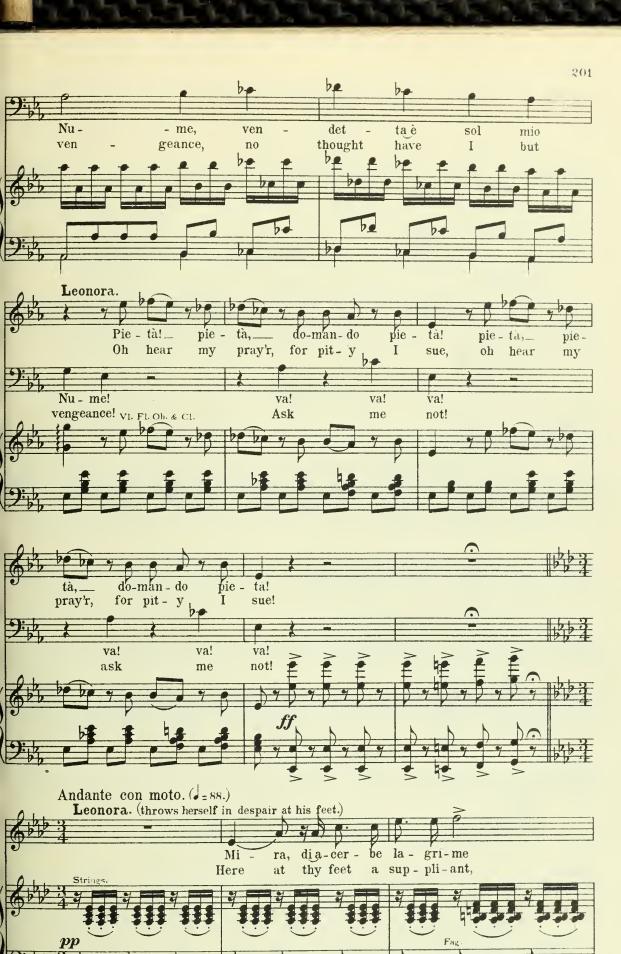


Nº 20. Mira, di acerbe lagrime.,, Recit. and Duet.











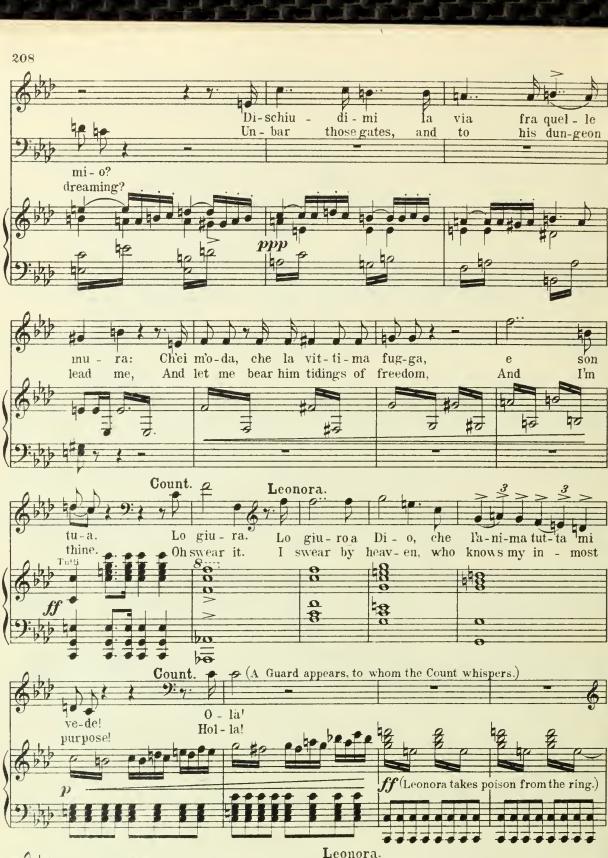


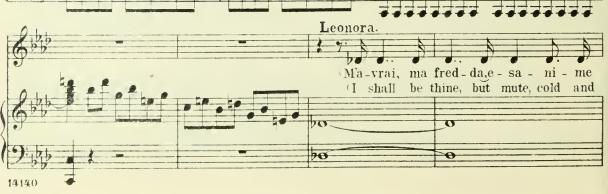


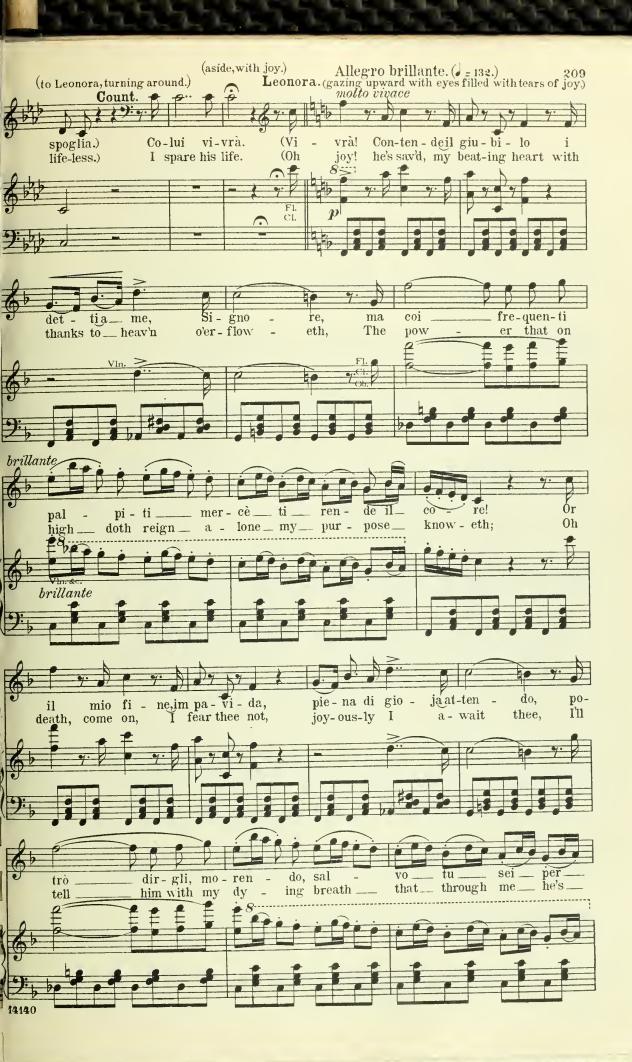


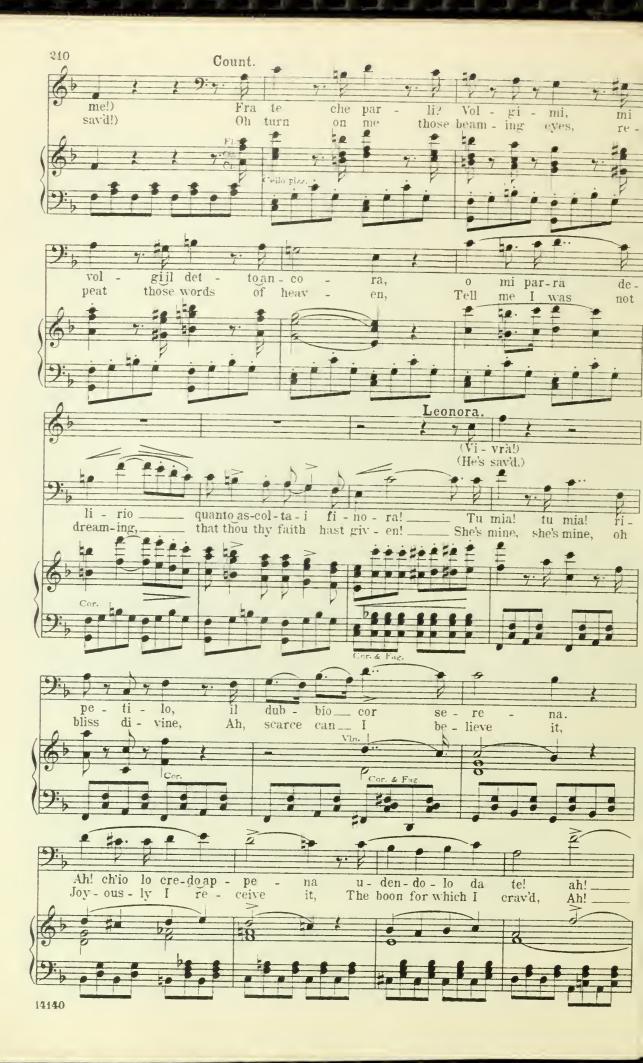




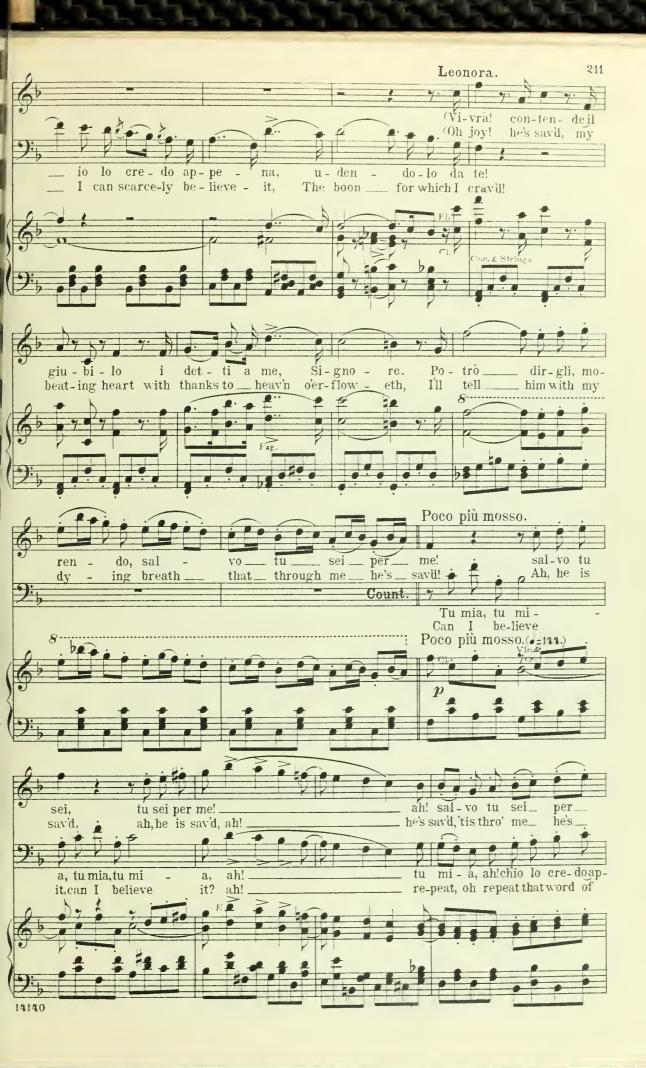


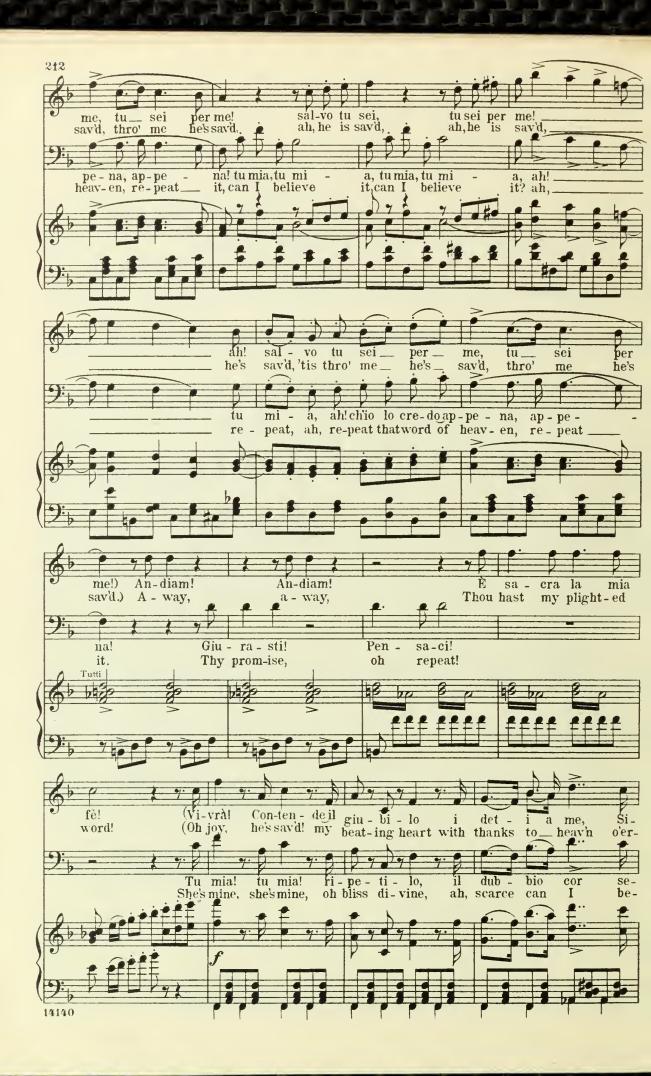


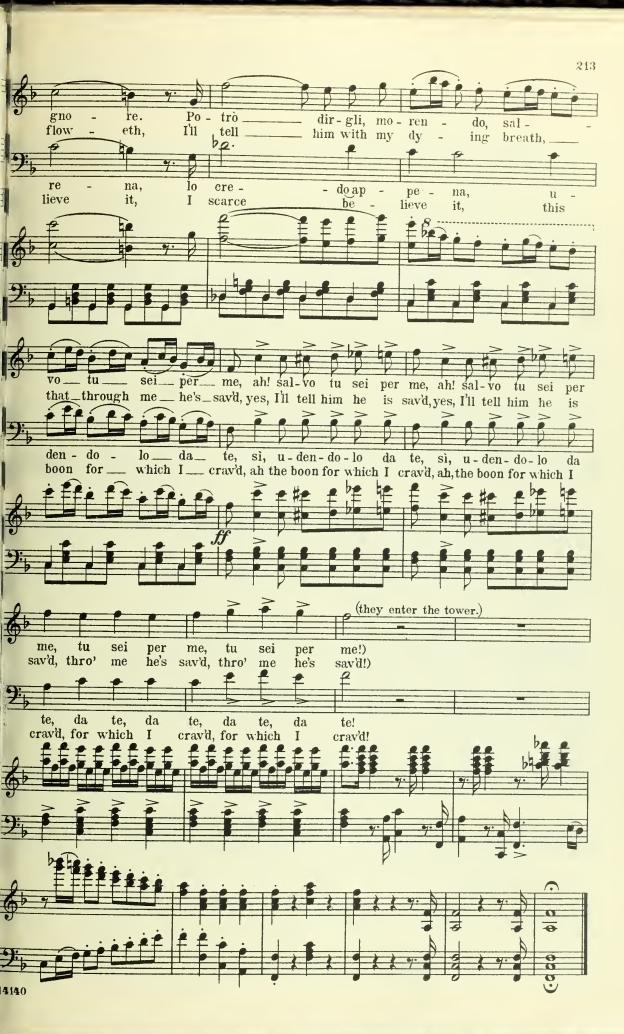




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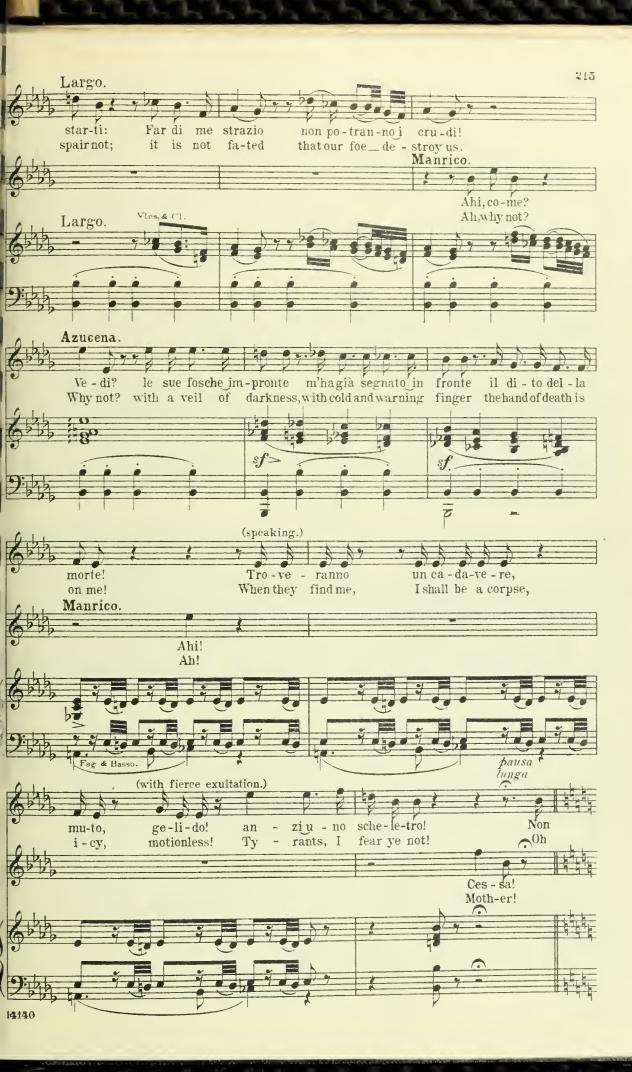


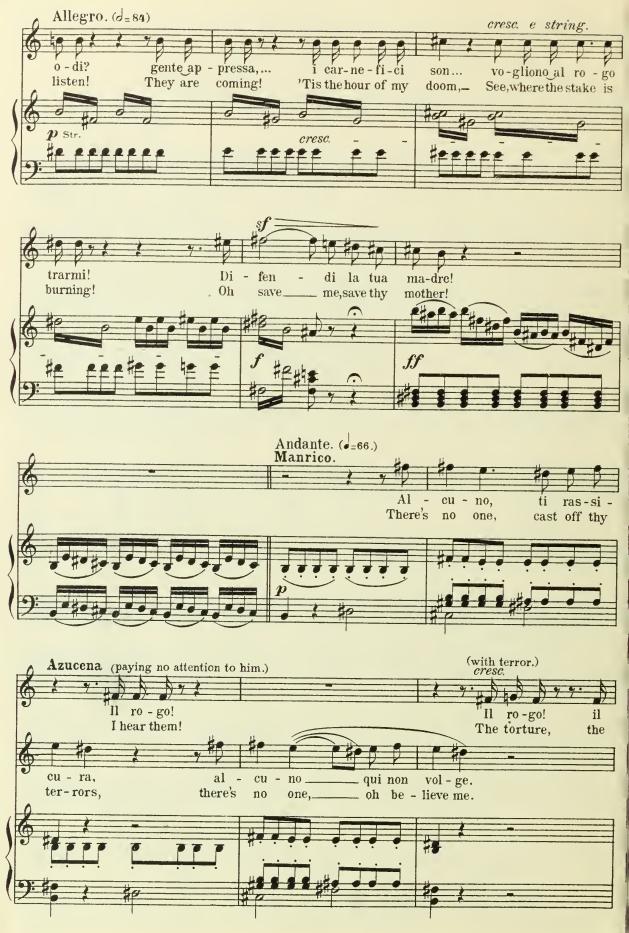


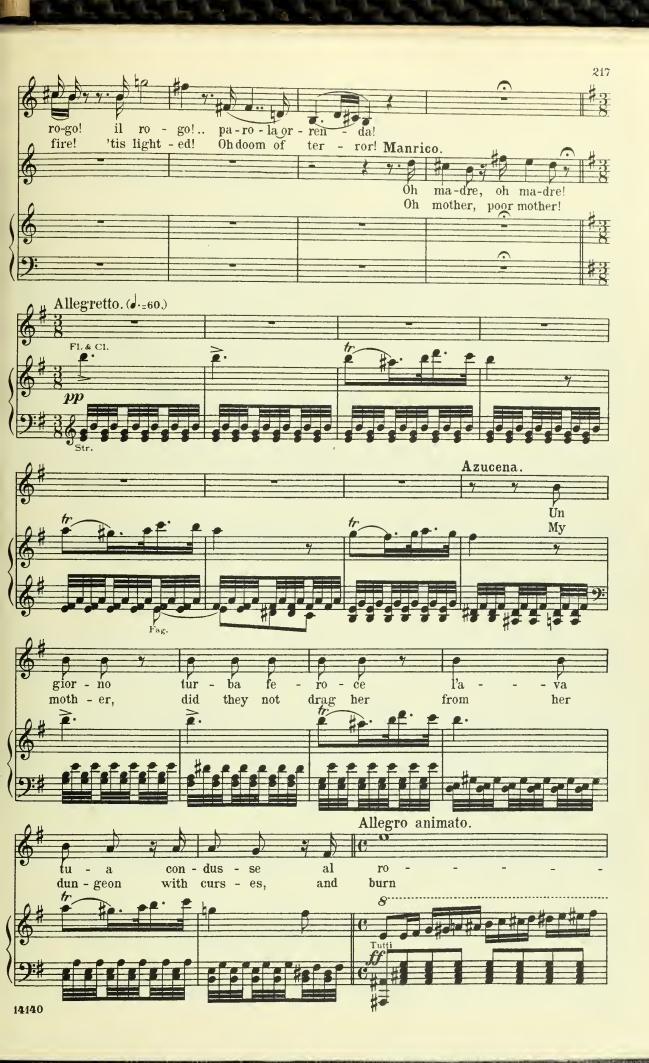


A gloomy dungeon; in one corner, a barred window; door at back; a dimly burning lamp hangs from the ceiling. Azucena is lying on a rough pallet, Manrico seated near her.

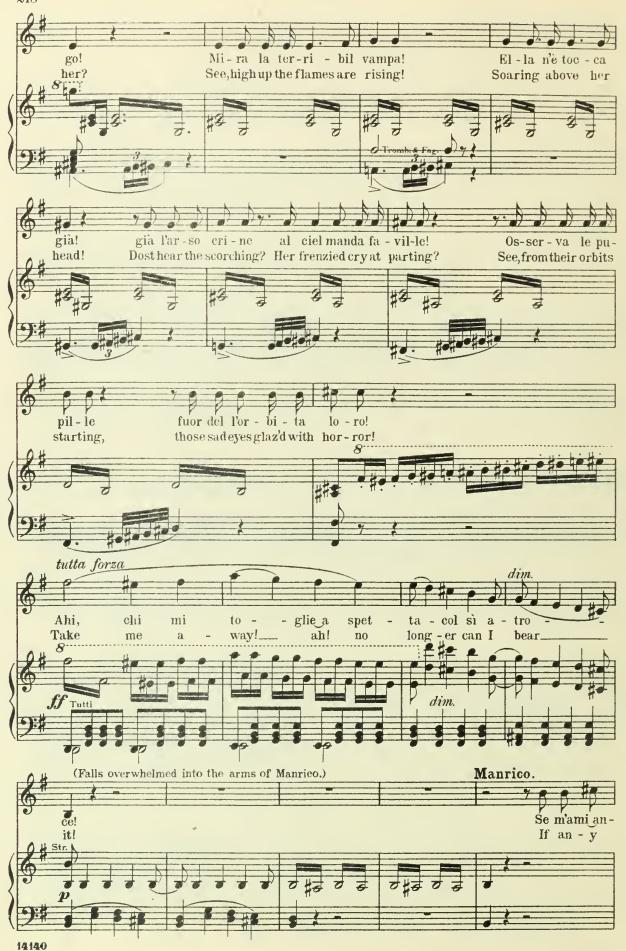








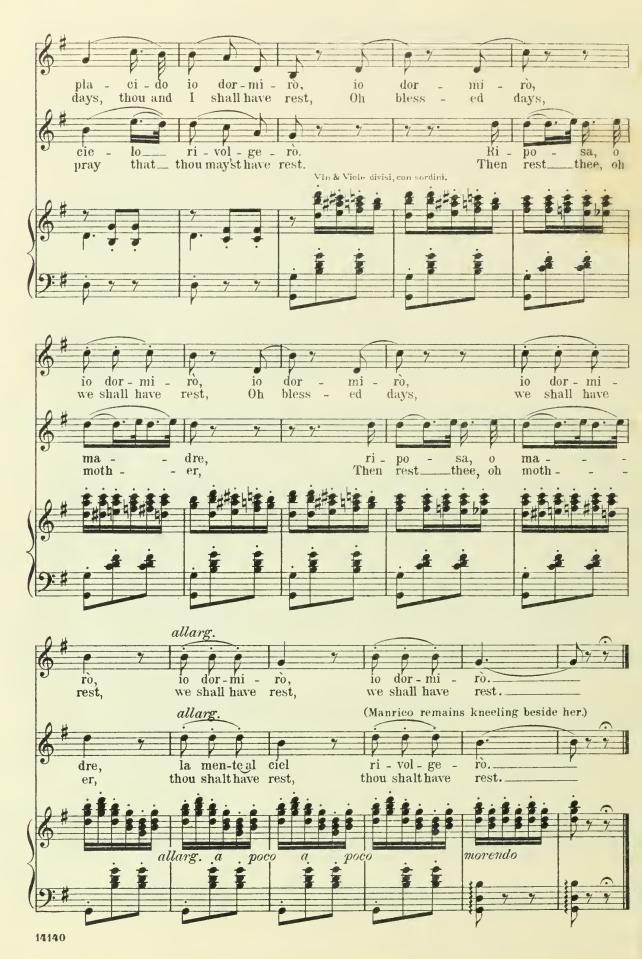






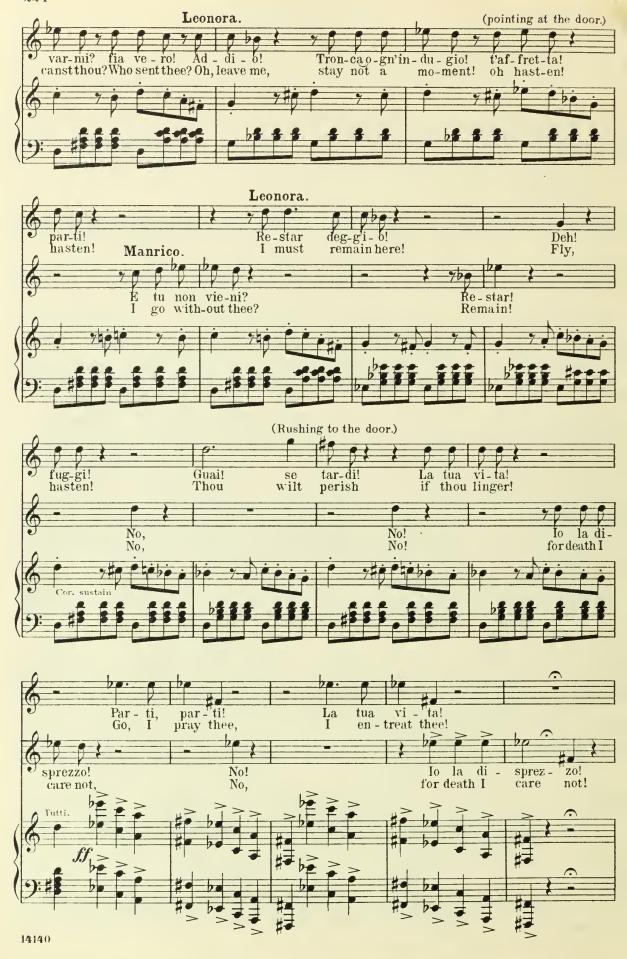


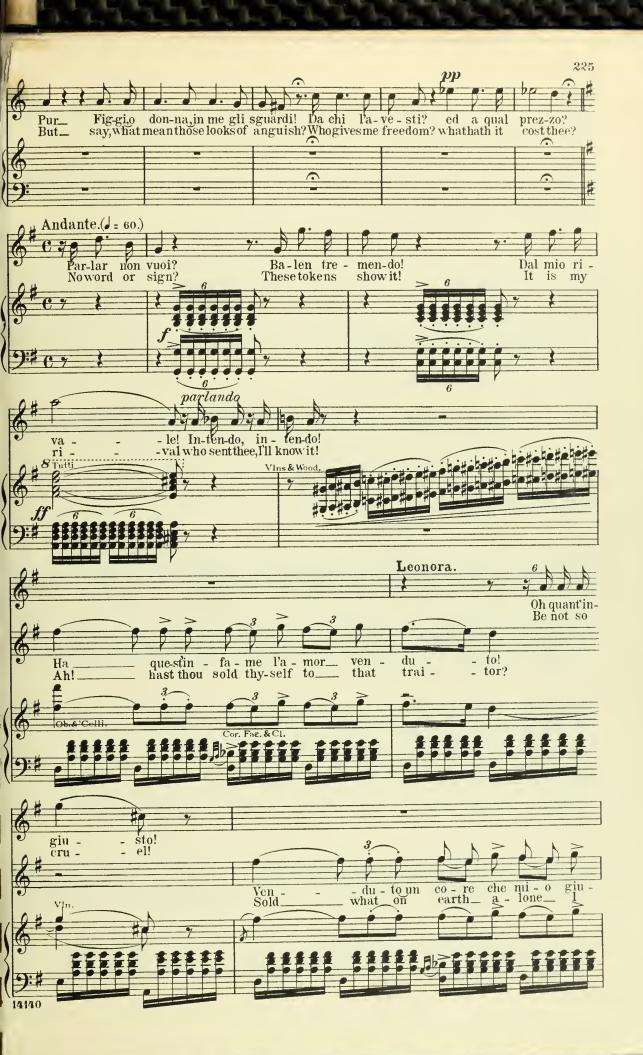




Nº22. "Parlar non vuoi?,, Recitative and Trio. (The door opens, enter Leonora.)



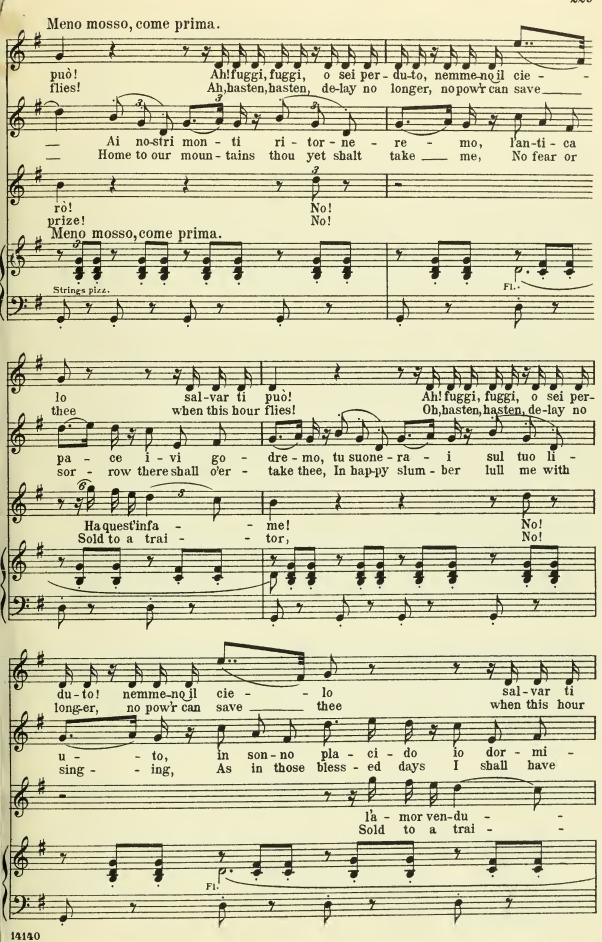


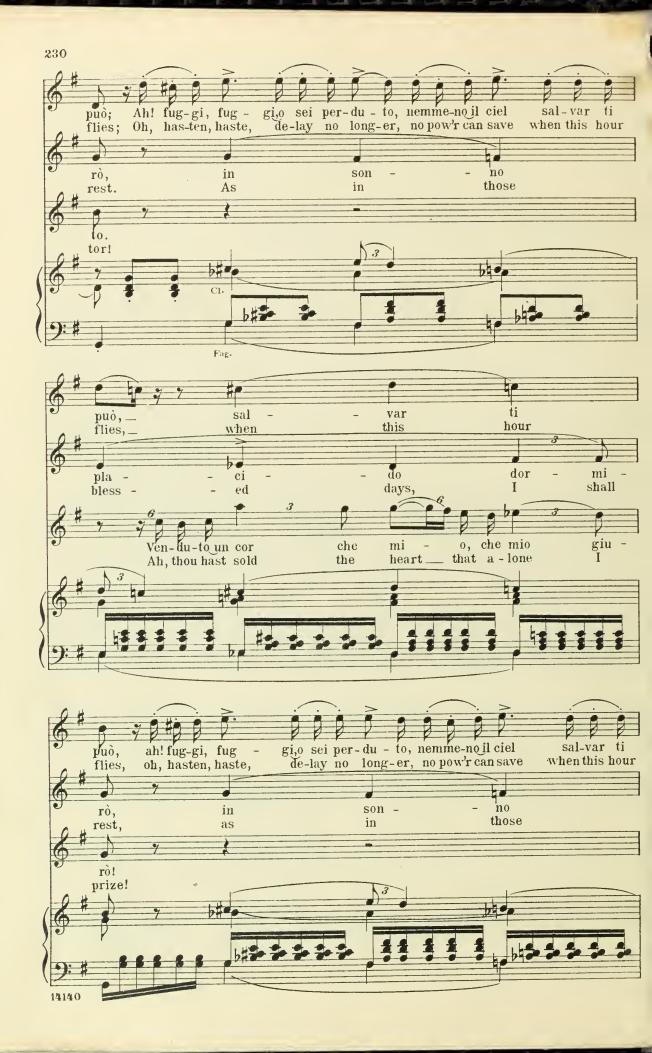


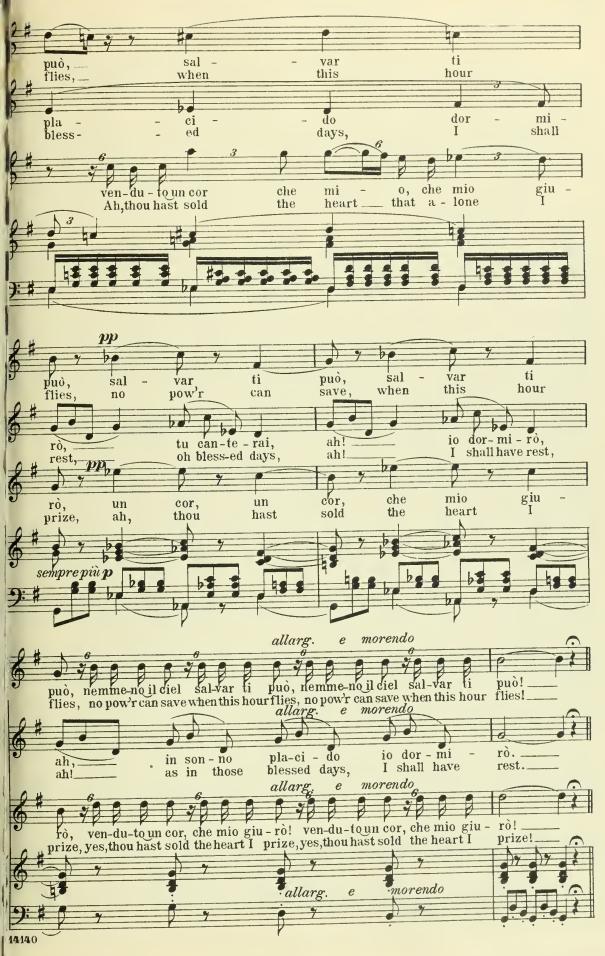




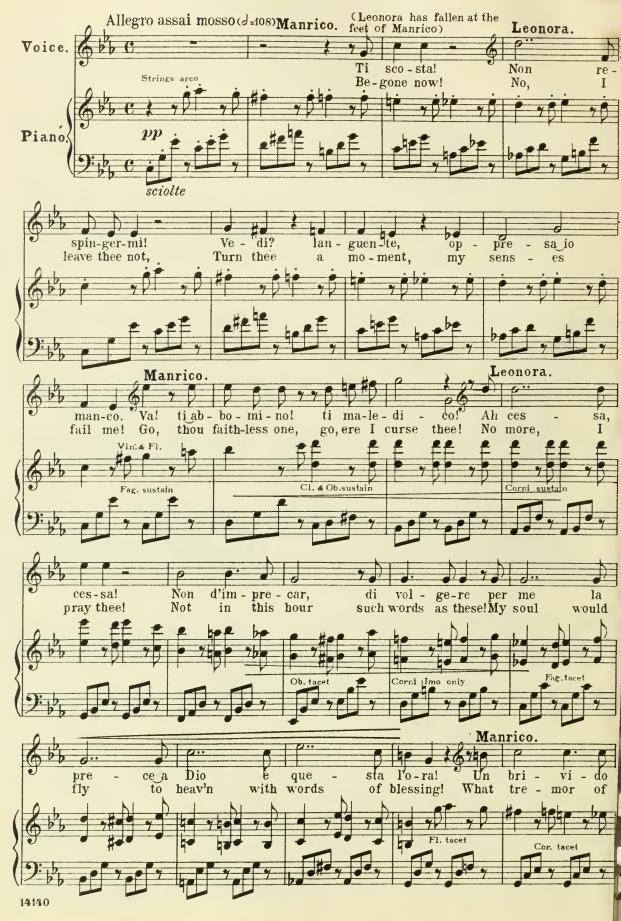




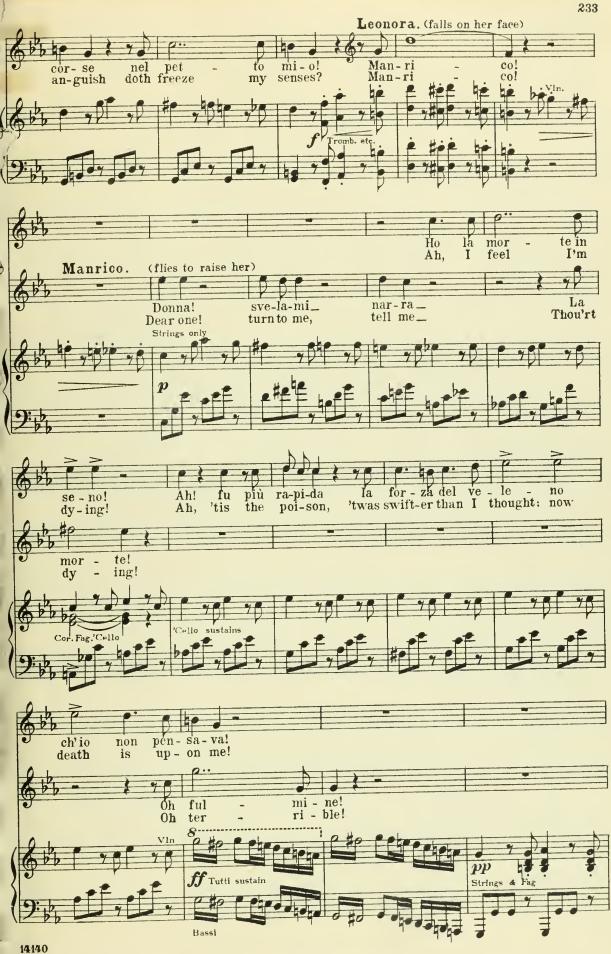


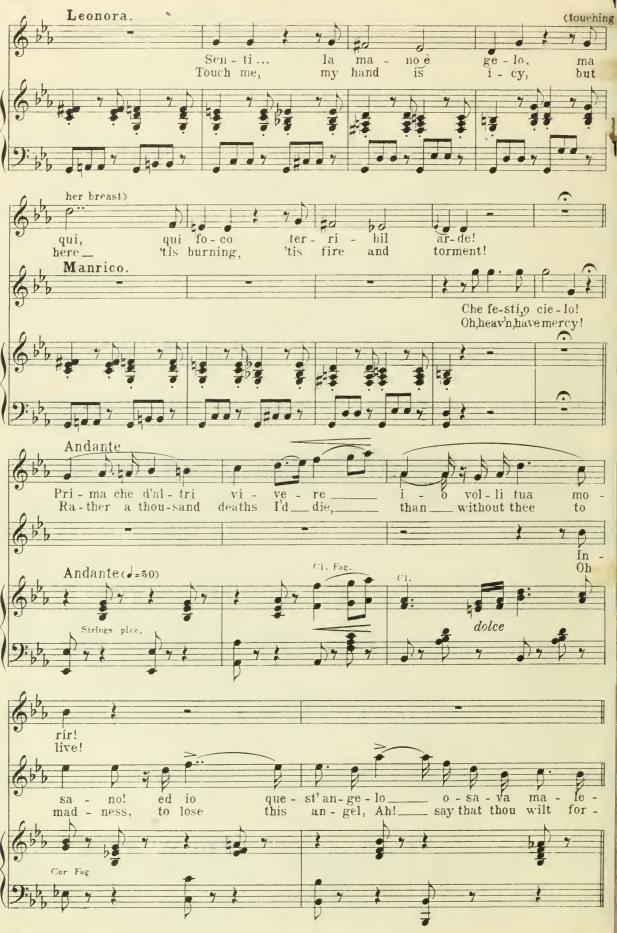


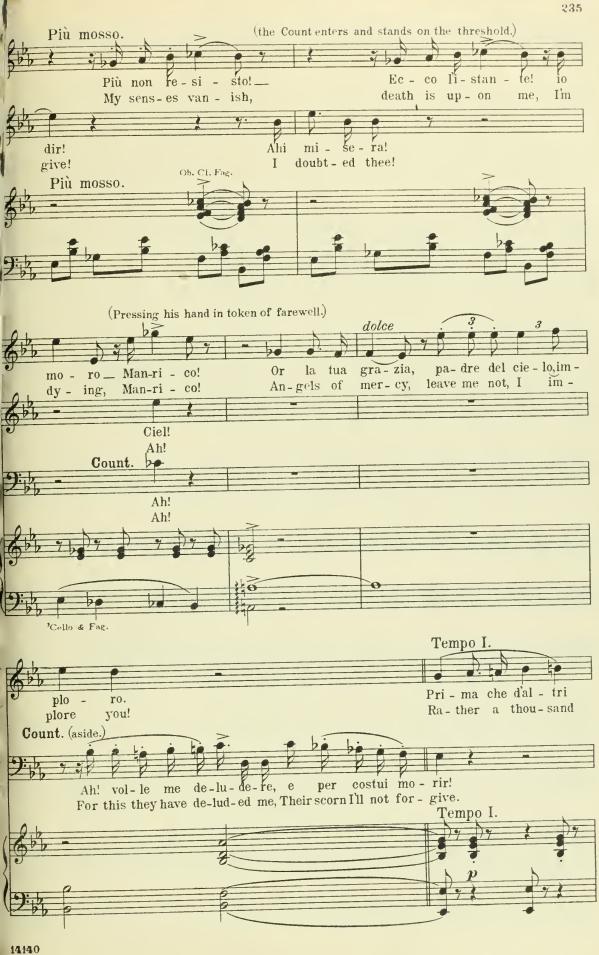
Nº 23. "Prima che d'altri vivere.,, Finale IV._Last Scene.



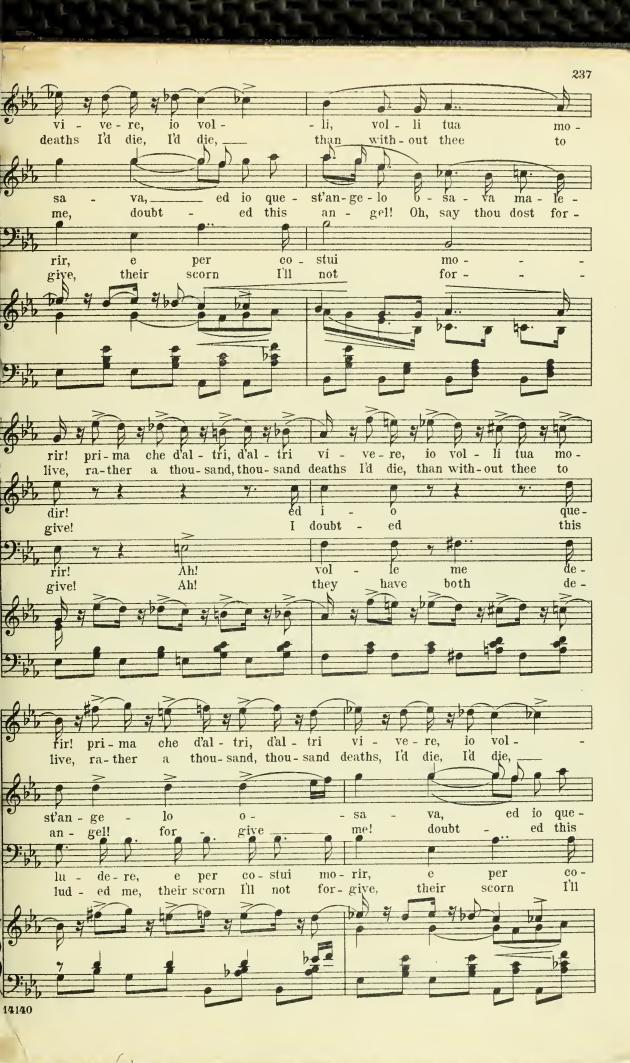




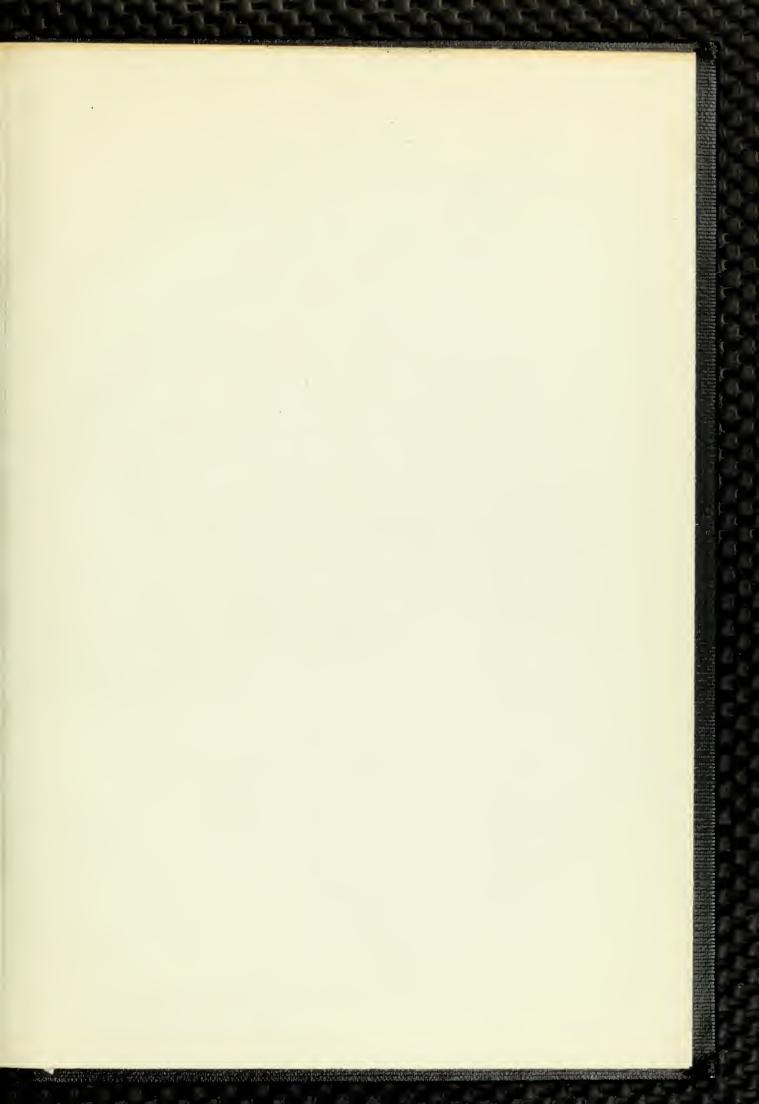


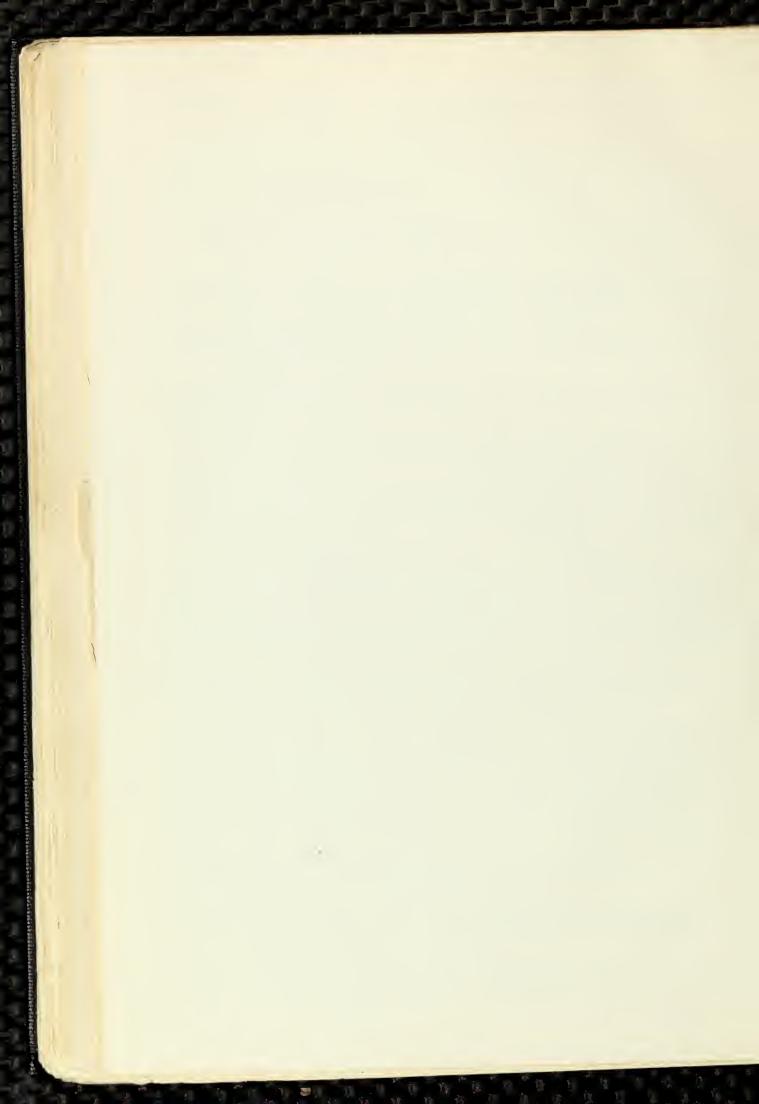


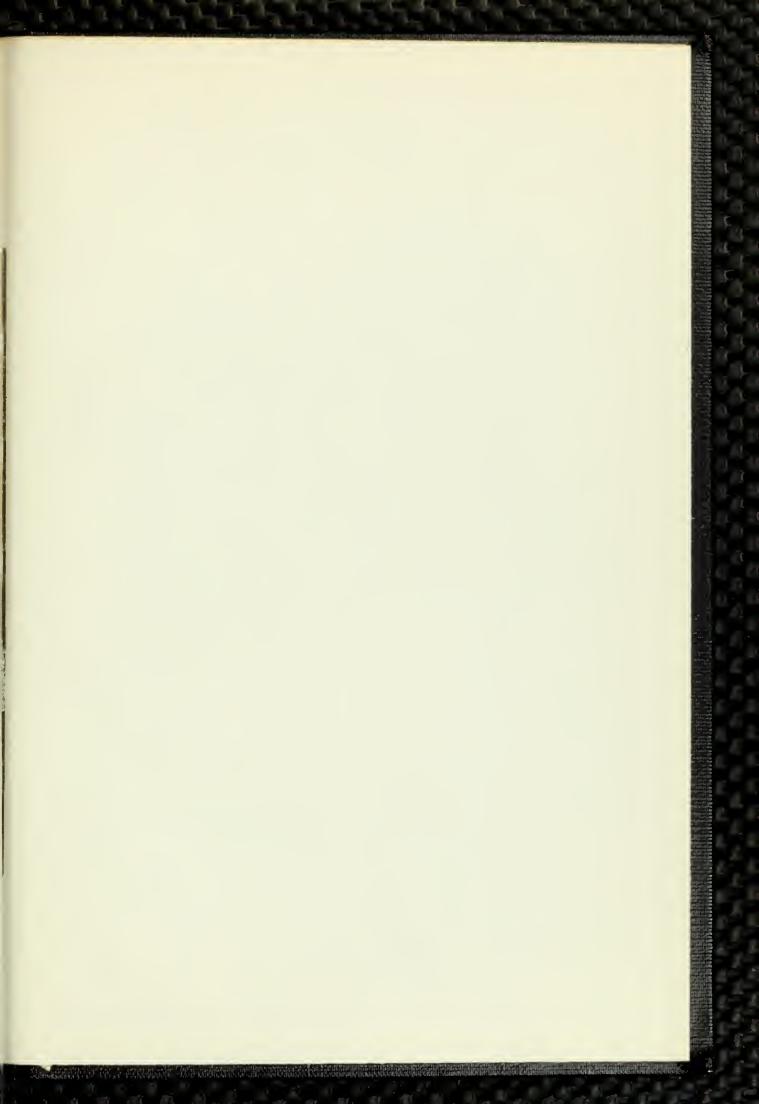


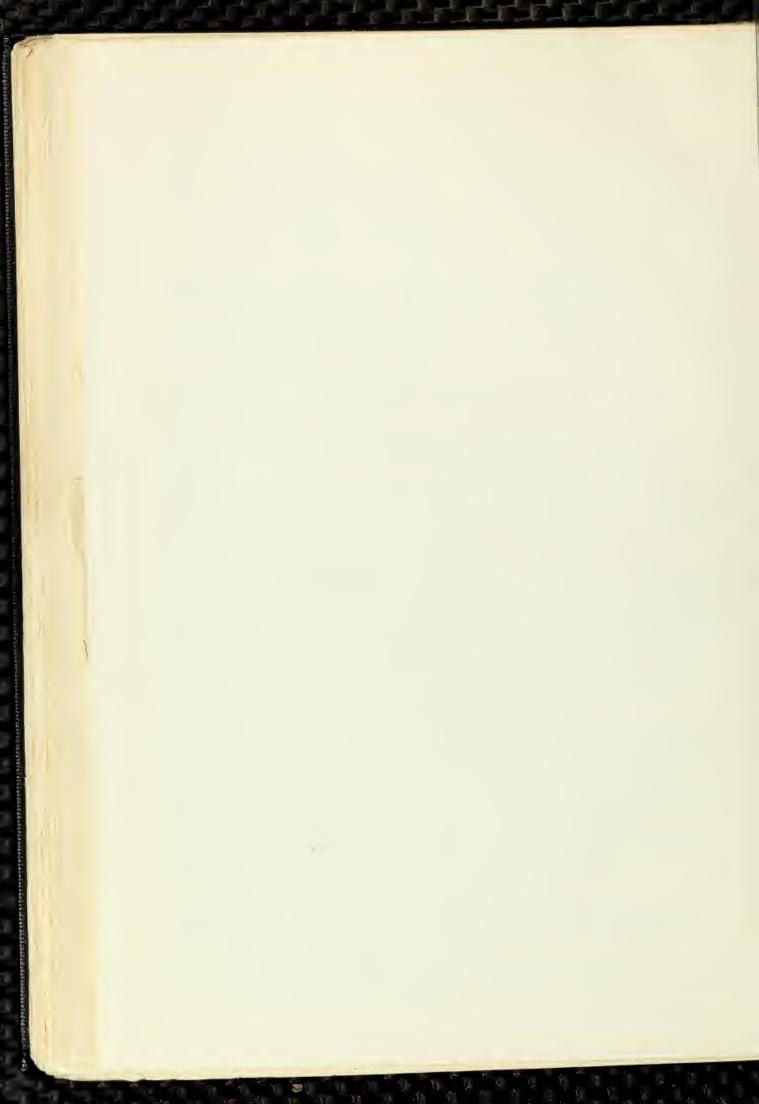














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